

FEB., 1907

15 CENTS

SMITH'S

MAGAZINE



A. G. LEARNED

SPECIAL COLORED ART SECTION IN THIS ISSUE

Published Monthly by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE 79-80 South 4th Street, New York

**A Remedy for
Everyday
Ills**

**For Over
Fifty Years**

Beecham's Pills have unfailingly carried the message of health and good cheer to the homes of the people. They are the best family medicine ever compounded. Wherever health is valued, Beecham's Pills are held in the highest esteem by men and women. Compounded from purely vegetable ingredients, these pills possess properties which make them invaluable to the sailor, the soldier, the man of business and the captain of industry. Women find Beecham's Pills an aid to beauty, a harbinger of health and of special assistance in ailments that are peculiarly feminine.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

have never been exploited by sensational advertising, yet their sales have steadily increased in every quarter of the globe. Personal letters endorsing Beecham's Pills are received by the thousands, but it is never necessary to publish them. The pills recommend themselves.

For the everyday ills of life, there is no other remedy so prompt, so safe, so thorough, so highly prized by old and young, as Beecham's Pills. As a stomach corrective they have no superior; for the liver, kidneys and bowels they accomplish everything for which they are recommended. Indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, constipation and their attendant ills cannot exist when Beecham's Pills are used as directed. They regulate, tone and strengthen all the bodily functions—not generally, but always. That Beecham's Pills keep faith with the people is amply attested by the enormous

**Annual Sales Over
6,000,000 Boxes**

**The
Universal
Medicine**

**In boxes with full directions
10c. and 25c.**

How I can Double Your Salary

Ready Positions for Young Men and Women Trained in Advertising. Salaries \$1,200 to \$6,000 a Year.

**The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin,
Nov. 14, 1906, says editorially:**

"Advertising is a fine art, now, and it may not be surprising to find some day chairs of advertising in their curricula of leading colleges. At any rate, the demand for advertising skill is far in excess of the supply even now."

Young men and women endowed with ambition, brains and common school educations will be interested in the editorial extract of one of America's greatest daily papers given herewith, which shows that the demand for good ad writers is greatly in excess of the supply—a condition likely to obtain for years to come.

Every publisher and advertiser of note can also testify to the wonderful opportunities awaiting those who qualify in this rapidly expanding business.

And the Powell System of mail instruction is everywhere recognized by practically the entire advertising fraternity as the one perfect, practical method that develops originality and style in the highest degree.

My system takes the ambitious person in hand and puts him or her into practical work right from the start.

I drill each student separately, and as his or her progress demands. In a word, the personal instruction is even better than would be possible, were the student right in my office a portion of each day.

When the course is finally completed, the graduate is fortified with that real, money-making skill not to be obtained save through the 'Powell System,' and no gilt diplomas are needed to secure a high salaried position or a list of profitable advertisers as regular patrons.

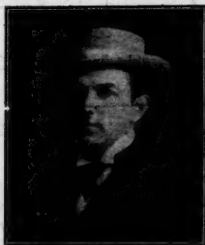
Powell graduates are preferred all along the line to the

theoretical ad writers of the old-fogy school plan. Advertising agents and large advertisers constantly advertise for "Powell graduates only," and the demand made upon me direct is now at least four times greater than in any previous year.

I seek only brainy, steadfast students who wish to earn thousands instead of hundreds per year, and I am anxious to mail them my *two Free Books*—my elegant Prospectus and "Net Results," the most explanatory ever published. They also tell the business man how to double his profits. For the free books address me.

George H. Powell, 299 Metropolitan Annex, New York City

Advertising Manager in Three Months.



Mr. J. Wilber Krumb, advertising manager of the celebrated Michigan Buggy Co., Kalamazoo, Mich., is another representative Powell student, who has been enabled to jump from ordinary salesmanship to that broader field of selling—modern advertising. Young men of Mr. Krumb's type are the ones I encourage to become my students.

Mr. Krumb says: "Mr. Palmer of this company seems very well pleased with my progress, and January next I will handle all the advertising. I do not think any bright, ambitious young man or woman could go wrong to enter with your good school, and I must heartily recommend it."

When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.

POPULAR FOR FEBRUARY

THE BIGGEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

THE MAN WHO WAS BURIED

¶ Crittenden Marriott's latest novel, which will be published complete in this issue, is so remarkable that it must be conceded a place by itself in fiction. The mystery is a baffling one, and you cannot guess the truth till you have read the last page.

SWORDS OUT FOR THE SAXON

¶ "Madam Butterfly" is a sentimental picture of the Japanese woman; "Swords Out For the Saxon" is a truthful, virile portrait of the Japanese man, by George Bronson-Howard, who knows the Jap at close range. It is a great story.

AT THE END OF THE DRAG-ROPE

¶ T. Jenkins Hains is the author. His books are among the "best sellers," and if you have read any of them you know how clever are his sea stories. This is Mr. Hains at his BEST.

THE CASE OF THE MUSICAL JACKAL

¶ A complete story in the "Medical Free-Lance" series by W. B. M. Ferguson—the most fascinating series ever published.

2 NOVELS 9 SHORT STORIES 4 SERIALS

¶ This is how our fiction for February looks. The authors are: George Hyde, C. T. Revere, K. and Hesketh Prichard, A. W. Marchmont, Louis J. Vance, Arthur Paterson, J. Kenilworth Egerton, B. M. Bower, C. K. Moser, Scott Campbell, William Le Queux, Etc.

*Have we said enough to make you want the February POPULAR?
It is on sale 10th of January. The price is fifteen cents.*

STREET & SMITH, 79 to 89 Seventh Ave., NEW YORK CITY

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS"

The February number of AINSLEE'S will contain
the opening chapters of a new serial story by

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

entitled

"HER SON."

This story is one which is sure to make a big sensation; there will be nothing approaching it in interest in the magazine world in 1907. Competent critics who have read it in manuscript, both here and in England, have pronounced it to be one of the greatest novels published in the last twenty years.

Mr. Vachell is neither unknown nor inexperienced as a novelist. In Great Britain the sales of his books place him among the first five English writers of fiction; in this respect he takes rank with Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mary Cholmondeley.

"Her Son" is a story of extraordinary originality, immense dramatic power and intense human interest. It is filled with situations which bring to a climax the conflicts of human emotions. The tone and atmosphere of the tale are pure and elevating because of the character of the heroine; it is powerful and invigorating because of the masculine strength of the hero. It is told with a literary finish and skill equal to that of Edith Wharton or Robert Hichens.

This number will be out January 15th, 1907
♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

AINSLEE MAGAZINE CO., 7th Ave., and 15th St., NEW YORK

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

New System Which May be
Mastered By Home Study
In Spare Hours

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is different in principle from all other systems. The first radical improvement in shorthand since 1830. It is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading, as in other systems. No long list of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command. The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters, lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men may now learn shorthand for their own use. Thousands of business and professional men and women find their shorthand a great advantage. By learning the Boyd Syllabic System, speeches, lectures, conversations, ideas, contracts, memoranda, etc., may be committed to paper with lightning speed. The Boyd System is the only system suited to home study. Our graduates hold lucrative, high grade positions everywhere. Send today for free booklets, testimonials, guarantee offer, and full description of this new Syllabic shorthand system. Address

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
975 Chicago Opera House Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



GOOD PIANO TUNERS Earn \$5 to \$15 per day.

We can teach you quickly BY MAIL. The new scientific Tune-a-Phone method endorsed by highest authorities. Knowledge of music not necessary. Write for free booklet.

NILES BRYANT SCHOOL, 3 Music Hall, Battle Creek, Mich.

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Prepares for the bar of any State. Improved method of instruction, combining the Text-Book, Lecture and Case Book methods. Approved by the bench and bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Uniform rate of tuition. Send for Catalog.

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CHAS. J. STRONG, Pres.,
Detroit School of Lettering
Dept. 88, Detroit, Mich.

"Oldest and Largest School of Its Kind"

LEARN TELEGRAPHY BOOKKEEPING OR SHORTHAND

BY MAIL--AT YOUR OWN HOME

Anyone can learn it easily in a few weeks. We are unable to supply the demand for telegraph operators, bookkeepers and stenographers. No charge for tuition until position is secured. Write today for particulars. MICHIGAN BUSINESS INSTITUTE,
480 Institute Building, Kalamazoo, Mich.

When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.

DO YOU LIKE GOOD MUSIC?

"AINSLIE'S COLLECTION OF WORLD'S MUSICAL MASTERPIECES"

comprises much that is the best in music—seventy-five of the most popular vocal and instrumental pieces ever composed. These are printed on fine paper, full sheet music size and bound into a large cloth-covered volume, so made that it will always open flat on the piano.

The seventy-five pieces of music if bought singly at so low a price as ten cents each would cost \$7.50. The collection was prepared to sell at \$5.00 a volume. Only a few of the books are left—about a hundred—and these will be sold at the amazingly low price of \$1.00, sent delivery charges prepaid to any address. That is only a trifle over a cent a copy for the music and no charge for the durable and artistic cloth binding, which alone cannot be duplicated singly for less than a dollar. If you are not satisfied with the bargain, your money will be refunded.

This is a Most Appreciable Holiday Gift.

Order to-day—the supply will go quickly. Your money will be returned at once if the Portfolios are sold before your order is received.

THE AINSLEE COMPANY

7th Ave. and 15th St., NEW YORK CITY

SONG POEMS WANTED

also Musical Compositions. We pay Royalty, Publish and Popularize. We compose and arrange music FREE of charge. Send us your work.

GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO.

219 W. 7TH STREET

CINCINNATI, O.

SONG WRITING

The Quickest Road to
FAME AND FORTUNE
Send us your poems today.
We will compose the music.
Your song may be worth
Thousands of Dollars

Accept no offer before reading
Music, Song and Money. It is free.

HAYES MUSIC CO.,

23 Star Building, CHICAGO



IF WE TEACH YOU TO DRAW

You can earn \$20 to \$50 per week, and upwards. All branches of drawing successful and PERSONAL instruction. Successful students everywhere.

Large Roy Catalog FREE. Write.
SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
61-78 Fine Arts Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.



SHORTHAND

Taught by mail; guaranty contract; system simple, speedy, accurate. Thousands of graduates holding responsible positions. Send for free booklet to

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
127 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Indiana

\$25 to \$35 a Week for Women

Work quickly and accurately; learned; refined, secluded, exclusive, special employment contract. Write for free booklet; tells how and gives the proof.

THE NATIONAL PROOFREADERS' ASSOCIATION,
197 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Indiana

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

The founder of and instructor in this Educational Institution is the only man ever recognized as Expert on advertising instruction by the United States Government. This is the advertising school you hear so much about.

Men and Women Who Want to Earn From \$25 to \$100 a Week

If you will write your name on the coupon and send it to us we will mail our beautiful prospectus free which tells how a man or woman can prepare, by mail, for a better position that pays from \$25 to \$100 a week. We will tell you how an advertising education will increase your present income from 25 per cent to 100 per cent, and show you the advantage you will possess over the man who lacks this business acquisition.

We are glad to have you ask us, what the Page-Davis Co. has done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely. Write to-day and learn all about it.

Page-Davis Company

ADDRESS EITHER OFFICE

80 Wabash Ave., Chicago 5. 130 Nassau St., New York City

**Page-
Davis
Company**

Send me without cost your prospectus and all other information setting forth a most profitable profession.

Name

Address

City State

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE

Imitations pay the dealer a larger profit

otherwise you would never be offered anything else, when you ask for an advertised article. Imitations are not advertised because they are not permanent. For every real article there are many imitations. The imitator has no reputation to sustain—the advertiser has. It stands to reason that the advertised article is the best, otherwise the public would not buy it and the advertising could not be continued. When you ask for an advertised article, see that you get it.

Refuse Imitations.

Vol. IV

No. 5

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

FEBRUARY

CONTENTS

1907

Theatrical Art Studies	667
Sixteen New Portraits of Footlight Favorites.	
An Insular Prejudice—A Novelette	683
Illustrated by J. A. Cahill.	Adeline Knapp
Worry: The Disease of the Age	705
IV—The Physical Cures of Worry.	Dr. C. W. Saleeby
A Question of Money—A Story	711
Illustrated by W. B. Davis.	Robert Barr
My First Serious Engagement—A Confession	725
Edited by	Gertie S. Wentworth-James
Illustrated by A. G. Learned	
Fads of the American Girl—(Special Colored Art Insert)—A Series of Drawings by A. G. Learned.	
The Go-Uppers—A Story	739
Illustrated by Ch. Grunwald.	Holman F. Day
All Records of Prosperity Broken	753
Illustrated.	Charles H. Cochrane
Woman's Weapons—A Story	757
Illustrated by W. B. Cahill.	W. B. M. Ferguson
Anastasia—An Anecdote	765
Illustrated by Hy. Mayer.	Wallace Irwin
On the Subject of Nurses—An Essay	767
Illustrated with Photographs.	Lilian Bell
The American Horse Show	771
Illustrated with Photographs.	P. M. Babcock
Our Children—A Poem	779
A Religion in Paint: As Depicted in the Works of Edwin Willard Deming, Painter of Indians—Illustrated	
The Maturity of the American Theater	786
Illustrated.	Rozann White
Mickey and the "Collegemen"—A Story	794
Illustrated by Arthur William Brown.	Charles Fort
The Out-of-Town Girl in New York	798
Illustrated.	Grace Margaret Gould
Where Love Leads—(Serial)	804
Illustrated by Ch. Grunwald.	Charles Garvice
What Americans Are Thinking	823
The Wonders of the Desert	825
The Hand of the Society Beauty	827
Illustrated with Photographs.	Stanley Du Bois
What the Editor Has to Say	833
	Augusta Prescott

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Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress, March 3, 1879, by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE.

WARNING.—Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you personally. Complaints reach us daily from the victims of such swindlers.

AN OPEN LETTER

Much has been printed about the life insurance business during the past year. Let me call your attention at this time to a few things regarding The Equitable Life Assurance Society.

It is as solvent as the Bank of England.

Every contract with it will be carried out to the letter.

Every asset claimed by the Society has been found by independent expert accountants, and re-appraised in value on a conservative basis.

Loans have been verified; liabilities have been measured; bad accounts have been charged off or marked doubtful.

The income of the Society from investments and savings has been increased over \$1,200,000 per annum. A still further increase can be relied upon. This will in time result in larger profits to policyholders, even if not reflected in this year's dividends.

The Society has complied with the new laws of the State of New York with exact preciseness. These laws provide every safeguard that a wise Legislature could devise to protect policyholders. They restrict the investments of life insurance companies. They provide that expenses shall be kept within proper limits and control the cost of new business. They prevent rebating and political and other blackmail. They prevent many questionable things that insurance companies have done heretofore.

Hereafter every policy issued by this Society will bear the hall-mark of the State of New York.

The new management is committed to the interests of the policyholders. It understands thoroughly that the best advertisement it can have is a satisfied constituency. The effort of the present administration will be to make this Society the best life insurance company in the world.

Life insurance in the Equitable is the best asset you can have. It will grow better with time. If you have no insurance, or if you can afford to increase the insurance you already have, you are doing your family an injustice if you do not take it. Nothing can take its place.

We want new policyholders. We want new agents, both men and women, but none except energetic, able and truthful men and women need apply. For such there is a splendid opportunity.

A life insurance policy runs longer and means more to the average man than any other contract he ever makes. Therefore the necessity for great care in selecting a company in which to insure or a company to represent. Safety and strength are paramount to everything else. We intend to keep the Equitable the safest and strongest company in the world.

Address The Equitable Life Assurance Society, 120 Broadway, New York, for full information as to insurance or an agency.

PAUL MORTON, President.

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 4

FEBRUARY, 1907

NUMBER 5



Photo by Otto Sarony
Co., N. Y.

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN
In "The Great Divide"



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL
Latest photograph of this famous actress



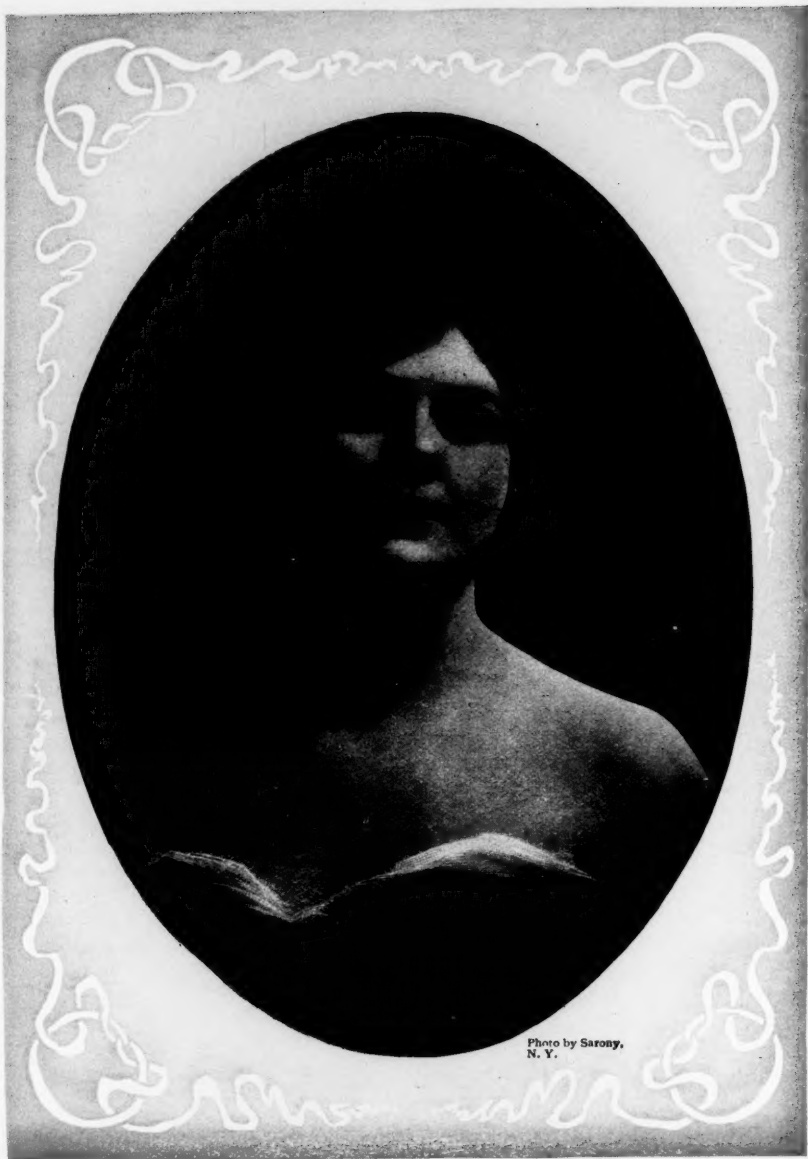
MISS ELSIE JANIS
In "The Vanderbilt Cup"



MISS LILY LORRELL
With "The Sign of the Cross"



MISS VIRGINIA HARNED
In "The Love Letter"



MISS VIVIAN BREWSTER
Prima Donna in "Robin Hood"



Photo by Saronby.
N. Y.

MISS JOSEPHINE LOVETT
Leading woman in "The Lion and the Mouse"



MISS MARY RYAN
In Frederic Thompson's production of "Brewster's Millions"



Photo by Hall,
N. Y.

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL
In "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

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Photo by Baker Art Studio,
Columbus, O.

MISS LUCY JANE JOHNSTON
In "The Blue Moon"



Photo by Sol. Young.
N. Y.

MISS CATHERINE COUNTESS
A member of Lillian Russell's Company



MISS BLANCHE WALSH
In "Kreutzer Sonata"



Photo by White,
N. Y.

MISS BELLE GOLD
In "The Ham Tree"



MISS JULIA MARLOWE
Starring with E. H. Sothorn



MISS CARLOTTA NILSSON
Starring in "The Three of Us"



MISS HILDA SPONG
In "John Hudson's Wife"

AN INSULAR PREJUDICE



Adeline Knapp

THE snoring motor-boat swung around the head of a little island and sped down-river, quivering with demoniac energy. The occupant of a tiny canoe, directly in her course, fell to paddling for dear life. The motor-boat blew two croaking blasts, and swerved in a sharp curve to the left, the curling swell of her wake setting the frailer craft awash, till an upset seemed inevitable.

The racer turned and came crawling back, an apologetic skipper leaning over her gunwale.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he cried to the girl who knelt in the canoe, a hand on either rim, yielding to every dancing motion. A good three inches of water slapped about her knees, and the motor boatman exclaimed as he noticed it.

"It's unpardonable," cried he. "But I've been going over this course every morning for a week, and never met a soul. I supposed"—with a little laugh—"that I owned this particular stretch of water."

The girl looked up at him, a little pale, but quite self-possessed.

"I think there's no damage-done beyond a wetting." She made a little grimace at the water in which she was kneeling. "Perhaps I was imprudent, but it seemed so quiet and safe over here, and it's so very early, I paddled over. The echo bothered me, too; I thought you must be quite far off, when I heard your engine."

"I'm keying her up for the races next week," he explained. "This is such a good place to practise turning that I've been getting out early to speed her. She's a new boa., and I'm learning her way. But you're going to let me repair the damage I've done?" He looked ruefully down at the water in her boat. "You can't paddle home in that mess," he continued.

Her glance followed his. She had gathered some pond-lilies, and they were floating in the canoe.

"I suppose I could not," she answered his last assertion. "But I can get ashore and empty the water out."

"We'll do better than that," replied he. "I'll take you aboard, and we'll tow the canoe."

She shook her head.

"I'll be better off to paddle," she said. "I'm so wet I need to keep moving; but you may help me empty the canoe, if you will."

She was already paddling toward the island, and he got out his sweep. In a moment or two they were grounding on a sandy beach.

"One beauty of the St. Lawrence," she said as she stepped out, "is that you can never get very far from land."

"Not here among the islands," answered he; "but it's wide enough to get well out of sight of land, farther down."

He tied the painter of the big "put" to a tree, and hauled the canoe high and dry. It was but the work of a moment to turn the light thing over and drain it. The girl was busy wringing out her skirts.

"Oh!" she cried, looking up, as she finished her task. The sun had risen, and the river was suddenly all rose-color and pearl, like the lining of a shell. "Was there ever anything so beautiful?" she half-whispered, gazing with eyes wide and lips half-parted.

"I think not." Ottway was absolutely unconscious that his own eyes were fixed upon her face, that suddenly took on the tint of river and sky. The next instant he had remembered himself, and was righting the canoe.

"It's often like this in the early morning," he said hastily. "It's the loveliest part of the day."

"Yes." She spoke quietly, with no air of confusion, and that quick color had receded.

"I must hurry home now," she continued, "or they will wonder what has become of me."

"I hope you haven't far to go." Ottway was surveying her damp dress self-reproachfully.

"You really *are* better off to paddle; but won't you have a rubber blanket? There's one in my boat."

"No, indeed," laughed she. "I've the least bit of a distance to go, and I shall be all right."

He steadied the canoe, and when she had stepped in shoved it off. A moment later she was paddling straight

into the sun, or so it seemed to him, as he watched the round, slender figure bending to the blade. Ottway, remembering her features, decided that she had not, after all, been beautiful.

"Rather more style than beauty," he reflected. "But she's got a stunning way with her."

She turned at the head of the island, and Ottway devoted himself to starting his engine. When he, too, had rounded the point, he saw the little canoe bowing along over the sunlit water toward Arrowhead Island. He remembered that a party of school-teachers were quartered there for the summer.

"I suppose she's one of them," he thought, with vague regret. "Pity she should have to teach. I fancy young ones are no more endurable now than they were when I was a kid."

Five days later he saw her again—this time on the links. She overtook him on the course, somewhat to his chagrin. He had realized before this that his game had lapsed since he took to spending his leisure with motor-cars and boats, but it wasn't pleasant to be overtaken. It hurt, till he watched her play golf.

"My word!" he said to his caddie, as the boy handed him a stimmie, "but she's good form!"

"Ain't she, though?" The lad's enthusiasm bubbled over. "I caddied for 'er yesterday. Say! I ain't never seen a girl play like that before!"

She swung out of sight over a bit of rising ground, and Ottway was about to let drive in the same direction, when the air was torn by shriek after shriek, and an instant later a man came running across the green, carrying something in his arms. Ottway recognized the man as Brant Fordham, who, he knew, was staying at the Macwirths. The lad in his arms still shrieked in agony, and one little leg hung limp and bleeding. Behind them trailed two or three frightened boys, one of them carrying a gun, and across a distant field a man was hurrying toward them.

There were but two other players on the links, and these came up at once.

One, an Englishman, fled when he saw the trouble. "I never can look at anything of the sort," he apologized. "But I'll send help from the Bay."

The girl, too, had turned back, and now took charge of the situation, with a curious air of authority.

"Bring him up to the club-house," she said, when with a kerchief she had made a quick tourniquet about the leg.

She went ahead and directed the clearing of a long table by a window, instructing the attendants what to do, and herself taking the lad from Fordham's arms. The man who had been running across the field now came up, white and breathless.

"I knew Tim was hurted the minute I heard the yells," he moaned. "I give him lief to take the gun. I thought he'd better learn to use it, an' he's always been careful. An' now—What'll his mother say?"

The little fellow lay upon a rubber boat-cloth on the long table, and the girl bent over him tenderly. She had cut away shoe and stocking with Fordham's pocket-knife, and laid bare a shattered foot, which she was examining carefully. Fordham was already hurrying away in his naphtha-launch with a note she had hastily scribbled on a card. Now, after a brief conference with the boy's father, she turned to Ottway, still with that little air of authority.

"If that racing-boat of yours is here, Mr.—" she hesitated.

"Ottway," he supplied gravely.

"Mr. Ottway," she went on. "Perhaps you'll go over to the Bay for Doctor Wishar?"

He was glad to be of service, but paused for a question.

"You won't mind being left this way?"—with a comprehensive glance at the table.

"Certainly not. Why should I? Only hurry! Yes, yes, dear"—for the child was moaning pitifully. "I've sent for my own kit—luckily I have it with me. Please hurry!"—And Ottway was off.

So that was it. She was a trained nurse. He pondered the idea as he

piloted the *Pronto* across the river. It seemed to him worse even than teaching school.

"It's a beastly shame," he swore to himself, "a girl like that to be subject to the sick whims of Tom, Dick, and the old Harry!" Ottway hated sickness.

Doctor Wishar had gone to Clayton on a consultation. Doctor Fanshaw was out on a case, and "the other doctor," whom some one directed him to, proved to be an osteopath, and at that moment was laid up with inflammatory rheumatism. The clerk at the drug-store heard his report with a sharp cluck of sympathy, but could do no more than promise to ask Doctor Fanshaw to come over as soon as he came in. Ottway went back to the club-house.

The Medways' big steam-yacht lay at the dock when he reached it. On the veranda Mrs. Medway was in full charge. The long table had been moved out there, and a space roped off around it. Fordham stood at the child's head holding a white paper funnel over the little fellow's face. Mrs. Medway tiptoed over to hear Ottway's report.

"It's too bad," she whispered, "but Doctor Ruth is going to operate. The father is willing, and it is necessary to act promptly."

"So they've found a doctor," Ottway thought. "I'm glad of that." And just then the trained nurse came through the doorway.

She had slipped a waiter's white coat over her shirt-waist, and wore a big, clean apron. Her hands were full of instruments, which she had evidently been washing; she laid them in a clean tray which was brought to her, and poured some water over them.

Ottway could not have told, half an hour after it was all over, exactly what had taken place. He knew that, arrayed in another white coat and apron, with hands scrupulously washed, he had stood by that amazing young woman and handed her first instruments, then sponges, as she directed.

"You must without fail account for every one of those sponges when it's

over," she said, in handing him the second tray, with instructions as to its use; and the idea had taken possession of him. He watched them, counting them over and over, with a sense of awful responsibility. He had no time to think of Fordham, administering chloroform under that same cool direction; of Mrs. Medway, keeping outsiders away; of the child's father, breathing hoarsely on a bench near the veranda rail. He handed instruments and counted sponges, while the girl cut, and tied, and sponged away blood, and tied and stitched again.

When it was all over and the poor little leg was bandaged, he went away and washed his hands—his, Theodore Ottway's hands, that had helped in this thing. He could not make them seem familiar to him.

He had been introduced to Doctor Devon at the beginning of the operation. He knew all about her now. She was the Medways' guest, and a graduated physician. She had taken off the boy's foot, just above the ankle.

He drove the *Pronto* far down the river, and tied up at a "State Lands" dock. The horror of what he had been through was strong upon him.

He had heard of women doctors. He had once seen one—a female with a man's hat, a red necktie, and a cut-

away coat over her short skirt; and she had tried to secure what she called "an option" on his country home in the Pocantico Hills for a sanitarium—or was it "sanitorium," she insisted upon his saying?

And this exquisite girl! He could

see again her small, steady hands moving before him. There was a dimple on the little finger of the right hand; the one that had held the knife. She had taken off the boy's foot, and he had heard her congratulate the father that it was "no worse."

There could be nothing worse. Ottway shuddered, and sat, his head gripped between his hands, until the lowering sun reminded him of the hour.

He slipped over to the Bay for his mail, and met Fordham, still in the exaltation of the day's event.

"Wasn't it great?" he demanded of Ottway. "Wasn't it stunning—the stunningest thing you ever saw?" He shook his companion's shoulder.

"By Jove, Ottway!" he raved, "I'm smitten deep. She's the greatest thing ever lived. Think of her nerve! Think what she did! And pretty as a picture, with a beauty that's more than skin-deep. I wish I could believe I had a chance. If I could, I'd go in and try to win that girl, sure's my name's Fordham!"



Doctor Ruth Devon.

II.

The Macwirths' house-boat was anchored in a little channel off the "Lake of the Isles," and Ottway was billed to spend the week aboard her. The Macwirths had made up a party to go to Kingston, coming down, on the following Saturday, for the races at Frontenac. The *Pronto* was entered in several of that day's events.

He came aboard late Saturday afternoon. His mechanic brought him over to the "Lake," and was to bring the *Pronto* on to Kingston. Ottway meant to get in a good deal of training during the week.

He had not known who was to be of the house-boat party, and his pulse quickened as he came up on the promenade and saw Doctor Devon comfortably established in a deck-chair near an array of growing plants that partly concealed a phonograph.

Daisy Emerson was there. Her father was a Western cattle-king with whom Erie Macwirth had business relations, and Mrs. Macwirth was trying to show the girl, who had no mother, something of Eastern life. There were Laura Medway and her mother—Medway père had already gone up to Kingston on the yacht—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bennett, Brant Fordham, and Karl Macwirth—who were great chums—and Mrs. Macwirth's latest pet tame "lion," Kinzai Hiraia, lieutenant in his imperial Japanese majesty's navy.

The elder Macwirths and Mrs. Medway were aft, under an awning. A sailor was clearing away the remains of afternoon tea.

"You may blame Miss Doctor Devon, Mr. Ottway," Daisy Emerson cried, as Ottway came into view from the companionway, "that you were not met with a tune. I wanted to put a record on the machine and have you welcomed in style; but she said you wouldn't like it. I'd like to know how she knows."

"Not quite that, Miss Daisy," the doctor laughed. "I said he wouldn't want 'Conquering Hero' just yet. We must save that till the *Pronto* has won the cup."

"Quite right," said Ottway. He felt a distinct pleasure that Doctor Devon should have been the one to save him that musical greeting. "Do you adore the phonograph, doctor?" he asked, dropping into a chair beside her. "I may sit here, may I not?"

"Certainly," she replied lightly. "About the phonograph—my desire to hear it can always be perfectly controlled."

Ottway laughed. She was dressed in white linen, simply made, but somehow, it seemed to him, eminently what he should have liked her to wear, had he approved of her being any different from the other women. As it was, she looked most distinguished, in a fine, slight way, beside Daisy's doll-like prettiness, and the vivid charms of Mrs. Bennett and Laura Medway, both noted beauties.

"I suppose she can't afford to dress as the others do," Ottway reflected, with a little pang; "but there's not one of them can touch her for style."

He could not know that the sheer linen of her gown was of the finest, or that the touch of handwork here and there among its folds gave it a value beyond any of the others, save Daisy Emerson's overelaborate Paris gown.

"You missed something besides the music, Mr. Ottway," Daisy cried suddenly, as the last of the tea things disappeared. "We've been having tea. Lieutenant Hiraia made it for us, like they do in Japan. You ought to've been here. It beat all how we did perform. My knees ache yet."

She rubbed them prettily, making a wry face.

"He called it some kind of a tea ceremony, and we knelt down to drink it," she continued. "I don't see how he ever remembered to do all the funny things he did. How long did it take you to learn it all, Lieutenant Hiraia?" she appealed to the Japanese officer.

"In nine years," he said, "did I acquire a knowledge of the special ceremony which I have had the honor to perform this afternoon."

"Nine years!" Miss Emerson's blue eyes opened wide. "Nine years just to

learn to make tea! Why, for the land's sake! how long does it take to get to be a regular cook?"

"Of that I have not the information," the Japanese replied imperturbably; and Laura Medway snickered.

Doctor Devon looked troubled, and a faint flush touched the fine pallor of her face. She interposed hastily, heading off another of Daisy's comments.

"You really missed a beautiful and interesting experience, Mr. Ottway," said she. "We are indebted to Mr. Hiraia for a great pleasure."

The lieutenant's dark face lightened. "The pleasure has been of my own," he smiled. "The tea ceremony is peculiarly appropriate in this region so like our Nippon."

"It is like," Ottway looked around in sudden recognition. "I was wondering the other day why the Thousand Islands region seems so familiar to me. It's like the Inland Sea; sure's you live!"

"Ah! You know Nippon?"

"As a youngster. My father was in the government service out there—at the time Japan was establishing the new governmental departments. We lived in Tokio some ten years, I suppose."

Kinzai Hiraia was regarding him intently. "I think," he said, in his slow, calculating English, "that as an American small boy you may have fallen into that venerable water without the wall of the imperial city?"

Ottway stared. "Why, I did," he began reminiscently. "Into the moat, you mean?"

The lieutenant nodded, and Ottway went on:

"A coolie came down after water, I remember. He had an eye painted inside his bucket, and I was keen to see what that eye would look like under water. I leaned over, and tumbled in."

He laughed at the memory, looking at Doctor Devon as he continued his story.

"There was a pleasure sampan passing, and some one dived from it and fished me out. Why!"—he turned suddenly to Hiraia—"it was never you? You wouldn't have been big enough."

The officer's teeth showed in a broad smile.

"No," he said. "I was a small Jap boy as you were American. It was my older brother. I remember well the extreme wetness of you both when you were what you call 'fished out.' And you were hurt as to the head."

He touched his forehead, and Ottway rubbed a scar over his own left eyebrow.

"Yes," laughed he, "I got this at that time."

"Good Scott! It is a little world, isn't it?" Brant Fordham said this; and it was Doctor Devon who echoed the rather trite remark, with a quick, little indrawing of the breath.

"Where is your brother now?" Ottway asked; and the small figure seemed suddenly to grow tall as Mr. Hiraia answered simply:

"My brother has had the honor and happiness to die for our country."

"Oh——" A hush fell upon the group, but questioning interest was in every face, and he continued:

"You have, maybe, read in your wonderful newspapers of the taking of Chaiwan? The Japanese—it was for six days they lay before that hill—were desperate. Ammunition had to be brought to the main body from our left wing. Across an open space must the bearer go, and the enemy had the range. Man after man, and mule after mule gave their lives to that effort. It seemed useless.

"Then a soldier—what you call a volunteer, a private man—started across with two mules, which he led. Halfway over one mule was shot. He left it and went on. A dozen steps and the other fell. Then the soldier took its load and crawled close, till he reached the place of safety. He put down his load here and went back for the other. Both he brought in, but the second time he was shot. That was my brother."

"By George! I don't wonder the Japanese won, with courage like that."

It was Eric Macwirth who spoke. The elders had joined the group in time to hear the story. "I like a good fight," he went on, "whether it's on a battle-



"In nine years," he said, "did I acquire a knowledge of the special ceremony which I have had the honor to perform."

field or in the stock-market. If a man goes in, he ought to go in for all he's worth. Sink or swim, live or die—that's the way."

The others were still under the spell of the story, and no one spoke again till, with a long-drawn sigh, Daisy Emerson broke the silence.

"My!" she breathed, "but he was a hero, wasn't he?"

The lieutenant smiled proudly. "Yes," answered he, "he was a hero. The emperor so wrote to our father."

The house-boat's motive power was a small yacht, capable of towing the big bulk three or four miles an hour. The house-boat herself towed a skiff or two, and a small gasoline "put-put" swung from davits at her stern. The Macwirths meant to start at dark, and make the trip up-river by night.

The St. Lawrence looked like the stage setting of some great spectacle as

the yacht and her tow swung into the main channel. As far as eye could reach, the islands were ablaze with electric lights, arranged in designs and emblems. Swift yachts, their lights high a-swing, passed up and down, in the lamping moonlight, and smaller craft puffed and snorted, darting hither and thither among their fellows.

Now and again a huge freighter, dark and high, passed them, making for the upper lakes; and a snorting demon of a raft-tug, with a long string of barges in her wake, honked a derisive salute as she passed the pleasure tow.

"I don't think there's another scene like this in America," Doctor Devon said to Ottway, as they sat together looking up the lighted vista.

"Except Broadway, in the height of the season," suggested he.

"It is something like," she admitted. "It makes one think of the theater dis-

strict at night, but only distantly. There's a mystery, a romance about this, with its suggestion of endless peace."

"I like your idea of peace!" shouted Fanny Bennett; and Doctor Devon, replying, instinctively raised her voice, to be heard above the din that just then enclosed them.

On either side a yacht was passing them, blowing signals, to which the *Alpha* responded. What seemed a solid phalanx of motor-boats was coming down-stream, whistling like mad things; and above all the sonorous blasts of a siren sounded as a great Canadian passenger steamer, large as an ocean liner, signaled her course among the smaller fry.

Doctor Devon put her hands to her ears. "This is what I recommended for Laura Medway's impending nervous prostration," she laughed. "See how cheerfully I take my own medicine!"

Farther up the river the broad, white blaze of an excursion boat's search-light was suddenly flung down, now this side, now that. Presently, as the thronging craft swept by, leaving the house-boat quite alone, the search-light picked her up, and those on her promenade-deck were caught in a blinding glare.

"Mercy!" screamed Daisy Emerson. "If that isn't enough to stampede the whole round-up! Make 'em take it away."

But the light hung full upon them, flashing up and down, three times, in salute. They could see the tourists crowding her decks.

"Look at the whites of their eyes!" cried Jack Bennett. "Talk about rubberneck wagons! That thing only needs a megaphone to be a whole 'Seeing New York' outfit."

As if in answer, out of the silence came the blare of a megaphone from the steamer's bridge:

"The *Alpha* and the *Arcadia*, yacht and house-boat of Erie Macwirth, Esquire, the New York millionaire. Mr. Macwirth's palatial summer residence on Isle Erie will be passed upon our right, several miles down-stream."

"Good Lord!" groaned Karl Macwirth. "If that isn't coming it pretty strong!"

Fanny Bennett looked across at him in simulated curiosity.

"Is that what the books call 'the embarrassment of riches'?" she asked. "I've often wondered what it was like."

"I can't say I ever found riches very embarrassing," Erie Macwirth laughed easily. "That sort o' thing don't phase me. Karl's been to college, and got his skin rubbed thin. He'll get over it."

The inquisition passed on, and Ottway leaned in sympathy toward his companion. There was no mistaking the annoyance and dismay that had shown, for an instant, in her expressive face.

"Do you find riches embarrassing?" he asked, and regretted the question next instant.

"I have never had the burden of riches," she answered simply; "I am afraid I *should* feel that too much would interfere with my work."

"Unless it rendered that work unnecessary." He made the suggestion with a little note of query, and she answered it quickly.

"But the work itself is of so much more value." She leaned forward earnestly. "It is worth more to us than even what we work to get."

"Some work, yes," with the air of conceding a point.

"Certainly *my* work." Her tone was full of conviction.

"For a man, yes; we must have doctors, of course."

Doctor Devon sat up very straight.

"Mr. Ottway!" she exclaimed. "Surely *you* are not prejudiced?"

"Prejudiced! Where am I prejudiced?" Ottway was a little startled at his own daring, and half-ready to recede from the position established by his words. Seeing his hesitation, the girl evaded the issue.

"Why," she laughed lightly, "right here among the Thousand Islands, apparently!"

He echoed her laugh. "Sort of an 'insular prejudice,' eh? I've read about such in the newspapers. Our

English cousins are supposed to cherish 'em." A feeling of shame for his own cowardice came over him, and he met the point squarely.

"I don't know but that I *am* old-fashioned," he admitted. "But I think a woman has her own work, so high, and so preeminently her own, that I hate to see her taking up anything less."

"But surely you will grant that ministering to sickness and suffering is woman's work? Think of the ailing women to whom the sympathy and understanding of a woman are a boon."

"It needn't be a woman doctor."

"But such a one comprehends women better."

"Now, I wonder!" Ottway shifted his position, and spoke warmly. "You know, Miss Devon—I beg pardon, I mean Doctor Devon—I am a lawyer. I've heard that same argument advanced in favor of women in my own profession. They declare they can look after women's interests better. Do *you* employ a woman lawyer?"

She gave a little start of surprise, then came bravely back:

"I would—if I needed a lawyer, and thought she knew her business."

"That isn't the point. Let us suppose you to be in a strange city, needing a lawyer. With nothing but the signs upon their doors to guide you, how should you choose between a man and a woman?"

"It would depend upon what my case was," she parried.

"It ought not to—unless you needed a specialist. I believe you would consult the man."

"You don't know."

"I only say 'I believe.' But you must see in your profession, as I see in mine, a growing division, a deepening rivalry, between men and women. It's not merely in business, or in professional life; it is creeping into social and domestic life. It underlies half the divorce cases. It is at the root of two-thirds of the matrimonial discontent. Women are beginning to turn more and more to one another; more and more

away from men—who need them, and whom they need."

"May not men be partly to blame for that?"

"Doubtless. But with all our increasing business life together, men and women are meeting, really meeting, upon fewer and fewer planes of actual social and domestic relation. Women have women doctors; they will soon have women lawyers; they have women insurance agents and architects. At the same time they're seeking men cooks and dressmakers and milliners, and what not. What sort of a world are we going to have one of these days?"

"Men have men doctors, and all the rest."

"Yes, but they're not seeking to put men into all the employments and relations women have filled."

"For a good reason. Men do not want to fill these places. They consider them inferior."

"I refuse to grant that. Men show, by their very clinging to the sacred ideal, what they really think of woman's work. *They* know that this so-called 'new order' is not order at all, but impending chaos."

She was laughing softly at the warmth of his eloquence.

"Isn't your argument a little one-sided, Mr. Ottway?" she asked, as he paused.

He calmed himself, answering her smile with his own.

"I dare say," said he. "Only I was not arguing. That was special pleading. And, you know, you say I am prejudiced."

He broke off with a little groan. Daisy Emerson and the Jack Bennetts were moved to lift their souls with sweet sound; and above the grinding mechanism of the phonograph the strains of "Just Whisper You Love Me" smote the air.

The interruption broke up the various groups, and conversation became general as trays and small tables appeared about the deck. The moon was low in the sky, and the house-boat no longer rode a glittering track through

the water. Lights were out along shore, and the hours of sleep had settled down.

"We're making good time," Erie Macwirth said, as all hands prepared to go below. "We've left Grindstone behind. We'll have an early breakfast in Kingston Harbor."

Ottway ascended to the upper deck, lingering under the stars for a smoke. Here, presently, Kinzai Hiraia joined him, taking a chair beside him and accepting one of Ottway's cigars.

"One does not accustom to this beauty," he murmured. "I believe I am—how you say?—of love to America."

"That's good. America's a nice place," Ottway puffed in silence for a time. "I liked Japan," he continued; "liked it immensely, as I remember it. I dare say I'd like it more than ever if I went back."

"It is a beautiful country. It is my own country, only"—the lieutenant gave a little laugh—"I have been much away, and on my return I find it very hard to sit upon the floor."

"Tea ceremonies hard on the knees, eh?" Ottway ventured; and the officer nodded.

"Yes. They, as you say, get on the nerve."

"I should think they might." Ottway spoke a little absently—another matter was on his mind. "Your people haven't had time for many tea ceremonies of late," he said. "That was a great deed of your brother's, Mr. Hiraia. I wish I could have known him. I was always rather obliged to him, you know, for fishing me out that time. I'd have liked to tell him so—but I can never do it," he added. "He is not here to do anything for."

There was silence, into which, at last, Kinzai Hiraia at last let fall a sentence.

"I am here." He spoke scarcely above his breath, and Ottway stiffened. Through his startled brain flashed the thought that he was about to be asked for a loan.

"If there is anything I can do for you," he began formally, "I shall be most happy."

"There is. I am of love to America," the Japanese said insinuatingly, "but strange to her ways. I should like you to teach me how to win the honorable young Miss Doctor for my wife."

"The devil you would!" Ottway spoke out of a startled heart. The lieutenant was on his feet instantly, the American beside him seeking to mitigate the effect of his hasty words.

"You mustn't misunderstand," he lied gallantly. "I meant no offense. I assure you you may command me in all ways. But there are matters in which an outsider can be of very little service."

"I thank you," Kinzai Hiraia said, bowing low. "I have the honor to wish you good night."

He withdrew down one companion-way, and Ottway sought the other, swearing softly to himself.

III.

Daisy Emerson was delighted with Kingston, which she persisted in calling "the pueblo."

"Just to think of finding a place like this on the river!" she cried, when she and Karl Macwirth met Ottway on the street. The Bennetts and Laura Medway had been with them at the start, but the two had distanced them.

"We've done the cathedral, and the armory, and the big military academy, and all the parks," Daisy announced triumphantly. "Have you seen the fort, yet?"

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, when she learned that they had. "We'd have beat you on that, but Karl kept stopping to look while we were going round the other things. What have you been doing, Mr. Ottway?"

Ottway explained that he had been experimenting with the *Pronto*. His mechanic did not seem able to get the speed out of her that was rightfully hers, and he had been in town having some screws readjusted.

"You'll want her, all right, if you're going to corral the big cup, won't you?" Daisy asked. "I don't know much about boats, but I've seen enough of

'em to know they're different from cows and Broncos."

"You bet they are!" Jack Bennett said, with a loud laugh. "Are you two going up to the fort now? We're going to look at fishing-tackle."

"No; we don't care about it," Daisy answered. "I've seen slathers of forts. Let's go along with them and look at fishing-tackle." And the party trooped off, while Ottway turned back to the docks.

Inside the old fort, once proudly vaunted as impregnable, Doctor Devon leaned against an ancient gun and listened, while Kinzai Hiraia talked of Japan.

"If you could behold Nikko!" he was saying. "We have in our country this word: 'Let no one speak of beauty who has not seen Nikko.' It is there my father has his home."

"Is your father a soldier?" asked she; and he smiled, as he replied:

"My father has never heard any sound of gun. He lives his life by Nikko's lovely gardens, and is a man of peace. All his life he spends in settling disputes, so that people come from far away to lay their quarrels before him, and hear his wise words that make peace between enemies."

"That is beautiful. But it must have hurt him to have both his sons choose the profession of war."

"So his three sons chose. My two brothers were in the army—what you call volunteer. One is now at home."

"How I should love to see your beautiful Nikko!" she said suddenly.

The officer's shoulders suddenly straightened, and he brought his heels together with a click.

"O Doctor San," said he softly, "I would that you might see Nikko. The manual of war does not teach Japanese sailor how to win American wife, but I have great desire to call you so."

Surprise kept the girl silent for a full moment, while he waited at attention, his eyes upon her face.

"I am very, very sorry," she said at last.

"Why are you sorry? I desire to pay you high honor."

"I am sure of that, but I am sorry—if you really care."

"Because it can never be?"

"Because it can never be."

He set himself, as a man who meets a blow, but he met her raised eyes with level gaze.

"Then am I, too, sorry, O Doctor San," he said, "for I suffered myself to dream a dream, and the awakening is not happy. Nevertheless, you will at once put your sorrow aside, for I am—what you call all right."

He smiled at her, with a brave ignoring of his hurt that took the absurdity from his words. Doctor Devon put out her hand.

"We shall still be friends, shall we not?" asked she; and he regarded her with some surprise, as he bowed low over her slim fingers.

"Could we be any other, O Doctor San," he asked, "when I have desired of all else to term you honorable American wife?"

"And I hope," he added, as she arose and turned to leave the old place, "that in the time that comes you will see Nippon and Nikko, the beautiful."

They went down the street toward the harbor. This was Hiraia's last day with the party. He was to leave on the morrow to join his ship. Brant Fordham, seeing them together, growled under his breath.

"No use trying to get the ghost of a show with the girl while that beggar is round," he said to Ottway, whom he had joined.

"You ought to be willing to give him his chance," Ottway replied, with careful indifference. The lieutenant had been elaborately civil to him since the unfortunate meeting on the upper deck, but Ottway was by no means proud of the part he had taken in that conversation. "You would take your chance when you could, I'll be bound!" he added.

"My chance?" Fordham's tone was full of complaint. "I've got none. No one's got one, except the Jap. I should think she was plumb dotty, the way she's let him monopolize her so-

ciety. I'd like to punch his little brown mug."

"But, by Jove, Fordham! you wouldn't go so far as to suppose—why, she's merely polite to him—he hasn't any chance—a woman like her—"

"That's what we're all wondering. I don't believe she realizes. Say, Ottway—" Fordham spoke as one vouchsafed a sudden inspiration. "You've lived in Japan, old fellow. Say! I think it's up to you to put her wise a bit. She's the greatest thing on earth, but even she couldn't go up against things as they exist in Japan. You talk to her"—he held Ottway's arm, in his fatuous earnestness—"you talk to her," he went on. "Give her some sort of an idea what she'd have to put up with if she married a Jap. These girls get queer missionary ideas into their heads; but all white society'd turn her down, you know."

"Great Scott, man!" Ottway turned upon his companion in fine rage. "Am I a day nursery, or what *do* you think I am? It will be later than this when I go about advising young women about their matrimonial ventures. Doctor Devon may marry the Akond of Swot if she wants to. It's no affair of mine!"

"You needn't snap a fellow's head off," Fordham muttered sulkily. "I was only asking you to do a decent thing."

"I should consider it a highly indecent thing, to interfere in such a matter."

"Not a bit of it. You would be acting for the good of society. We all know you'd never think of a woman physician that way, but you might warn one against wrecking her happiness, Mr. High and Mighty."

"I'm more interested in tuning up the *Pronto* just now," Ottway replied. "She's likely to shipwreck my happiness if I don't get that confounded sparkler regulated. Here comes our crowd."

"We're all going back to the *Arcadia* for luncheon," Mrs. Macwirth said, as the group assembled. "The yacht's waiting for us, and Erie wants to take us

over to Cape Vincent when it gets cooler. Secretary Taft and his party are to be there, they say, and there'll be lots of bunting and illuminations."

"Good enough." Ottway was in the mood to go anywhere, do anything, to forget the possible Asio-American alliance that Fordham seemed to consider imminent. He led the way back to the *Alpha*.

"Where's Mr. Hiraia?" Mrs. Macwirth demanded of Doctor Devon, who was alone on the deck.

The doctor was looking weary. The heat had grown rather oppressive. She explained that Mr. Hiraia had business at the post-office, so he had brought her down and returned to attend to it.

"He told me we were not to wait," added she. "He will get a boatman to bring him off on board."

"We may as well wait," Erie Macwirth suggested, looking at his wife; "unless luncheon is all ready?"

"I'm afraid it's more than that," she replied. "We're late as it is."

"The *Pronto* can bring him out," interrupted Ottway. "Just hold her for Lieutenant Hiraia, Lackman"—this to the mechanician, who stood beside the motor-boat at the other side of the dock. "He'll be along presently."

Luncheon had just been announced, when, from the *Arcadia's* deck, Daisy Emerson called that the *Pronto* was putting off from the dock. The *Arcadia* lay some distance out, and the party stood to watch the racer as she skimmed toward them.

The distance was half done when the motor-boat swerved from her course and started up-river at full speed.

"Wonder what Lackman's doing," Fordham said, in some curiosity. "Trying to show the lieutenant her speed?"

As he spoke, the *Pronto* came to a sudden stop.

"There she goes again," her owner exclaimed, in a tone of vexation. "She and Lackman don't seem to get on at all. What's he doing?"

The watchers saw the mechanician standing over the engine fanning vio-

lently with his cap. The next instant a tongue of flame shot up.

"She's on fire! She's on fire!" Daisy Emerson shrieked.

A series of signals sounded on board the *Alpha*, and a second later she had started to the rescue. She was followed by the small launch of the house-boat, but quicker to move than either, Ottway, in a skiff, was already snatching his way through the water toward the flaming *Pronto*.

Her bow was by this time a mass of fire, and a score of craft were putting out from shore. Not one, however, could get near enough to help the two on board before the raging fire drove them into the water. Lackman, the mechanic, could be seen swimming strongly, but the Japanese officer still struggled and splashed in the water, at the *Pronto's* stern.

"What's the matter with him?" Fordham asked, in perplexity. "Every Jap can swim."

"Good heavens! He's caught by the after painter."

He snatched the glass which a deck-hand had brought, and after one glance handed it to Macwirth. The situation was now apparent to all, and a groan of horror went up from every boat on the water. Half a dozen small craft were trying to get near enough to help, but not one could enter the zone of fearful heat that surrounded the *Pronto*.

The racer had swung round with the current, and was drifting slowly, flattening off a little on the wind. Under the stern, sheltered somewhat by the structure, Hiraia could be seen struggling with the painter. It was fast, in some way, about one foot.

He clung to the propeller with one hand, keeping his head above water, while with the other hand he sought to release himself. The flames were spreading over the boat; in a moment they would leap astern and take his breath.

Suddenly a new vision drew the eyes of all. Ottway, in the skiff, was standing upright. He had thrown off coat and shoes, and now, with an open clasp-knife in one hand, he sprang overboard. It was apparent that he meant to make an effort to save the lieutenant.

"He'll be killed! He cannot do anything," moaned Mrs. Medway. Daisy Emerson and Mrs. Jack Bennett were sobbing together. The



With an open clasp-knife in one hand he sprang overboard.

others had followed Erie Macwirth forward on the upper deck, and watched with straining eyes the tragedy they were helpless to avert.

Ottway was swimming under water, with wide-open eyes—a trick he had learned in Hiraia's own country. The occupants of the circling craft looked on in dismay when he did not come up after that plunge into the circle of water where they could not venture. On shore the shouting people had gained an inkling that something more than the burning of a motor-boat was taking place, and a great hush was upon all, broken only by the puffing of the small boats.

Straight toward the *Pronto* Ottway swam, guided by the desperate churning of the water as Hiraia sought to free himself. Now he was close beside the Jap, in the shelter of the side, and he came up for a breath.

The officer's face was drawn with agony, his eyes bloodshot, his hands torn. Ottway drew one long breath, close to the water-line, and with a quick slash of the knife severed the rope. He was nearly exhausted, but he got a good hold upon the other, and they sank together.

They came up quickly, for Ottway could not again hold his breath. Fortunately the *Pronto*, still blazing, had drifted farther away, and they came to the surface beyond the belt of fiercest heat. The fire-tug from the harbor was on the trail of the motor-boat now, and got a stream upon her just as the two men were hauled in over the gunwale of the *Arcadia's* launch. Ottway was unconscious. It was the Japanese officer who swam, weakly enough, keeping his rescuer's head above water through the distance until the launch was reached.

Three minutes later they were being helped aboard the house-boat, where willing hands ministered to them. The *Pronto*, still pursued by the harbor tug, was heading for a rocky shoal, where, presently, she lay, a charred, smoldering wreck, while her owner, still unconscious, was being laid upon his bed in one of the *Arcadia's* best rooms.

IV.

Ottway's unconsciousness came near to proving permanent. The strain upon lungs and heart of his prolonged under-water swim and severe exertion produced a profound physical depression.

All night long he felt himself sinking, sinking into oblivion, but always, just as he was almost lost, something pulled him back. He could not make it out, but it was something irresistible, holding him with soft, strong, persistent force, that would not let him go. In the end he began to feel rather thankful to it. The game came to take on interest for him, and he rather hoped the soft force would win.

It was but a lukewarm hope, however. It seemed a purely impersonal thing to him, until, in the early dawn, he opened his eyes and saw Ruth Devon bending over him.

There was a haggard look upon her face. He was a little shocked to note how plain a face it was, with drawn lines about mouth and eyes. Her pretty hair was tucked behind her ears. Her sleeves were rolled up. Two firm fingers were at his wrist. He was somehow conscious that he had seen her thus many, many times, in the long ages during which he had been sinking, sinking, and she had steadily drawn him back.

He knew now what that soft, strong, persistent force had been. He drew a long, slow sigh, and closed his eyes.

"Yes, I think he is conscious now. His pulse is better, too." Miles away he heard the words. Something warm and vivifying was put to his lips. He swallowed a little, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, Peters, the yacht steward, sat beside him.

"Hello!" Ottway murmured faintly. "Is that you, Peters? What's it all about?"

"Excuse me, sir," the man said, rising. "I was to call Doctor Devon when you woke, sir."

Ottway sat up suddenly, the warm blood rushing to his cheeks.

"Call Doctor Devon? Not on your life. I'm going to get up."

Peters, who had been a hospital corps man during the Cuban campaign, remonstrated and besought in vain. An hour later, shaven and dressed, with the steward's assistance, a somewhat tottery but determined Ottway appeared on deck.

There was an excited flutter of greeting, a bustle to arrange chairs and make him comfortable. Only the doctor stood by, taking no part in the general ministration. Ottway felt a little chagrin at her apparent indifference.

"I think I owe it to you that I am here," he said presently, longing to hear her speak.

"Not at all," was the reply. "I did not give you permission to come."

There was a grim look on her face, which a little twinkle in her eyes belied. Ottway had a sudden desire to appease her professional wrath.

"I'm all right," said he, "only a little weak. If you'd just give me something for this headache, I'd be myself in no time."

"What should you like me to give you?"

He glanced at her in surprise.

"Why, you're the doctor," he ventured.

"Oh!"

The monosyllable was enough. Ottway flushed. "I beg pardon," he murmured, with sudden understanding, and Doctor Devon laughed.

"I've already prescribed for that headache," she said, "and I think I hear the prescription coming now."

There was a sound of clinking glass on the companionway. An instant later the steward appeared, bearing a tray, and Ottway suddenly realized that he was hungry.

Kinzai Hiraia, forced to join his ship on a certain date, had left for Clayton on the noon boat. Before departing, however, he had given Karl Macwirth a letter for Ottway, expressing the gratitude he could not remain to convey personally.

I am still of love to America (he wrote), but I shall not again see her St. Lawrence River. Perhaps not again shall I see you,

but if it is so I do, I beg we shall sit side beside as good friends; for my life is of your giving.

"Hiraia writes as if he were saying good-by for all time," Ottway commented a bit huskily, when he had finished reading. "I suppose, though, he'll be coming back one of these days?" He put the question tentatively, not daring to glance at Ruth Devon, to whom it was addressed.

"I do not know at all," she replied. "He seemed to feel, when he bade us all good-by, that he might never come back."

Something in her tone made Ottway's heart feel suddenly light.

"Fordham was a fool to worry," he thought. "A fine-minded girl like that! I'll tell him to-morrow."

On second thought, he decided that Brant did not deserve to be told. Doctor Devon was dropping some medicine into a glass of water, letting the tiny globules run from the vial onto a cork, from which they fell into the glass beneath her hands—such capable hands, they looked! He was glad Fordham was mistaken. Nevertheless, he felt he had done right in deciding to let the young fellow find it out for himself. It was never safe to meddle in such matters.

It was a day or two before he was quite himself again, and he was not one of the party who went down to Frontenac on the Medway's yacht for the races.

Neither was Doctor Devon. An inopportune sick headache kept Mrs. Macwirth in bed during the morning hours, and the doctor was glad of an excuse to remain on the house-boat. They were tied up below Gananoque, now, and the quiet and the beauty of the river brought her purest joy.

"I'm tired of machines," she confided to Ottway, as they watched a great, white-sailed schooner go stilly by. "If it were sailing, or canoe, or even skiff-racing, I should have loved to go. But motor-boats are impertinent, nerve-racking things. They don't belong in noble sport."

"How about motor-cars?"

"They're the same thing; only worse. Our modern frenzy for mechanical speed is taking all the poetry out of life," she continued severely. "Courage and power and the character that goes with them are not the conquering factors in these contests. It is mere foolhardy daring that wins the day. Besides, I object on professional grounds. That sort of thing is bad for people."

"There's not much poetry in a mere professional view-point, either, I should suppose," Ottway said.

"There is truth and helpfulness and science in it, and they are better." Her tone was a little defiant.

"We're manned by truth and science, and we steam for steaming's sake," quoted Ottway mischievously.

"So long as women are determined to take the poetry and mystery and charm out of society, it may as well be eliminated from our sports."

"That is your old line of argument. I've told you I think it is illogical."

"Possibly it is. I admit I am prejudiced."

Ottway wondered at the sharpness of his own tone. Doctor Devon bit her lip. After all, what should she care what this chance acquaintance thought of professional women?

"Your opinion is worthy of primitive man," she said.

"Perhaps. I always thought primitive man must have been rather a good sort of fellow. He looked after his womankind and fended for his young. It looks as if modern man were rather outgrowing that."

The doctor was roused.

"Women are doing their share now to look after themselves, and the young as well."

"More's the pity," was Ottway's comment.

"Why do you speak that way?" she asked. "It is unworthy of you. You must realize that even the poorest of them is better for helping to bear the world's burden; for getting out into the active world, enlarging her view, gaining new dignity and poise through attaining an independent existence."

"An independent existence that starves the soul and keeps the body on half-rations? Doctor Devon, did you ever walk along Sixth Avenue—say in the neighborhood of Broadway, at about six o'clock in the evening?"

"Yes"—with some wonderment.

"Why?"

"Did you never encounter a throng of girls—shop-girls, business girls, and young women—just coming away from work?"

"Yes." There was some reluctance in the admission.

Ottway went on remorselessly: "Were you, by any chance, struck by the dignity and poise of their bearing? Did you get an impression of human beings whose views were enlarged, whose conditions were bettered, by the elevating influence of the business world?"

"You are not fair!" The girl's tone had a ring of pain that smote her tormentor. "Those poor things have never had a chance. The boys and young men are no better."

"No whit better. They never will be by virtue of rubbing through business life. It is neither broadening nor uplifting, in itself. It is only the way a toiler goes into it that counts in his character."

"Oh! It isn't a man's earning a living that makes up his life," Ottway went on, stirred to get at the truth with the woman at his side. "It is the things of the heart and the spirit that do that. It's what a man works for that lifts his work above the sordid-level of common-place."

"That is equally true of a woman."

"Yes. And under the new order that is coming in, men and women alike work for themselves, growing poorer in spirit, and no richer in purse, than when they worked for each other."

"What are you two talking about so very earnestly?"

It was Mrs. Macwirth who interrupted, coming up from below, a trifle heavy-eyed, but free from pain.

"We? Oh, we were discussing the race," Ottway said quickly; and Mrs.

Macwirth took his explanation as he meant she should.

"Yes," she assented. "What a shame we couldn't go! But I was so miserable, and Doctor Ruth would not leave me."

The doctor smiled a little. There was a troubled look in her eyes; and her sensitive mouth—too sensitive for a professional woman, Ottway told himself—had taken on a little droop.

"You look tired," Mrs. Macwirth suddenly exclaimed. "You ought to lie down and let me have some tea sent to your room."

"Her home is in New York, is it?"

"Goodness, yes! Don't you know the name's pure New York? Why, she's one of the Long Island Devons!"

"Oh!" Ottway spoke in sudden irritation. "Then why on earth don't the Long Island Devons look after her a little, instead of letting her throw herself away on prescriptions and pellets?"

"For pity's sake!" Mrs. Macwirth's heavy eyes opened in surprise. "I should think you were crazy," she went on. "Why, it's the noblest thing a girl ever did. I think it's grandly heroic, myself. Why, every patient she ever



"I want you to marry me and give up all this new-woman business."

Yes, she would go below, Doctor Devon thought, but she declined the tea, and presently went away, with a bright nod to them both.

"I'm glad you're better," Ottway said.

"Of course I'm better. I couldn't be anything else, with Doctor Devon doing for me. *You* ought to know that."

"She seems to do very well," Ottway assented absently.

"Very well! She's just a wonder. There isn't another doctor in New York can come near her."

had simply worshipped her, and she's a perfect benefaction to poor people."

"Just the same, it don't seem right. The world's topsy-turvy enough now, without any further upsetting of the traditions."

"But that's merely your prejudice. This is an age of progress," Mrs. Macwirth waved her jeweled hands vaguely; "of progress, and the advancement of women. We are discovering that she, and not man, is the dominant race type, and she is coming to her own."

Ottway was powerless before the spirit he had evoked. He had aroused

the eloquence of one of the most devoted club-women in America, and during the next hour he listened, overpowered, to the statistics of feminine organization for eleven years.

He could have wept for joy when, in the midst of this ordeal, Ruth Devon came up on deck, and Mrs. Macwirth was presently called away by some question of arrangement for next day's departure of the house-boat for fresh harbors.

Doctor Ruth had changed the severe elegance of her white linen frock for the more frivolous loveliness of a ribbon-bedecked shimmering gown—a moonbeam gown, Ottway said to himself, as he noted it. He distinctly approved of it.

He noted, as well, that all his former careful conclusions must be reconsidered. Ruth Devon was unquestionably beautiful.

He said this, also, to himself, as he watched her. Yet, curiously enough, as he sat there, fully alive to her exquisite presence, there came to him a quick memory of the stern plainness of the face that had bent over him in the early dawn of that morning when he seemed to be awakening from death itself.

With the memory came a pervading sense of her dearness. It carried him far away on the instant into dreamland, until he suddenly became aware that she was awaiting his reply to some question. He gathered what fragments of her talk he could, and spoke in haste.

"Yes, indeed! It has been a pleasant week—one of the pleasantest I ever knew."

She looked at him curiously.

"I did not ask you if it had been pleasant," she said. "I was regretting that it ends to-morrow, and wondering if all the members of this week's party would ever be together again."

"Oh! I hope so. I couldn't bear to think otherwise. But why is it I've never met you in New York, Doctor Devon? I know some members of your family."

"I am seldom seen off my regular beat," she answered. "I scarcely get

into society once a year. Indeed, I seldom go away from my office, when I'm in the city, except to see patients."

"Your office?"

Somehow the idea suggested by the word came as a distinct shock to Ottway.

"Why, yes, I have my office at my home—in West End Avenue."

He sat still a moment, considering the idea.

"Do—do you have a sign out?"

"Oh, certainly. Don't you, on your office?"

There was no reply, and Doctor Devon went on, in laughing defiance:

"I have two signs. One beside the door: a nice, polished brass one. I'm very proud of that sign. The other, in my window, is of glass—to show up well at night. Oh, no one could mistake my house."

Could Ottway but have read it, the girl had hung out a third sign, a rosy one that mantled brow and cheeks. She was furious at herself that it should be there. In her mind she called her companion a self-opinionated donkey, and immediately thereafter she asked, in a tone of delighted amusement:

"Does it seem quite awful to you?" She was telling herself that, after all, she did not care what this preposterous man from the dark ages thought of her.

"Yes, it does." Ottway was shaken out of the composure which he considered that every gentleman owed to himself. He hesitated, while Doctor Devon waited, in self-possession born of the knowledge that that wretched color had receded from her face.

"I wish you would take those signs down."

"What for?" The chief note in Doctor Ruth's voice was astonishment. She sat up straight and looked at her companion with wide eyes. Ottway blundered fatuously on.

"I want you to take them down," he repeated.

"But what for?"

"Because I love you. I want you to marry me and give up all this new-

woman business. I can't bear to think of you in it."

She was on her feet now, and he stood before her, waiting for the fire of her deep wrath to break forth. It gleamed with no uncertain light, when at last she spoke.

"What shall I say?" she demanded hotly. "That I appreciate the honor you have done me, and will renounce life and liberty forthwith? Oh! Do you think only a man dare think of an independent career? Do you think only men realize the problems that are pressing upon us all?"

He made a motion as though to speak.

"Don't interrupt me, sir," she cried. "You spoke of working girls—you, from your height, can see their faults, their lack of what *you* are pleased to consider charm. But do you suppose they, too, do not think and feel? It's all a dreadful net, and we are caught in its meshes together—you and I, as well as the others. Judgment may not be pronounced from the seat of the scorner."

She half-turned away, and looked out upon the smiling river.

"I know plenty of those girls," she went on more gently. "Don't you suppose they need me? And I need them," she added. "It's all a tangle. I am trying to get at it in my own way—you must work it out in yours."

"But I want you to help me."

"No, you don't. You only want me to give up, and let you work at it alone."

He regarded her with longing eyes. "I think you are wrong," he said, speaking very low. "You, and all the others, must try to undo the tangle; but when two pull on opposite ends of the same thread, neither gets very far."

There was a moment's silence.

"You have not answered me," he ventured gently.

"There is no need to answer. The whole thing is preposterous. We belong to different ages, Mr. Ottway."

She was gone, and he stood, very pale, with all the light faded from his face, looking down the river.

Down in her own room, Ruth Devon sat in a wicker chair and stared at the wall.

"He could be so nice, if he were not such an antedeluvian," she said to herself. "But it would be impossible to care for, or be happy with, a man of his narrow views."

She sighed, and wished herself back at her work. Life was but an empty thing, at best. It was hard to see how the others lived it without some definite work to fill it. She picked up a medical journal that she had brought with her, and settled herself to read a paper on cardiac action, with a perfect comprehension of all the learned phrases wherewith the writer embellished it.

V.

Ottway sat at his desk staring at the blank sheet of paper before him. His stenographer had long since turned on the softly tempered light that shone upon the space where he wrote, but so far no further radiance had illumined the brief in the Duncan Bailey case. No ray had reached the still virgin paper from the mind supposed to be bent upon covering it with the transcription of thought. Ottway, pen in hand, had sat thus for nearly half an hour.

Between him and the paper was the vision of a shining river, a sunrise-tinted sky, and a slim girl in a green canoe, paddling away from him—always paddling away from him.

He pulled up his straying imagination and took a fresh grip upon his fountain pen. The point was dry, and made no impression upon the paper to which he sought to apply it.

"It's a good deal better the way it's turned out," he muttered, shaking down fresh ink for the fourth time. "It would have been sure to turn out a failure."

The ink flowed freely this time, but his legal ideas did not. It did not seem to occur to him to shake those down. Instead, he stared at the paper again.

"It wouldn't prove a failure if she undertook it," his vagrant wits were as-



The employees of one of the city's big shops came pouring out from a side entrance.

suring him. "Failure doesn't go with that type of gray eye. However"—and here he sat up suddenly, preparatory, perhaps, to shaking down the legal acumen aforementioned—"that dream is ended, T. J. Ottway, and it's up to you to forget it."

He had returned, a week before, from Wyoming, where he had been helping to adjust the estate of the late Alviso Emerson. The cattle-king had ridden his last rodeo, and feather-brained little Daisy was many times a millionairess in her own right. Erie Macwirth, her guardian, had sent Ottway out West to look after her matters, and make arrangements for closing up the Wyoming interests in due season.

It had been a complicated undertaking, engaging all Ottway's energies for two or three months. Now he was back in New York, his report made, beginning to take up the regular routine of his work.

But the work dragged in a way he had never before experienced. It had been hard enough, even through the novelty of those months in the West, to forget those gray eyes; that quiet, proud face, with its sensitive mouth; those slim, skilful hands, whose work he had abetted that memorable morning on the links. In the same city with her, the vision of Ruth Devon refused to be banished.

He had not seen her since they said good-by on the river. She had gone straight down to the city; his return had been by way of Montreal and Boston. In his heart, as he presently put away his papers and locked his desk, was a great longing for one more glimpse of her face.

"This won't do," he said to himself, with great severity, on his way to the subway station. "Theodore J., you've got to make a better showing than this, or I must take you in hand. You and she could never have agreed on questions too vital to be ignored. She had too much sense not to see that, you know, even if she had cared."

He left the train at Fourteenth Street. Business took him for a moment to one of the big publishing

houses, and after that he walked slowly across Broadway, minded to take the elevated up-town.

The working-day was just ended, and the streets were filled with a homeward-bound crowd. As Ottway went through a cross street to Sixth Avenue, the employees of one of the city's big shops came pouring out from a side entrance. There were a few boys and young men, but for the most part the sudden crowd was made up of girls.

They took possession of the sidewalk, shrill-voiced and persistent, crowding, congregating, all eagerness to be out and away; all talking at once. Ottway's heart sank as he watched them. The sight was familiar enough, but he had not happened to encounter it since his last talk with Doctor Ruth.

"Jen! Jen!" The speaker jostled his elbow as she rushed eagerly past him.

"Wait for Mame and me, Jen! We're going your way!"

Half a dozen together pushed by, talking loudly. One, walking backward, to face the others, was chewing gum at the same time that she talked. She caught Ottway's eye, in the glare of an electric light, and turned about suddenly, to join her companions and whisper to them. One or two looked back at him, and a giggling laugh ran through the group.

Could Ottway only have known it, it was but the same perennial giggle that young humans of every degree have giggled since Cain and Abel were young, and the whole world looked funny to them. To his hypercritical sense it sounded like the quintessence of all vulgarity, and his nerves quivered.

A voice behind him thrust through the medley of articulation:

"So she says I ain't a perfect lady, does she? Just you wait till I see 'er face to face!"

It was a shrill, rasping voice that set his teeth on edge. The speaker continued:

"I tell you, Nell, I know. 'Tain't what a perfect lady wants to do, I don't care what Mag says."

The girls were passing him, and his ears caught part of another sentence.

"—asked me to go to th' Hippodrome with him to-night, an' I'm a-goin'."

"Now, you look out, Nell!" It was the rasping voice again of her whose perfect ladyhood had been impugned.

"You'll get bit if you don't," it went on. "Them rich chaps don't take girls like us t' the theater, and suppers after, for nothin'."

"I'll look out"—the other's tones were low, with a note of weariness. "But I'm sick o' the grind, and I ain't been anywhere this winter."

They were well in front of him now, slim young things, with certain trim ways of wearing their cheap jackets and imitation furs. But for their noise and crowding, they were, in the half-light, not without the subtle attraction of more fortunate femininity.

Ottway's ears were stopped to their receding clamor. He was back again on the *Arcadia's* deck, hearing the low voice that set his heart athrill.

"I know plenty of those girls," it said again. "Don't you suppose they need me? And I need them. It's all a tangle. I'm trying to get at it in my own way. You must work it out in yours."

He recalled his own simile:

"But when two pull on opposite ends of the same string, neither gets very far"—and he suddenly stopped short.

Suppose he and she *were* pulling at opposite ends, was it necessarily she who must let go? What if her end should happen to be nearest the key?

Oh! He had been a narrow-minded fool!

Eight o'clock found him in West End Avenue. He knew the number; having once heard Mrs. Medway mention it, his brain held it fast. He went to the house straight as an arrow, walking as men walk on no other errand save that upon which he sped.

As he pulled the bell he noted, by the shine of the vestibule gas-jet, that four holes in the bricks had been filled in with metal. The four formed a rectangle, and he wondered, vaguely, what they were there for.

He sent up his card and waited in the drawing-room.

She appeared in the doorway—one hand upon a door-jamb, the other grasping the half-drawn portière. She wore a gown of some diaphanous stuff, pale yellow in color, trailing and shimmering with touches of light here and there on its folds. Her half-raised arms were bare to the elbows, and her head lifted itself royally from back-falling billows of lace.

There was an instant of half-hesitation ere she advanced, putting out a cool, firm hand to welcome her guest.

"This is a surprise," she cried. "We thought you were in the West. When did you return?"

"From the West? A week since. To my senses? About two hours ago. Ruth! Ruth! Can you be merciful to me—a fool?"

He was holding her hands, searching her gray eyes.

They met his in level gaze for a brief minute. Her face paled a little under his look, then it drooped, like a flower, and he drew her to him.

"Did you come because the signs were down?" she suddenly asked, when they had sat a long time and talked of many things. "Because it was not purely on your account that they came down. The fastenings of the brass one loosened, and it fell."

"The signs? What signs?" His bewilderment was unmistakable. Then he remembered. "I never noticed," he said simply, and they both laughed, holding hands.

"Put up your signs to-morrow, dear," Ottway said at last, "only let home be in your heart, as well as the desire for a career."

"I shall not put them up again," answered she. "I took the glass one down to my noon-hour clinic. My working girls come to me there. They need me—"

"And your career?" The laughter in Ottway's eyes was very, very tender. Doctor Devon's gray ones answered it.

"It has joined hands with your prejudice," she said. "Where is that?"



IV.—THE PHYSICAL CURES OF WORRY

WORRY is so complicated a phenomenon, having so many varieties and causes, that the reader will not expect it to be curable by means of any single formula, or rule of life, or prescription. But the means of treatment, many though they are, may all be included under the two terms—physical and mental. Now, though worry is a disease of the mind, the physical or bodily aspects of its prevention and cure are not by any means to be ignored; so intimate is the relation of mind and body that the merely physical, “materialistic” measures which affect this mental disease are well worthy of a chapter to themselves, and here I propose to confine myself to them.

In a previous chapter we discussed at length some of the most important means by which health of mind may be maintained—and plainly the maintenance of mental health is equivalent to the prevention of worry. We analyzed the idea of a “holiday”—which should have some part even in every working day—and we saw that holidaying is one of the chief preventives of worry. Other and still more potent means for the *prevention* of worry there are, but these are not physical, but mental or spiritual. Hence we may now pass on to the *cure* of worry.

Certain physical means for the cure of worry have already been discussed—to be utterly condemned. These are drugs of various kinds, of which by far

the most important is alcohol. I refer to them here merely in order that the discussion of the subject may be systematic. Our concern here is with physical cures of worry that do indeed cure; and among these such drugs have no place.

In so far as a man worries about anything whatsoever—in so far as he is a practical *pessimist*. It does not matter in the least what his ostensible creed may be. He may formally subscribe to the most optimistic of creeds, and yet be a practical pessimist. On the other hand, his creed may be the most hopeless materialism, and yet he may be a practical optimist. The question for us to consider, then, is the physical means by which we may make practical optimists; all questions of philosophic or religious creed being for the present ignored.

THE MAKING OF AN OPTIMIST.

Thus, our main business will be to consider the physical causes that make men into optimists rather than pessimists. The effects of alcohol prove abundantly that such physical causes do exist; and we have to ask whether there are any things which, like alcohol, will convert a man into an optimist to whom worry is merely a name, but which, unlike alcohol, will do so permanently and securely.

Now, before we enter into the theory of the matter, which will be found of the first practical importance, let us

consider one of the most valuable and familiar means by which worry may be cured and prevented. The means to which I refer is *sleep*; and of course the first comment that springs to the reader's mind is that worry is destructive of sleep. It is of little avail to tell the victim of worry and consequent insomnia that sound, refreshing sleep will banish his cares. It is, unfortunately, true that we have here an instance of a vicious circle; and this fact makes it all-important that we should learn, if possible, how the circle may be broken. This is not the place, however, for a treatise on insomnia, and it is only possible to lay down a few salient propositions.

THE QUESTION OF SLEEP.

The man who realizes that he has become, or is becoming, a victim of worry must be advised to direct himself consciously and resolutely to the question of his sleep. It is safe to say that the worrying man cannot sleep too much, and, as a rule, he sleeps too little. If he would be cured, then, he must attend to this matter. Insomnia may well be the efficient cause of worry in his case; and to remove the efficient cause is to cure the disease. If the doctor's help is necessary, it must be obtained.

There are very few cases of insomnia that cannot be relieved. This holds true even if we declare that hypnotic drugs are out of place in this connection. Thus used, they are all false friends, as we have already seen. It is worth recognizing that the overwhelming proportion of cases of insomnia—including, of course, those which result in worry—are due to simple and easily remediable causes. By far the most common of all the physical causes of insomnia is indigestion. This may be such as to cause scarcely any of the obvious symptoms of indigestion; but this is no reason for not making certain, in any case of insomnia, that indigestion is not its cause. If this cause be looked for, it will very often be found; and the mere lightening of the last meal of the day, the exclusion of

coffee after it, or the use of some simple digestive drug for a short period, may suffice to relieve the sleeplessness, and thus the mental dispeace which it is causing.

More vigorous measures may be necessary in some cases, but, as a rule, the doctor may be relied upon, if he is given a fair chance, to cure the sleeplessness, and thus avert its consequences. The qualifying clause is necessary, since it is only the few intelligent patients who do give the doctor a fair chance in such cases. The men whose profession it is to do the difficult work about which it is so easy to write, are still hampered by the fashion in which patients persistently regard their prescriptions as all-important, and their advice as negligible.

TAKE THE ADVICE RATHER THAN THE PRESCRIPTION.

Nine times out of ten it is the doctor's advice—and this is peculiarly true of insomnia—that matters everything; while the prescription, as likely as not, is a mere *placebo*—something to please the patient, since patients of all classes closely resemble those who frequent dispensaries and the out-patient departments of hospitals, in that they display a pathetic belief in the value of the contents of a "bottle," especially if those contents be highly colored, and vigorously assail the senses of smell and taste. But it is not by the contents of such bottles that insomnia is usually cured; rather is it by some modification of habits, such as the wise physician is able to suggest—and fortunate is he if he be able to have his advice acted upon.

And now we must turn to the theory of the matter. Why should sleep relieve worry and insomnia cause it? The answer is that the man who sleeps well is, *ipso facto*, a practical optimist, while the victim of insomnia is, *ipso facto*, a practical pessimist—a man who worries. And why does sleep or the lack of it produce such results in the sphere of the mind? The answer is to be found in the study of the conditions which are necessary to what I

have elsewhere called *sensory, organic*, or, if you like, *gastric* optimism.*

Sensory or organic optimism I call that which is scarcely so much a state of mind as a state of the body. It is intimately dependent upon the health of the digestion; and is derived from the sensations transmitted by the nerves that run to the brain from the internal organs. These, in health, combine to give us what is called the "organic sense of well-being." In health, then, as I have said, "every man has an organic bias toward optimism"; and we must remember that the incalculable practical value of organic optimism is in itself an argument for rational optimism—the philosophic creed that life brings, on the average, a surplus of happiness, and is therefore worth living. But what I have called organic optimism leads us on to a closer analysis of the causes of worry than we have yet attempted.

SOME VARIETIES OF WORRY.

Since we are all self-conscious, we all look before and after; but nevertheless we do not all worry in the same degree, nor about similar things; while some of us, even without the aid of any particular creed, or even without the aid of smooth circumstances, scarcely worry at all. Wherein does the difference subsist?

Plainly, if it is not to be found in circumstances, it must be found in ourselves. We differ from one another not merely in external configuration, nor in intellectual caliber, but also temperamentally and emotionally. Our differences in this last respect are at least as great as in others. Two persons, alike self-conscious, alike called upon to face all imminent disaster, look upon it with different eyes. Men have long recognized this fact, and express it by the image—which is in defiance of medical experience, but serves the purpose, nevertheless—that to the jaundiced eye everything is yellow; and by the converse image of "rose-tinted spectacles."

*See "Evolution the Master-key" (Harper & Brothers, 1906).

It is the fact, then, that the organic conditions (the nervous organization) that determine our outlook, differ widely in different men. This is one of the unappreciated commonplaces which superficial people dismiss as platitudes. There has yet been no adequate study of the psychology of temperament from the scientific standpoint; and none other serves our purpose.

While it is true that in virtue of self-consciousness and the desire for life and happiness we are all predisposed to worry, it is also true that the emotional nature peculiar to each of us modifies this predisposition in an extraordinary degree, heightening it in some, and lowering it in others, quite independently of external circumstances, the effect of which upon the mind must be rigorously distinguished from the consequences of the mind's own predispositions.

THE ACTION OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

Now let us consider what we really mean by the inherent predispositions of the mind itself. According to some unscientific systems of thought, such an assertion is incapable of any further analysis. The mind, according to them, is a single, indivisible, unanalyzable substance; its characters depending upon nought but the Divine Will. The number of people who retain this wholly uncritical notion, however, is fast diminishing; and certainly we have no place for it here. On the contrary, we have to recognize an absolute and complete, if not a necessary, connection between mind and body; while, for practical purposes and without attempting any deeper inquiry, we must regard the mind and its characteristics as conditioned by the state of the body.

Practically, we shall have to recognize the action of the mind upon the body, and the action of the body upon the mind; but this last phrase is inadequate fully to express the truth it suggests. Mental states and bodily states are not identical, but yet they are inseparable; and our descriptions of them are diverse but complementary ways of expressing the same fact.

When, therefore, we assert the existence of profound emotional or temperamental differences between men, determining in very large measure the manner in which they look before and after—in which they contemplate the facts of the past and the possibilities of the future—we must go on to ask ourselves what are the bodily facts by which these emotional differences are conditioned. "The mind is as deep as the viscera" (the internal organs), said Herbert Spencer in the last chapter of his priceless "Autobiography"; and we shall soon see the practical significance of that saying.

It means that, while we are all predisposed to worry, the measure of that predisposition is capable of almost indefinite modification by our physical health. As that statement stands, it is not adequate nor even correct. The question is not merely one of health.

This is evident when we consider the facts of two common and terrible diseases—tuberculosis of the lungs and general paralysis of the insane. In the first of these—often known as consumption or phthisis—the patient's tendency to look on the bright side of things, to expect speedy recovery, and to leave all worrying to his friends, is so conspicuous as to have led, long ago, to the coining of the term *spes phthisica*—the phthisical hope—in order to indicate its characteristic association with a disease which, until quite lately, was well-nigh hopeless. Whether or not this state of mind be explained by the common occurrence of slight fever in this disease, at any rate it is a striking instance of the manner in which physical disease may affect the mental outlook.

PAST HOPE, BUT HAPPIER THAN A KING.

But the case of general paralysis or "paresis" is yet more striking. Here is a disease which, so far as we have any record, is invariably fatal, death commonly occurring within about two years of the first symptoms. The patient rapidly and visibly fails in every way—physical and mental. In the later stages, he lies in a huddled heap, un-

able to perform the simplest functions; his skin broken by the mere pressure of his clothes; no external circumstances that can make for happiness present; and none that can make for misery wanting. Yet, throughout, the patient is happier than any king. He cannot worry about anything whatever; his peace of mind is alike non-conditioned by, and immune to, all exterior circumstances.

In the light of these and similar facts, we certainly cannot say that the measure of a man's predisposition to worry is in direct proportion to his departure from the standard of bodily health. Never was philosopher yet that could endure the toothache patiently; yet the general paralytic, "suffering"—if that is the word—from a disease which is incalculably worse than toothache, is more consistently and imperturbably happy than he ever was in his days of health.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WORRIES.

As I see them, these facts are extremely instructive. They do much more than teach us that peace of mind is not necessarily correlated with health; nor worry with disease. They teach us that there may be a pathological, a morbid, peace of mind. Plainly, the mental ease of the patient who is all but moribund from general paralysis is morbid. But more; what of the mental peace seen in the man suffering from early symptoms of insanity, whose affairs are in a desperate state, yet who evinces no concern thereat? His peace of mind is evidently morbid; *he ought to be worried.*

I think we have discovered an important, if indeed an evident, truth—that not all worry is morbid. If there are times when not to worry is to raise doubts of one's sanity, it is plain that there are circumstances in which a judicious worry is natural, normal, and right. We must distinguish, then, and not permit ourselves too roundly to declare that worry is a disease of the mind—since it may be answered that there are times when not to worry indicates disease of the mind. Hereafter, then,

we must invariably distinguish, whenever the distinction is as significant as it certainly is true, between *normal and morbid worry*.

I have quoted the two remarkable instances of tuberculosis and general paralysis partly because they teach us that worry may be normal or morbid, and its absence the same, but chiefly because one has to recognize facts, and because it would not do roundly to state that freedom from worry is proportionate to the bodily health, when such striking exceptions are to be found. Nevertheless, when we allow their full value to such exceptions as these, there does remain a rule which is generally true, and which is of the utmost importance in any understanding of worry. It is the rule that, in the vast majority of all cases, morbid worry and a morbid state of body go together; while peace of mind is associated with bodily health. These propositions are so widely true and so important that it is to be hoped that the reader will not attach more than due importance to the exceptions which I have felt bound to quote. But this indeed is scarcely likely; for, after all, the main fact is a commonplace of experience.

OPTIMISM COMES FROM "FEELING FIT."

But it is well not only to recognize the fact, but also to have a rational understanding of it. And this will be easy if we remember what has already been said of organic optimism. It was pointed out that the organic sense of well-being, to which we refer when we speak of "feeling fit," and which explains the optimism, the peace of mind, and the freedom from morbid worry which are begot of good health and of good digestion, depends upon the combination in consciousness of the faint sensations which reach us through the thousands of nerve fibers that are distributed to the internal organs of the body.

Now, in health, the impressions which these fibers convey to consciousness are exceedingly faint. Indeed, as a rule, they are negative rather than positive. It is only the convalescent, in whom the

organic sense of well-being is returning, who is able fully to appreciate it as a positive fact, rather than as merely the absence or negation of discomfort. But, though the sensitiveness of these nerves is comparatively so slight, they are able exquisitely to respond to every kind of disorder that may affect the organs to which they are distributed.

It would be a great mistake to imagine that this disorder must consist of some grave disease before it is able to affect these nerves. The very slightest poisoning of the tissues, such, for instance, as that consequent upon spending an hour or two in a badly ventilated room, is more than sufficient in many people to abolish the organic sense of well-being, and to produce that state of consciousness, misunderstood by itself, which leads a man to worry about external things, *whereas the real cause of his worry is within him*.

Now, if we once recognize that even the very smallest departure from health may suffice only too easily, in virtue of its effect upon the internal nerves, to produce the state of consciousness that leads to worry, we shall be ready to understand the prevalence of the symptom that we are studying. If the smallest degree of ill health, however temporary or trifling, is sufficient to induce a morbid and unjustified worry, then we can understand why worry is so widespread; for minor degrees of ill health, in the present state of civilization, are not far short of universal. If there is any one fact, insistence upon which would justify these articles, it is this fact—that only a very small percentage of the population of any city can be regarded as well. The main condition predisposing to morbid worry is a minor degree of physical ill health; and such ill health is the rule rather than the exception to-day.

ATTEND TO MINOR DEGREES OF ILL HEALTH.

Eminent among the physical cures of worry, then, will be attention to minor degrees of ill health in every case of worry where this state of affairs can be recognized.

Chief importance attaches to disorder of any part of the digestive tract, since there is to be found the distribution of those nerves upon the proper behavior of which the organic sense of well-being depends. This is why I use the phrase *gastric optimism*, in order to indicate the importance of the stomach—the mere plebeian stomach—in determining the emotional tone of its owner's mind, and deciding whether he shall be a practical optimist or a practical pessimist.

It follows, for instance, that a man may worry because he upsets or overloads his digestive organs by eating too much. Now, it has lately been proved, by the researches of Professor Chittenden, in America, that these doctors were right who maintained that the great majority of well-to-do persons eat too much—and here we have an explanation of much meaningless and unnecessary worry.

CARLYLE AND DYSPEPSIA.

Again, these facts explain the general relations of optimism—practical optimism—with good digestion; and of pessimism, such as is evidenced in much of the writings of Carlyle, with dyspepsia. They also afford a testimony to what is in no need of further testimony: the supremacy of the reason over all its enemies in the case of such thinkers as Spencer and Darwin. Both of these men were victims to chronic dyspepsia, and yet they were optimists. But theirs was a rational optimism; the reason defying those internal sensations which, in ordinary men, would have led to pessimism.

Again, these facts explain the inconsistency to be found in the writings of many authors who were artists rather than thinkers; in whom the reason was not supreme, and who had the artistic temperament, which is ever at the mercy of organic sensations, leading to optimistic writing when the digestion is in order, or when alcohol has modified the organic sensations, and to an equally decided pessimism in writings produced when the digestion was out of order, or during the period of de-

pression that follows the transient stimulation of alcohol.

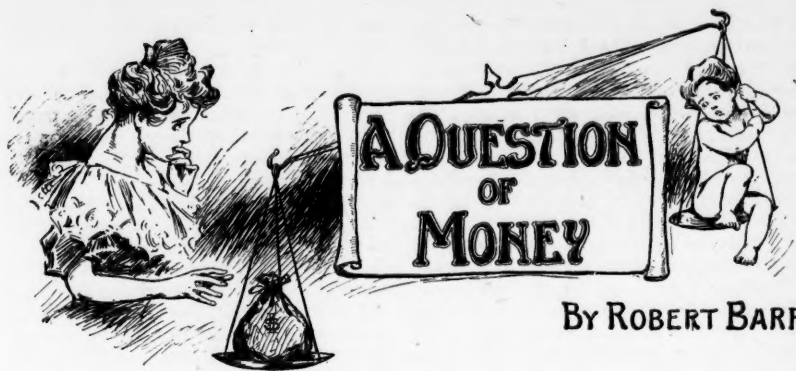
The foremost physical cures of worry, then, are, in the first place, such measures—varying, of course, according to circumstances—as procure abundant and normal sleep; and, in the second place, such measures—similarly various—as procure easy, rapid, and complete performance of the functions of the digestive tract, the influence of which is always dominant in determining the presence or absence of that sense of organic well-being which is the one physical condition that excludes the possibility of morbid worry.

SOUND SLEEP AND A GOOD DIGESTION MAKE WORRY IMPOSSIBLE.

This last statement has already been justified. The case of two common and terrible diseases has proved that even the gravest ill health cannot produce worry if the conditions are such as to favor—in some inexplicable way—the organic sense of well-being; and, on the other hand, we have only to consider the countless people, in times past and in the present, who have believed and believe that an enormous proportion of their predecessors are suffering eternal torment, but who, nevertheless, are happy—because the possession of a good digestion and the enjoyment of sound sleep make worry impossible, even in the presence of such an appalling cause for worry.

Appalling I might well call it, even if I had seen only one case of religious melancholia in my life. For it is only necessary that some physical cause shall interfere with the sense of organic well-being, as it does in such cases, for the miserable patients to pass days and nights of mental agony in contemplation; sometimes of the fate which they think to be in store for themselves; sometimes of the fate which they fear that others have earned. When such a patient is cured, and the organic sense of well-being returns, the belief, as a belief, persists—but it no longer causes any worry, either for self or others.

Such is the empire of the body over the mind.



BY ROBERT BARR

WILLARD DENMAN sat at one of the little round tables in the Café Germania, where a customer may have brown Munich beer in a big stone mug with a white metal lid. The café was very full; so also were some of the habitués; and on a raised platform at the corner were seated the members of a Viennese band, giving forth music in the smoke-beclouded room.

Denman was waiting for a friend, and had turned a chair face forward against the little table, that a place might be ready for him when he arrived. With his fountain pen the young man had just written a cable despatch, in answer to a transatlantic message that lay before him, mutilated somewhat as to English, as is the habit of Italian telegraph offices, but still understandable, which was lucky, for more often than not a telegram in a foreign language comes out second best after an encounter with the system of Italy.

A breezy individual made his way through the smoke and the throng to the vacant chair; tipped it back and sat down in it. "I'm late, as usual, Willard," he said, "but that is one of my official prerogatives. So I won't apologize, but will make it up in beer, now that I am here."

"There is little use in being United States consul in Naples if you can't do as you like, Jimmy. There isn't any,

too much money in the office, so one must seek compensation in other directions."

"Do as I like? That's exactly what I can't do. I'll be hanged if every citizen of the great republic that blows in on me in Naples doesn't seem to imagine I'm a sort of man-of-all-work for him. And I'm expected to be polite, and to fetch and carry for all concerned. Truth to tell, Willard, I'm tired of it; I've a notion to chuck the whole outfit and go back. Now, to-night I was kept at my office long after business hours by a persistent man who would not take no for an answer; actually thought I was lying to him, and had the cheek to intimate as much."

"And were you?"

"Certainly I was, but it was not etiquette for him to throw out any hints about my lack of veracity. It was all on your account, and I'd indulge in any amount of fiction to oblige a friend. He wanted your address, and wanted it badly, but I didn't know as you were anxious to see him, so I prevaricated, and told him that if he came in tomorrow morning, I'd see if I could get it for him."

"That's singular. No one has been looking for me for years past. I thought and hoped I had been forgotten over in the States. What was his name?"

"Here is his card. Colonel Beck, of New York."

"Colonel Beck! Thunder!"

"Know him? Don't wish to see him, I take it."

"No, I don't, and I'm much obliged to you, Stokes, for holding him off. How long is he going to stay in Naples?"

"Said he was going to stay till he found you."

"In that case I'll strike for Calabria or Sicily, or somewhere; get among the real brigands, and avoid this pirate. He used to be a broker in New York, and probably is yet. Supposed to be rich through fleecing innocent lambs like myself. The shorn lamb, however, avoids the wolf, so I'm off to-morrow morning."

"What's the use of leaving now if your fleece is gone? He can't hurt you. Did he shear you in days gone past?"

"It's a long story. What strikes me, however, is the coincidence of old Beck turning up at this moment. There is, in fact, a coincidence within a coincidence. Read that cablegram."

Denman shoved over to his friend the message he had received that day from New York. The consul wrinkled his brows over the Italian-English of the despatch, and made out its purport to be as follows:

WILLARD DENMAN, Naples: Have you that block of Northern Pacific? If so, send me particulars and full powers to deal. Act at once. Stock booming, but expect a crash shortly. Come over yourself if you can, but come immediately. The block will make you rich, if you still possess it and realize without delay.

STANLEY FRASER.

"Who is Fraser?" asked the consul.

"He was my partner during my disastrous business career in Wall Street."

"Then why not go right over and see him instead of taking that trip to Calabria?"

"Because I don't want to go, and because it is not necessary I should go. Read my answer to his cablegram." And the young man handed to his friend the document he had written before the other came in:

STANFER, New York: Stock in Broadway Safe Deposit vaults, drawer nine hundred seven. Mailed to you ten days ago key and

legal papers. Make what you can, and we will share even.

DENMAN.

"Oh, I was wondering where I had seen the name Stanley Fraser before," cried the consul. "Were those papers you signed in my office a week or two since the documents referred to?"

"Yes."

"That's very strange. You sent them across ten days before you got the request for them."

"Exactly. Those shares had rested for years in the safe-deposit vaults. Fraser had never referred to them, and I had never referred to them, yet I suddenly made up my mind to throw them on the market."

"Why, that almost makes a person believe there is something in this thought-wave theory; telepathy, or whatever they call it."

"I am afraid it has a much more prosaic origin. A fortnight since you told me, there had been a tremendous rise in Northern Pacific stock. That set me thinking, and I remembered I had thirty thousand shares hidden away in drawer 907. The stock was of no use to me, so I thought I might as well discover how badly some other fellow wanted it. So I threw the onus of selling on my friend, Fraser."

"You must have a good deal of confidence in him to give him a free hand like that. What's to hinder him from bolting with the money?"

"Nothing at all, except that he won't do it."

"I love to meet this charming confidence in one's fellow man these cynical times. I thought you said he was your partner, and that the partnership was disastrous."

"Yes, but it was not Fraser's fault; nor mine, either, I suppose. We were classmates in college. He worked his way through; my father paid my expenses. When we graduated, I was reasonably rich and he was extremely poor. He was eager to work, and I was equally willing to loaf, so we joined his force to my lack of it, and plunged into Wall Street. I furnished the capital and he did the hard work."

"I see. And at the winding up, he

had the cash and you had the experience?"

"Not exactly. Neither of us had the cash, but he had the experience. We were caught in the panic of '93. I imagine it was lack of experience on the part of each of us. I became disgusted with business methods and pulled out, realizing all the money I could. My shares in the Northern Pacific, with which railway my late father had been connected, proved utterly unsalable, so I locked them in a drawer and came away to Naples, to live cheaply and see nobody. Fraser was more optimistic. He hung on, and has been getting along well, I understand. To tell the truth, he has helped me out on various occasions when I ran low, and I am very grateful to him. If I became rich again, I should not have the slightest hesitation about entrusting him with everything I possess, as, indeed, I have done on this occasion."

"So that was what disgusted you with America. I am disappointed with your story. Wasn't there a woman concerned at all?"

"No."

"Where does our friend, Colonel Beck, come in?"

"Beck is a man whom my father befriended in the early days. He was a Western lawyer, I think, who did some legal business for the Northern Pacific, and came first to New York on behalf of the road. I believe my father became his security, and that Beck succeeded even beyond expectation. My father was a shrewd judge of men's business capacity; and Beck certainly justified his faith in him. During the beginning of my brief career in Wall Street, the colonel took a great interest in me, and expressed much gratitude toward my late father. He seemed desirous of helping me along in somewhat the same way that my father had helped him along. He had a good deal to do with our affairs, and, naturally, I placed as much of our business as I could in his way; and I imagine he lost no money in his dealings with us. When the pinch came, Fraser thought we might pull through if we could raise

twenty thousand dollars. I took this block of Northern Pacific to Colonel Beck, and asked him to advance me the twenty thousand, and hold the stock as security. He refused."

"Perhaps he did not have the money."

"He made no pretense of that sort. In fact, he said that if I would substitute New York Central for Northern Pacific, we could make a deal at a somewhat exorbitant rate of interest, but when he learned that all my Central stock was gone, he shrugged his shoulders, and jocularly remarked that N. P. was N. G. I have never seen him since; and somehow have no particular yearning to meet him now."

"I appreciate your feeling in the matter. By the way, Willard, there was a very pretty girl with Colonel Beck; a *very* pretty girl; and most charmingly attired. She did not say a word all the time the colonel was talking, but she looked unutterable things, and was deeply interested in our conversation. I thought she was a trifle disappointed when I told the colonel I didn't know where you were. I supposed she was the colonel's daughter."

"The chances are," mused Denman, "that the young lady was Miss Sadie Beck, niece of the old gentleman. She was rather a handsome girl when I knew her."

"Ah," drawled the consul, "then there is no particular reason why she should be anxious regarding your whereabouts?"

"None that I am aware of."

"I thought perhaps she might prove a dangerous rival to that most charming young woman, Miss Gertrude Marlow."

"What do you mean, Jimmy? Are you trying to become humorous?"

"I am always humorous, Willard, my boy; and, furthermore, am a person of great insight, although few know that except myself. My insight leads me to the conclusion that Miss Marlow thinks much of you."

"Nonsense! Miss Marlow is a very rich woman, while I have barely enough to live on."

"All the more reason you should take advantage of the goods the gods send to you."

"I thought I had told you I was done with commercialism. If I do not choose to give up my life to the pursuit of the dollar, it is not likely I am going to marry for money."

"But Miss Marlow is not only beautiful and rich, she is a nice girl besides."

"Quite so, quite so; and that is one reason, Jimmy, why we should not discuss her."

"All right. What do you wish to discuss? You told me you desired

"Take or send that," he said, "to the telegraph office, and bring me the change."

The waiter departed, and Denman leaned back in his chair, thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, as-



"Well, to speak frankly, I think you treated my niece, Sadie, rather badly."

to consult me on a question of money. Is it this matter of the Northern Pacific stock?"

"No. It is a matter of much less importance; and now I will enact the first part of the program."

Denman called a waiter, gave him the cablegram and a five-hundred-lire note.

sumed an air of wisdom, and began to talk like a sage.

"Stokes, the idle man in Naples has duties thrust upon him which he should not ignore."

"Dear me!" cried Stokes in alarm, "I hope you are not going to lecture me on my official duty. I do the best I can, and, if I am idle, it is not for a professional loafer like you to chide me. I am upholding the dignity of the United States Government in this benighted spot, while you roam at large doing nothing."

"Jimmy, I was not referring to you when I spoke of the idle man; I meant myself."

"Oh, that's all right, then. Fire ahead; you have plenty of scope. I agree beforehand with any censure you may be pleased to place upon yourself."

"Thanks, Jimmy; thanks. You always were a generous, agreeable fellow. Still, the reformation I propose to bring about is to apply to certain Neapolitans rather than to myself."

"Yes, we are all more prone to reform the faults of others than tamper with our own. Expound the position, Willard?"

"The position is this. A great number of indolent Italians are accumulating a competence by palming off counterfeit money on innocent foreigners like myself. Now, as far as my slight influence goes, I propose to stop this amiable game. That estimable waiter whom I called just now has been disagreeably expert at the business, and I have suffered grievous loss at his hands. By and by he will return and load me up with counterfeit notes and leaden coin. I wish you, as an official, to mark these coins, and place your initials on the bogus paper currency, seal up the amount in an envelope, and tomorrow we will descend on the rascal whom we have entrapped."

"Oh, that's your scheme, is it? Well, if I had been in your place, I should have risked a note of smaller denomination than five hundred lire. A hundred-lire note would have done just as well."

"No it wouldn't, Jimmy. The cablegram alone costs a hundred and twenty lire. Ah, here comes the brigand!"

The waiter approached with great deference, counted out the money three francs short, but these were restored with many apologies when his attention was called to the matter. He could not understand these Americans, sometimes so lavish with their money, at others so unexpectedly sharp at the counting of change. The consul marked the various items in the amount, placed the result in an envelope, which he sealed and put in his inside pocket.

"From the hurried examination I have made of this wealth, Willard, I am convinced that it is nearly all bad. I feel it in my bones that you are going to lose on the present transaction; better have stuck to Wall Street. Do you wish me to write any official protest in the premises to be presented at the head of this villainous waiter?"

"I haven't quite made up my mind what I shall do, Jimmy, except that I shall call at your office in the morning,

and there mature my plans, with your assistance."

"If you call at my office you are more than likely to run against Colonel Beck. I expect him there bright and early."

"By Jove! I had forgotten about the colonel; still, there is no hurry about this. I can drop in on you later when the colonel has moved on."

All arrangements, however, bow to chance; and chance now intervened to upset their plans. A burly, florid-faced man with white mustache loomed up before them; and a heavy hand smote Denman on the shoulder with a force that made him wince and bite his lip to restrain a cry of resentment.

"Hello, Willard, old man!" shouted the stranger. "I am mighty glad to see you. Been searching the town for you; called on that stuck-up consul of ours, but he pretended he knew nothing about you. I suppose he thought I believed him, but the undersigned wasn't born yesterday, and I had met talented prevaricators before. Oh, by jingo, this you, consul? I didn't notice you at first. Well, I stick to all I said. You told me this evening that you didn't know where Denman was; and now I find you sitting here with him. I think, by jingo, that you owe me an apology."

"I owe you nothing, colonel; not even my appointment. Every man who drifts in on me appears to think I am indebted to him for my place. I beg to inform you that it is no part of a consul's duty to bestow addresses upon any stranger who happens in on him."

"That's all right, Mr. Stokes," replied the colonel genially, drawing up a chair and seating himself, uninvited, at their table. "It isn't the habit of your Uncle Ben to get left, and I knew I would find Denman ultimately if he was in town. Say, Willard, you ought to be in New York nowadays. Things are booming there."

"I have had enough of booms," replied Denman, without enthusiasm.

"Nonsense. It's absurd for a young man like you, and a talented man, too, if I may be allowed to say so before your face, to give up in the fashion

you've done. You came by your talent honestly enough, for your father was one of the best men in business I ever met; and I wouldn't be what I am if it hadn't been for his help, as I am always willing and glad to admit. And, by the way, Willard, did you ever sell that block of Northern Pacific stock you had during the panic of '93?"

"I never did."

"Got it yet, eh? Well, I congratulate you. Now, at the present moment, that would form a very nice little nucleus to begin on; and you can count on me to help you till everything's blue. It would be a pleasure to me to extend to you the same courtesy I received from your father."

"The stock wasn't much of a nucleus last time I tendered it to you, colonel," said Denman dryly.

The colonel threw back his head and laughed boisterously.

"Oh, you haven't forgotten that episode yet? Well, you bolted from New York so quickly that I hadn't any chance of giving you an explanation."

"No explanation was needed, Colonel Beck. You refused me the money I required, and were quite within your right in doing so."

"Yes, but why did I refuse you; why? Answer me that, Willard."

The colonel with great good nature placed his hand lovingly upon the shoulder of the other.

"Your conundrum is easy enough," replied the young man nonchalantly.

"You didn't want to let me have the money, that was all."

"Certainly I didn't, certainly I didn't; and you should be very thankful to me that I refused. I knew Wall Street a great deal better than you did, my dear fellow; and that money would just have followed the rest into the pit."

"I quite believe you."

"Yes, but you didn't believe me then, and you left New York in a huff without ever giving me a chance to explain my position."

"If you had been anxious to make an explanation, colonel, there was plenty of time to do it in. That was

a good many years ago; and a letter to Naples costs only five cents."

"True, true!" cried the colonel, in the bluff manner of an honest but misunderstood man. "I might have expended the five cents, as you say, if I had known your address, but you had got on your high horse and had said things which a younger man should have hesitated before applying to his elder. Now, I don't pretend to be any better than my fellows, and I admit I was offended. Such usage coming from you, Willard, I confess, hurt me."

The American consul, finding himself an unneeded third in what was drifting into a private discussion, pushed back his chair and rose to his feet.

"I must bid you good night, Denman," he said. "I have another appointment. I shall see you at the office to-morrow, I suppose."

"Don't go, Stokes. The colonel and I have nothing private to discuss," returned his friend, while the colonel sat silent, as if he thought this was not a true statement of the case. The consul, however, persisted in his withdrawal; and Colonel Beck heaved a heavy sigh of relief as he watched him disappear.

"Yes, my boy," continued the colonel, in a tone that had more of sorrow than of anger in it. "I don't think you treated your friends very well. I don't think you should have jumped at the wrong conclusion as quickly as you did. I would willingly have let you have the money if I had not known it was certain to go into the hands of Fraser, a man in whom I have absolutely no confidence. I don't expect you to sympathize with me in this, for I hear you have stuck by him through thick and thin. Nevertheless, I say now, as I said then, that I have no confidence in him, and I think you should not have been so quick to throw over an old friend like myself."

"You don't seem very logical, colonel. In one breath you accuse me of throwing over an old friend; in another of sticking by an old friend in whom you have no confidence. The truth is that Fraser stuck by me when there

was absolutely nothing to be made out of me."

"And well he might," cried the colonel; "for he had already squandered your fortune."

"You are wrong there. Not a penny of it stuck to his fingers. The losing of my fortune was the fault of fate and of the panic, and not of Stanley Fraser."

"Oh, well, Willard, it is all long past, as you have said. I'm not making any complaint, although I must say I did expect a little more consideration from your father's son than I got. I had the money ready for you, and would have paid it over to you without any security whatever if you had but given me a promise that you would not have entrusted it to your partner."

"It was for my partner I wanted it."

"Exactly. I knew that, and as I said, and say still, I had no confidence in him. The money was ready for you, and I expected you to return. When you did not, and I made inquiry for you, I found that you had left for Europe; and it was long after that I learned your address."

"It is quite possible I was mistaken, colonel—I always was rather hot-headed—and, if in this case I made an error, I now offer apology."

"It hurt me—it hurt me at the time," murmured the colonel, in reminiscent tones; "but if only myself were in-

volved, I would never have said a word. I am a man of the world, and am accustomed to the ups and downs of the world. I make no pretense that your silent desertion caused me permanent grief. I resented your impetuous action, but would never have spoken if no one else had been concerned."

"No one else concerned! I do not understand you. Who else was concerned?"

"Well, to speak frankly, as between man and man, I think you treated my niece, Sadie, rather badly."

"You astonish me, colonel. I never treated a young woman badly."

"I have been all my life a very busy man," rejoined the colonel, with more of severity in his

tone than had hitherto been the case; "and I frankly admit that much went on in my own household of which I was not cognizant. During the first years of your residence in New York you visited us somewhat frequently."

"Well, what of it?"

"Your father was an old friend of mine; my benefactor, as I might say, so I trusted his son implicitly."

"Well, what of it, I repeat?"

"What of it? This much of it; that I did not know until you had left New York that the affections of my niece were centered upon you."

"You are quite mistaken, colonel."

"Do you mean to say there was never anything between you two but ordinary friendship?"

"I mean to say nothing of the sort.



"Why, Mr. Denman," she said, "you seem forlorn."

It is not a question for two men to discuss. But since you have broached the subject, I may tell you what you probably know already, that the last interview I had in your house was with your niece. She received me with great coolness, and parted from me without visible regret. To put it quite plainly, Colonel Beck, the niece quite shared the uncle's feelings regarding me. Financially, I was broken; and consequently was of no further use in New York to either man or woman."

The stout colonel placed the tips of his fingers together over the most corpulent portion of his person, raised his eyes to the ceiling, and drew a deep sigh.

"My hasty young friend, I see exactly what happened. You left me, enraged because I refused to lend you money. You said to yourself: 'This man whom my father befriended refuses in a crisis to befriend me.' This was no state of mind in which to visit a young lady, proud and sensitive. Something in your manner must have jarred upon her. Girls are of finer texture than we brutal men. Her seeming coldness was merely offended dignity; and you left her presence under a misapprehension, as indeed you left mine. She expected your return, but you never came back. It was long before I even suspected that anything was wrong between you two; but I knew that Sadie had received offer of marriage after offer of marriage; some of them most advantageous; but all proposals she rejected. The utmost confidence existed between us. She is to me as if she were my own daughter. I expostulated with her one day; and to my surprise she burst into tears, and then confessed her preference for you. I must say that, for a time, I was filled with resentment against you, but this feeling gave way to sorrow at seeing my girl waste her life through misplaced love. I have spoken to you with the utmost frankness. Sadie is dearer to me than everything else in the world beside."

For some moments after the colonel finished his exposition of the case Den-

man maintained silence. The Viennese band was playing a lively selection; and he appeared to be listening to the music, but with troubled brow. The place seemed rather unsuited for a confession of love; and the tidings brought no particular joy to the listener apparently. At last the young man spoke.

"Does Miss Beck know—was she aware that you were going to speak to me on this subject?"

"Certainly not. I doubt if she would thank me for my interference, because, as I said before, she is a proud girl. I don't think she knew you were in Naples until she heard me ask the consul about you. When I was questioning him, she seemed rather eager to hear his answers, but she said nothing until we were outside."

This coincided with the account given by Stokes of the visit; and Denman evidently became more and more perplexed.

"What did she say when you were outside?" he asked.

"Oh, she wanted to know why I wished to see you; and I told her it was on a matter of business. This didn't quite satisfy her, so, being pressed, I mentioned that block of Northern Pacific stock which you offered to sell to me once; and said I thought I could dispose of it for you to advantage if you still possessed it. Sadie knows nothing of Wall Street affairs, so of course this explanation seemed quite reasonable. Besides, it was quite true; for I do wish to make a bargain with you about that stock whenever you feel inclined to come down from the clouds and discuss mundane affairs."

"What do you expect me to do; I don't mean about the stock, but about Miss Beck?"

"It is not for me to make any suggestions in the premises, my dear fellow. You are a man of honor. You have made a mistake which involves the happiness of an innocent person. I have put the matter before you with a plainness which is, I think, exceptional. The next move must rest with you."

"Where are you stopping?"

"At the Grand Hotel."

"Then with your permission I shall have the pleasure of calling upon Miss Beck to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock, if that hour is convenient."

The stout colonel, with visible emotion, clasped Denman warmly by the hand.

"You are a good fellow," he said; "and growing more and more like your father every day. When you meet my niece, you will let no hint escape you of this conversation?"

"Most assuredly not."

"I came to see you," continued the colonel, "about the Northern Pacific stock, remember that; and, of course, you call on her for old friendship's sake on learning she was here with me."

"You may rely upon my tact, colonel."

His mission accomplished, the colonel seemed to hesitate between going or staying; his attitude that of a man wondering whether it is better to leave well alone, or to proceed further. Finally he said:

"By the way, Willard, in order that we may make our conference the more legitimate, how about that Northern Pacific stock of yours? I am willing to buy it outright, or to sell it for you, just as you choose."

"I am not quite in the position to make a deal at the present moment, colonel."

"I thought you said that you still held the stock?"

"So I do, but I don't care to make any move regarding it just now."

"Delays are dangerous, Willard."

"I know they are," rejoined the younger man shortly, with a finality of tone which showed the elder that nothing was to be gained by continuing the discussion; so the good man rose and bade farewell to his friend with a cordiality that was almost overdone, and left the other to his thoughts, such as they were.

Willard Denman had little sleep that night. The ghost of an almost forgotten love haunted him; and the apparition, as is usually the case, was most unwelcome. He had certainly left the girl with brusque abruptness, thoroughly

convinced that she was as mercenary as her uncle; ready to throw him over because he had failed on Wall Street. Then he had possessed the eager confidence of extreme youth, now in his maturer years it occurred to him that he had often been mistaken in his estimates of people. Might not an error have been committed in this case? The manner of Colonel Beck had all its ancient bluff heartiness; and there was certainly a show of reasonableness in his presentation of the case.

Time had, long since, mitigated the sting of the refusal. At the moment of asking he had thought the money would have saved both himself and his partner. The continuance of the panic, however, made him certain that the money would have melted ineffectually, and vanished like the rest. If his estimate of the situation had been so far astray, might not his judgment of both uncle and niece have been equally erroneous? There was but one thing for a man of honor to do, namely, to stand the brunt of his mistake, no matter what the cost. He was not the first to pay, with interest compounded, an early debt; and in this case the restitution was the heavier because a fairer and younger woman had become mixed with his dreams; a woman about whom there could be no suspicion of self-interest, for she was richer than he could ever hope to be; and this very fact had hitherto prevented him from declaring himself, unduly sensitive regarding a state of things that had caused his own previous sufferings.

Next day the problem presented no more alluring aspect than it had done during the troublesome night. As the hour of the interview approached, Denman's dejection increased. He did not visit the consul as he had promised; in fact, he had entirely forgotten the financial transaction of the night before. He walked along the promenade by the sea-wall fronting the fashionable quarter of Naples with haggard face and bowed head, striving to collect his thoughts; although, so far, those he had succeeded in collecting had been of little use to him. Suddenly he realized that

his name had been called once or twice, or oftener; and looking up quickly he saw a carriage draw to a standstill at the curb, and from it smiled the fair face of Miss Gertrude Marlow, the girl who caused his meditations on another to be so disturbing. There was a tightening at his heart as he stepped forward to greet her.

"Why, Mr. Denman," she said, "you seem forlorn. You look as if you had lost every friend you had in the world."

Denman brought a wry smile to his lips.

"So far from that being the case, Miss Marlow, I have just found two friends who, I thought, had forgotten me; and upon one of them I am just about to call."

"I hope your friend anticipates the interview with more pleasure than you seem to do. I was sorry to see you looking so worried, and so took the liberty of accosting you, an action that is considered in Naples most improper.

However, I always say that my carriage is, like the consulate, part of the United States; and so, while driving in it, I lay claim to all the privileges of the American young woman."

"Indeed, Miss Marlow, your charitable action needs no defense. I am already infinitely the better for having seen you. I was never more downhearted in my life than on this promenade."

"Was it really so serious as that?" asked the girl, a quick shade of sympathy coming over her beautiful face. "Is it anything in which I can help?"

"You have al-

ready helped by speaking so kindly to a despondent man. No, I am confronted with one of those problems with which a man must wrestle alone."

"You should cheer up," said the girl breathlessly. "Remember, that no situation is so bad but it might be worse; although I am afraid that is but dubious consolation. But if I can be of any assistance to you, you will call upon me, won't you?"

"I promise you that I will."

"We compatriots must stand by one



"Why, oh, why did you seek to see me again?"

another in a foreign country," she added, as if fearing he might imagine her too complaisant. Then she drove on, leaving him with his unfulfilled mission the harder of accomplishment because of her greeting. Nevertheless, he made the plunge.

The years had passed lightly over the blond head of Miss Sadie Beck, who greeted him with subdued sweetness, a touch of melancholy in her tone. As the consul had very truly said, Miss Beck was an amazingly pretty girl; who dressed with an elegance that suggested Paris.

"Through a chance meeting with your uncle last evening I learned that you were in Naples, and I asked permission to call."

"Yes, he told me he had met you," replied the girl simply. "It gives me great pleasure to see you again, because, if you remember, we parted rather in anger." And Sadie raised her blue eyes to his only to sink them again to the carpet with just the slightest possible suggestion of a little, quivering sigh; indeed, the eyes themselves, large and pathetic, gave token of unshed tears.

"Miss Beck——" he began; but she interrupted him with tremulous voice; a crystal drop actually became visible on the long eyelashes.

"In the old days you used to call me Sadie."

"But the old days are gone forever."

These words were his last effort against the silken web which he felt surrounding him; and he knew himself to be a brute as he uttered them. Their effect upon the girl was instantaneous. She sank down by the table, flung her arms upon it, lowering her face upon them in a storm of weeping.

"Oh, not for me, not for me," she cried between sobs. "You may forget the old days; and I see you have forgotten them. Leave me, then; leave me to my memories. Why, oh, why did you seek to see me again?"

That settled it. He placed his hand upon her heaving shoulders and spoke soothingly to her.

Some time later Denman came out

of the hotel and went direct to the American consulate.

"Hello, old man! what's the matter with you?" cried James Stokes. "You look white as a ghost."

"I'm all right. Didn't sleep very well last night. See here, Stokes, I just called to say that I wish you would forget part of the conversation we had yesterday."

"Easily done. Which part, for instance?"

"What I said about Colonel Beck. I did the man an injustice; he has convinced me of that."

"Oh, has he? You mean, then, he didn't refuse you the twenty thousand?"

"He refused it from the best of motives. I was rather a strenuous fool in those days, and thought everything should come my way. If I didn't see what I wanted, I imagined all I had to do was to ask for it. I left New York in a temper; and I realize now that I did worthy people a great injustice."

"Some one else was involved, then, as well as the colonel?"

"Yes. I was engaged to his niece; and, as there is no secret about it, I may as well inform you that that engagement has been renewed to-day."

The consul whistled, and then checked himself, as if this indication of surprise was not quite appropriate for so serious an announcement.

"Well, Willard, I congratulate you. She is a very handsome girl."

"Extremely so," answered the happy man, turning to leave.

"Oh, by the way, how about that money the waiter gave you last night?"

"Hang the waiter!" replied Denman, as he disappeared through the door.

Again the frivolous consul whistled; then he murmured: "It's all very well to say hang the waiter, but I don't believe that's the penalty in Italy for passing counterfeit money. Thunder! I don't like this situation a little bit; and I deeply distrust that Beck crowd."

The friendly Stokes pondered deeply over the situation, until his meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the colonel himself. He had come to see if

any letters had arrived for him, for the consulate was post-office in ordinary to various tourists from the States.

No letters bearing the name of Beck had arrived at the consulate; and the inquirer was turning away when Stokes acted with quick heedlessness, which must be the excuse for what followed. In his own defense, he used to say afterward that the presence of Colonel Beck so corrupted him with an atmosphere of Wall Street that he couldn't speak the truth if he tried.

"Oh, colonel, one moment. You are an old friend of Denman's, aren't you?"

The colonel turned on his heel.

"Yes. Why?" he asked.

"I'd like to speak with you a moment about him, if you don't mind. I'm an old friend of his, too; but unfortunately I'm poor, and so, however willing, I can't be of any assistance to him. Did he speak to you last night about money matters after I left you?"

"No," said the colonel, drawing down his brows.

"Ah, that's just like him. I came away to give him the opportunity. I owe you an apology for my treatment of you when you first came into the consulate. Of course, I knew Denman's address, but I thought you might be one of his creditors; and goodness knows the poor fellow has had enough of them!"

"Why, what do you mean? If he owns that Northern Pacific stock, he's a rich man; richer than you have any idea of, if he sells at once. He can re-

alize millions on that stock at the present moment."

"Then he hasn't told you what he did with it?"

The ruddy face of the colonel seemed to become mottled, and he moistened his lips as he said:

"No. What has he done with it?"

"Well, in spite of all I could do, he sent it over to a friend named Fraser,

in New York. He hasn't even a scrap of writing to show for it. You know Wall Street, so I need say no more."

The colonel apparently knew Wall Street, for he gasped.

"The eternal fool!" he cried.

"Exactly. Still, Denman's a good fellow, and we mustn't let him sink. I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind stumping up a bit to help him out."

"Hasn't he any other resources?" asked the colonel.

"Not a cent, so far as I know. All his hopes were centered on that Northern Pacific stock, and now that's gone."

"Well, I must say, Mr. Consul, that you have a good

deal of cheek to ask me, a complete stranger to you, to spend money on an idiot who doesn't know enough to hang onto what he has got."

The colonel turned away; and the removal of his broad back disclosed a lady standing there whom the consul had not noticed, and whose presence seemed to fill him with consternation.

"I—I—beg your pardon, Miss Marlow, I didn't see you come in. I am so sorry to have kept you waiting."



"I was an unintentional eavesdropper."

"It was only for a moment, Mr. Stokes, and doesn't matter," said the girl, with an uncertain smile which convinced him she had heard. "I called to see if there were any letters for me."

"Yes; here is a bunch."

She took the package, but remained standing there in an attitude of hesitation. At last she said:

"I was an unintentional eavesdropper. I heard part of your appeal to the gentleman who has just left, and I thought I caught the name of Mr. Denman."

"I was afraid you had heard," replied the perturbed consul; "and now I must throw myself on your mercy. You will say nothing of this to any one. Denman would never forgive me if he knew what I have just said to the colonel."

"He shall never know from me. I saw him this afternoon, and was sure something had gone wrong. I surmise that the appeal you made to the man you call the colonel has had little effect. Will you accept me as a substitute, Mr. Stokes?"

"Really, Miss Marlow, I don't know what to say. Denman and I were engaged in a little financial transaction last night which I expect to turn out badly. I think he will lose some money by it, but it is not at all serious, I assure you; not at all serious."

Miss Marlow smiled, but was unconvinced.

"It will be a secret in exchange for a secret," she said. "I will give to you whatever money Mr. Denman needs; and you are never to tell him, as I shall never tell what I overheard in this office. In your own words, we must not let a good man like Mr. Denman go under for lack of a little assistance; and it does not matter who the friend is that supplies it."

So the bewildered consul was shortly after in possession of a large check, which he did not know in the least what to do with; nor how, decently, to return it. His fiction had led him farther afield than he intended; and he cudged his brain for a way out of the difficulty.

Denman passed another unrefreshing night; but solace came in the morning in the shape of an early letter:

DEAR MR. DENMAN: How inscrutable is the human heart! For seven long years I have yearned to see you, and at last this desire was gratified. You were the idol of my younger days, and were my first love, my first and only love, I may say, and yet I write these words as calmly as if I were inditing an order to my dressmaker. I find what I should have known before, that we cannot light a fire with a heap of ashes. I know you will think me wayward and changeable, especially after my emotion when you spoke of the olden days. But am I to blame that I find myself changed, and fancy I see a change in you also? There can never be anything between us, Willard, but that pure friendship which becomes more and more of a solace as we grow older. I give you back your promise of to-day. It will be useless to call upon me, for my uncle and I will have left for Rome before you receive this letter. But believe me,

Always your friend and well-wisher,
SADIE BECK.

"Well, by Jove!" cried the astounded man as he finished the epistle.

"The girl is honest, after all; and I have not been able to conceal my real feeling toward her. I am afraid I have kept faith in the letter, but not in the spirit. However, thank God for her decision! Her letter does not betray a broken heart, even if I had conceit enough to think I had caused her suffering."

It was a jubilant man who called upon the consul in his office that morning, but the burden of worry seemed to have shifted to the shoulders of the official, which served him right for his wrong-doing. A man should always be truthful, as the consul was finding out.

"Anything new this morning, Willard? You seem brighter than I have seen you look for a day or two."

"Yes, rather important news. It seems to be my fate to come into this office and contradict what I said the day before, so I am at it again. The Becks have left suddenly for Rome, and the young lady jilts me; so that engagement is off."

"Oh! What is the reason of their change of plan?"

"No reason at all, so far as I can make out. Surely a woman doesn't

need to give a reason for preferring Rome to Naples?"

"No, I suppose not. Oh, by the way, Denman, you know that bogus money you got from the waiter. Well, as you wouldn't attend to the matter, I went up there, clothed in all the thunders of official position, and sternly demanded good money for bad. What do you think was the outcome?"

"Denied liability, I suppose."

"Not a bit of it. The man put his hand in his pocket, and forked over good coin of the realm without a whimper. So, there's no object-lesson and no fuss, after all our trouble."

"Why, that's very strange. Talking about money, Stokes, I've just got a cablegram from New York. Forgot it till the present moment. By Jove! if you'll believe it, I'm a millionaire two or three times over; and all through that Northern Pacific stock."

"And the becoming of a millionaire was such a triviality that you never thought of it until I mentioned the change of your five hundred francs."

"Oh, it's no triviality, Stokes, but it slipped my mind for a moment. More important things had occurred. And now I must be off to see another friend, and find out if my good luck is going to continue further."

"Ah, I suppose that means you are going to announce another engagement to-morrow."

"Perhaps," said Denman, with a laugh, as he left the consulate.

And sure enough the deceitful consul felt compelled to express great astonishment when he learned that Gertrude Marlow and Willard Denman were to be married. He then made up his mind to enclose the unused check in a letter to the lady when he sent in his wedding-present.



UNACCOUNTABLE.

D OOLAN—Sure, Oi only fell off a sivinteen-foot ladder, and, faith! now Oi can't walk straight!

CASEY—Faix! an' Oi shouldn't think that jist a little drop loike thot wud affict yez like thot!



ACCORDING TO THE RULES.

M R. HENPEX—When my wife threw the cups and saucers at me I simply dodged them, but when I was hit by the pitcher I thought it about time to do something, so I—

ROOTER—Took your base, of course!



REVERSING THE SITUATION.

C OLLECTOR—I've come to collect your husband's insurance to-day, because it expires to-morrow.

WIDOW WEEDS—I'm sorry, but I'll come and collect his insurance to-morrow, because he expired to-day!



NECK OR NOTHING.

D E KOLAY—I didn't know you were going out this evening. What's going on?

MRS. DE KOLAY—Oh, nothing much. I'm going to a ball.



MY eighteenth birthday found me "out"; very cynical, and very much given to uttering sentences which sounded like epigrams, but weren't.

The affair of my cousin-sweetheart (Dick Morrison), and my dearest friend (Alice Jeffries), had somewhat "warped my nature"—and to be warped when one is still in the schoolroom is quite a pity.

However, that was two years before, and Dick had flirted with a dozen other "dearest friends" since then, while Alice was now busy working up for a real ring-settlements-and-ask-papa engagement.

But though I was cold, cynical, and indifferent (as becomes "warped" eighteen), I still had enough humanity about me to feel what a pay-off of old scores it would be if I could marry in my first season, while Alice had been nearly two years "going off!"

And now she hadn't quite "gone," although Captain Mordaunt (he had a bulgy back to his head, and two of those vacant eyes which suggest "arrested mental development") certainly did allow himself to be annexed on every possible occasion.

But if only I could get my own engagement announced before Alice's appeared in the *Herald*, it certainly would be rather jolly.

These were the thoughts that were running in and out of my head one fine

May morning as, enthroned on Sultan's sleek back, with James trotting patiently in the rear, I took my usual airing in the park.

"I wonder now who admires me more than any one else," I mused. "Charlie Andrews would do, only I know he is poor; and Robert is all right, only his nose is broken—and there would be no triumph in securing either poverty or a broken nose, even in the first half of one's first season! Perhaps——"

Here, however, my reflections were abruptly stemmed, simply by the fact that a stranger had ridden past and looked into my eyes.

Of course, lots of people look into lots of people's eyes; but it's the way they do it, and the personality of the looker which tells, isn't it?

And this look and that personality were so eminently satisfactory, that when our glances again met as I cantered back, I felt a keen desire to become acquainted with this rather daring, bronzed young man, who had "soldier" written all over him in big letters, that are invisible except to those who understand *tout ensembles*.

Who was he? I wondered during luncheon; and when a singer—big in bulk and reputation—was filling Mrs. Schuyler's music-room with high notes.

And while I was dressing for Mrs. Metcalfe-Coutts' ball the same thought presented itself (without any introduc-

tion, too!); with the result that by the time mama and I arrived, I felt quite ashamed of myself for thinking so much about some one whose father might have barely passed muster for all I knew.

"So good of you to come! Evelyn looks absolutely *ravishing* (Oh, my dear, thank Heaven that chiffon is made in exactly the tint of your own blue eyes! It's a poem!); and—ah! so good of you to come!"

This was from our hostess as she greeted us at the head of the staircase; and then broke off to lavish welcome on old Mrs. Eldredge.

But I like Mrs. Metcalfe-Coutts. It was nice of her to call my eyes and my gown "a poem."



I realized that I was face to face with the bronzed rider in the park!

Five minutes later, when my program was getting pleasantly disfigured, Mr. Metcalfe-Coutts stepped from behind; and, before I had quite comprehended his presence, had introduced some one new to me.

"Captain Potter, Miss Alston," he mumbled.

I looked up; and then realized that I was face to face with the bronzed rider in the park!

If I had been older, doubtless I might have felt vaguely embarrassed; but as I was only eighteen and the owner of a "warped nature," I retained my self-possession with beautiful skill.

"May I have a dance, please? Don't give it to me if you'd rather not, because it's only fair to tell you that they called me the 'Waltzing Elephant' at West Point," was his first nice fresh remark.

"I am not always keen on *dancing* everything," I replied, with a demure smile, as I handed him my program, and at the same time made up my mind to marry him.

So this was the Arthur Potter who had just returned on six months' furlough, about whom I had heard so much from Walter Metcalfe-Coutts! He was well off; he had been mentioned in despatches; he was good-looking; he would come into a fortune later on; and, though it would be rather a drawback to go and live in army posts, I dare say one *could* soon get used to the change and homesickness if one tried.

Decidedly, I should score off Alice if I

became engaged to Captain Potter in my first season—and, besides, I liked his eyes!

We danced quite a lot together that evening—at least, most of it was sitting out; and by the time we said good night, I knew, with that intuition which comes to worldly women of eighteen, that I had made the biggest impression of my life; and when I heard mama ask Captain Potter if he would come to dinner to-morrow, I also knew that there was no mistake about the future millions and present affluence.

After this we saw a great deal of each other; in the way people do when a crisis is daily coming more imminent. And one afternoon the crisis occurred.

It was a golden May day, and we were spending our first week-end at Lakewood.

The others had all gone off motor-ing; but somehow we seemed to have got left behind in a boat moored up under a down-drooping back-water tree.

I was wearing a white dress—very pretty and unobtrusively simple—and I fancy it rather suited me.

I had always thought this, and when I caught an expression in Arthur's eyes as he turned a big caterpillar off my neck, I felt sure of it!

Then before the caterpillar had time to get as far as a crimson cushion at the end of the boat, the crisis was upon me.

"Evelyn, dear—dearest—I—I love you so awfully! I do love you—I do," murmured Arthur; and as he spoke there was pallor behind the bronze of his face and a new vibration in his voice.

"Do you?" I answered, gazing straight out at the river and at the foretaste of summer haze which May had brought. (Oh, what *would* Alice say when I asked her to be brides-maid!)

"Yes, darling, I do, and—and—oh, Evelyn, I must go back in six months; for—for God's sake don't send me alone!"

Just at that instant I was really stirred as a woman (be she eighteen,

or even that tragic age of twenty-eight) always is when she is brought face to face with a vast human emotion which revolves around herself.

"Are you asking me to—to——" I began.

But I didn't finish the sentence, because a man's arms held me close, while a man's lips sought my own.

"I am asking you to marry me and to go back with me to the Philippines next August."

Then he kissed me again, while the pungent glory of late spring leaped through my veins. A bird, thinking that summer had come, sang out his silverest note just over our heads; there was a peep of pink blossom between the young arsenic green of the trees, and—then—there was Alice, who had been through two seasons without "going off," even though she took my first boy sweetheart away!

"Will you go with me, Evelyn?"

"Yes," I answered.

And three hours afterward Alice knew all about it.

Six weeks later my flimsy trousseau—all lawn, lace, and silk muslin—was ready; and in fourteen days I should be a wife, while Alice still remained among the ranks of possible brides-maids.

This, of course, was what I had wanted; but when the time came so cruelly near for my departure, I realized that the going away would nearly kill me!

I liked Arthur (particularly his eyes) very much; and if we had been going to remain in New York, I should have loved him—or, thought I did, which is just as good for purposes of civilized social life.

But now that belonging to him meant leaving home; leaving a mother who—well, I never quite understood how a girl needs her mother until then!—and, leaving everything that *was* part of myself, I felt my liking grow to something perilously near to hatred.

"Ween, Ween," I would sob, pressing my tear-stained face against the softest and blackest coat ever worn by



From the conversation of two women back of me I got my excuse to break my engagement.

purring puss, "I can't leave you! Th—there'll be no one to t—teach the kits to lap out of a sp—spoon; and all the hyacinths growing in the garden will miss me, and—oh! mother!"

Then Ween would "mew" sympathetically, as though she were saying: "*Find some way of breaking it off—find some way!*"

Oh, if only I could! If only I could, what a good girl I would be for all the rest of my life!

And it was with this unspoken cry lying on my lips and ringing in my ears that one afternoon I went with Mrs. Van Dresser to a matinée.

The piece was a musical comedy of the usual type, which will go on though everybody runs it down; and, after the first act, when my companion had left me alone in order to swish her way up to a friend's box, I overheard the following conversation which was held between two smartly dressed, loud-voiced suburban sort of young women in the seats exactly behind my own.

"Yes, Sadie Brown's getting fat, isn't she? I see she still wears the ruby snake that young



Something in my prim, pious, pink little face told him I meant it, I suppose, because he picked up the ring and moved toward the door.

Arthur Potter gave her before he went to the Philippines."

"Arthur Potter? I don't know him."

"Oh! the man who's going to be married to Evelyn Alston the week after next. I happen to know all about it, because Arthur Potter and Billy were at West Point together, you know. It was a silly affair, all nonsense and infatuation, for what would have bored him immensely on the other side of the footlights; but, nevertheless, he sent her the ruby snake; and she sticks to it! Ha! ha!"

How I sat out the rest of "The Man From Now" I don't know, because my heart had grown so light that it seemed as if it must soar upward and take me with it!

I had got my excuse—my excuse to remain at home, and to teach the new kittens how to lap!

Mother—home—everything! I was saved!—I was saved by the mercy of the past!

Three hours later Arthur and I were together and alone.

I had charged him with facts, and he had not denied them.

"Yes, I did send a ruby snake to Sadie Brown, but as——" he began.

But very definitely I interrupted him.

"That is enough—I cannot marry a man with a past," I replied, taking off my ring.

"But, Evelyn, for God's sake listen—there is no past—it was folly——"

"Please do not say any more, I am

quite determined. Certain sorts of folly revolt me. Good-by."

Then he looked at me; and something in my prim, pious, pink little face told him I meant it, I suppose, because he picked up the ring and moved toward the door.

"Good-by; I'm exceedingly sorry this has happened," was my last remark.

His only reply was to glance round at me once, hesitate a moment, and then to laugh aloud as he passed out of the room!

And that final glance, I caught it *full*, full in the eyes; and, though I didn't quite understand it then (one doesn't

realize everything at eighteen, thank God!), it haunted me for many a long day afterward.

However, I suppose he couldn't have felt much, because the last I heard of him was that he was drinking more heavily than is at all wise in the Philippines, and that he made love to every woman in Manila; while I—well, I gained the reputation of being a nice, modest, well-brought up, home-loving little girl!

Certainly Alice married first; but I was before her in the matter of being satisfactorily engaged, which is always pleasing to remember.



THE SMART SET.

THE HUSBAND—Well, dear, it's all over with. As president of the company, my methods will soon be investigated, and I shall be shown up as a common grafter.

WIFE—Never mind, darling. It isn't going to affect our social position.



SEEING THE CEMETERY.

JUST came from Greenwood."

"How was it there?"

"Dead."



NEXT BEST THING.

BOY—Mother, can I go skating?

MOTHER—No; you must practise your piano lesson.

Boy—Well, can I wear me skates while I'm practising?



THE BOY AGAIN.

TEACHER—Can you tell me how long it would take a boy to skate ten miles if he skated half a mile every five minutes?

SCHOLAR—No'm—me skates is broke!



OBSTINATE.

SUBBUBS—I don't care what people say about this building-lot. I'm determined to build on it.

MRS. SUBBUBS—Yes, I told them, no matter what they said about it, you'd put your own construction on it in spite of them!

FADS OF THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE THINGS SHE LIKES TO COLLECT AND HOW SHE KEEPS THEM

Drawn by A. G. Learned



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THE GIRL WHO COLLECTS CANDY BOXES



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THE GIRL WHO KEEPS HER FAVORS

THE GO-UPPERS



BY HOLMAN F. DAY

LIKE "the Turk at midnight in his tent," Cap'n Aaron Sproul, of Scotaze, lay dreaming. It was not a pleasant dream, that, to visit a retired shipmaster sleeping through the odorous peacefulness of an autumn night on a country hillside. It was a vision of the Barbary seas and a pirate polacca. The polacca had skimmed along to his vessel as nimbly as though it were sliding down-hill on a sea of quicksilver. But the *Jefferson P. Benn* seemed to be wallowing soggly in an ocean of molasses. Husky murmurs bubbled in Cap'n Sproul's throat as he tossed on his pillow. Those inarticulate murmurs represented language addressed to the laggard *Jefferson P. Benn*. Over the side swarmed the pirates, their teeth gleaming, their weapons flashing. He tried to fire the long tom. It turned to a molasses barrel under his touch. He tried to run. His feet were stuck fast in molasses.

Then a voice thundered: "Awake, son of Belial!" and he awoke.

His wife awoke at the same time and screamed.

People, men and women, stood about the bed, their grim faces lighted eerily by lanterns that they carried. For one awful instant the cap'n was truly frightened, for the dream and the reality "fayed" with each other. Then he recognized familiar faces in the crowd.

Most of them were neighbors of Scotaze. But when his blinking eyes settled on one face, the face of the man nearest the foot of the bed, Cap'n Sproul snorted in fierce indignation, and tried to leap up, forgetful of the presence of ladies. The molasses part of his dream appeared to have some verity. He could hardly move hand or foot. He noticed for the first time that ropes had been passed over and around the bed and drawn taut. He and his panic-stricken wife were securely pinioned.

"And the Lord caused their enemies to sink into a deep sleep," droned the man at the foot of the bed; "and lo! they were delivered bound and helpless into the hands of the righteous."

The speaker, who evidently led this midnight mob, had an especially obtrusive, shiny, baleful, glass eye. One noticed that eye first of all. Then one remarked that he had a face like an ant-bear, the nose hooking over the upper lip, the upper lip flapping loosely over the lower.

"Amen!" growled a thick, swart man at his elbow. The chorus corroborated with nasal unction.

Cap'n Sproul had not recovered his voice or his bearings. He made one more amazed survey of the faces about, and his gaze returned to the countenance of the spokesman.

The man at the foot of the bed raised

a finger, warty and monitory, and directed it at the face of the skipper, slowly growing purple from his emotions.

"There lies the spawn of the Great Red Dragon," said the man. "He has called the Children of Light fools, and has denied the power of the prophet of the last great day. But behold him shorn of his strength, and even as babes, yea, as suckling babes are. Now, who is strong, O man of sin?"

"Let this be a lesson that Prophet John is mighty to punish as well as to save," shrilled a tall, sallow woman.

Again the chorus droned nasal affirmation.

Cap'n Sproul gulped.

"Surrender, Baal, surrender!" clamored the ant-bear man, his glass eye like the optic of a basilisk. "I have my foot on the neck of the Red Dragon and his spawn."

"You have, 'have ye?" rasped the cap'n. "Well, you untie these ropes, and I'll guarantee to lick the whole crowd of you with both hands in my pants pockets. What kind of a way do you call this to use a respectable man?" he went on, his anger growing hot as he became thoroughly awake. "What are you doing in my house this time o' night? A mob of you ketching a man asleep and tying him and then talkin' about it like it was Samson ketchin' the childrun of Israel and tyin' torches to their tails—or whatever he done!" he added, floundering in his Biblical history.

"Beelzebub, Abaddon, Belial, or by whatever name you have entered that man, come out of him, I command," roared the leader, his warty finger jabbing the air over the footboard of the bed.

But it was a recalcitrant demon that flamed in the eyes of the pinioned skipper.

"There ain't nothin' in me but what belongs there, you cutter-bowed old binacle-eye," screamed Cap'n Sproul.

"Demon, you have offended the righteous," bawled the prophet, intent upon his business of exorcising. "You have lied, and you have mocked, and you

have been a stumbling-block in the way of those who would have believed. Come out, I say!"

An old woman pushed forward out of the knot of people. She had a little organette under her arm.

"Let go upon him—let go upon him, Cap'n Sproul," she gurgled as patronizingly as though she were talking to a sick child. "Let go upon him, and he will depart from you. I will calm you while the elder wrassles with the power of darkness."

She began to twist the handle of the little organette, and it moaned a broken hymn tune.

The incensed skipper struggled frantically with his bonds, but appeals from his wife prevailed upon him at last, and he lay red and panting and furious, leveling malignant gaze on the man at the foot of the bed.

"They most allus has convulsions jest before the demon leaves," remarked the swart man, in a tone calculated to calm the more timid members of the convocation. "He may have numerous convulsions because there may be various and diverse demons in him. One man has been known to have seventeen various and diverse demons in him, all speaking different languages as they came out. I don't scarcely b'lieve this subject here has as many as that, though, of course, one might jedge so from the way he has stood out ag'inst the Children of Light."

"I have already driven two out," announced the leader solemnly. "One was Shedim and the other was Nixabulus. But the worst are still there. A little more music, Mrs. Bragg."

He began again his exorcism, and the contorted features of the cap'n assumed a ferocity horrible to contemplate.

He opened and closed his mouth like a dying fish from time to time during the ceremony, but the language that had once proved ample and available for every shipboard emergency between Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand apparently was too feeble for this crisis.

Occasionally, as his feelings overcame him, he grunted and struggled



"You cutter-bowed old binnacle-eye!" screamed Cap'n Sproul.

with his bonds, and then the prophet would calmly announce, with the air of a dentist at work over an etherized patient, that another demon was out.

At the end of half an hour, after an especially brisk wagging of the warty finger and perfervid appeals to "Come forth!" he declared to his followers that the last and worst demon of the lot was defying his best efforts. Certainly, the maniacal face that flamed at them from

the bed didn't indicate anything like entire convalescence from a demon attack. The prophet's glass eye continued to gaze with uncompromising sternness. But his sound eye softened with a shrewd calculation of his own position.

"As the demon is now in a highly excited state, dear Children of Light," he said, "we will go away and leave him bound for the present. I have rendered it impossible for the other demons to re-

turn, and Dickboogle"—it sounded to the irate cap'n like "Dickboogle"—"left alone may seek his fellows; probably will leave the man to seek his fellows. I have known it to happen many times when I have driven out all except one, and he the worst. But we will not unloose the bonds while the demon is excited."

He backed away from the bed and went out through the hallway into the night. His disciples followed, most of them casting patronizing words of encouragement back over their shoulders to the demon-tenement on the bed.

When the last sound of their creaking and shuffling feet had died away Cap'n Sproul rolled his flushed face on the pillow and surveyed the countenance of Louada Murilla, his wife. She was weeping softly.

"Of all the——" he started to say, and then words failed him.

"But if you hadn't insisted right along on leaving the front door open a crack, Aaron," she sobbed, "they never would have got in. I've always said something awful would happen from leaving that front door open." She had revived an old subject of dispute between them. He felt that he could tackle this topic. It relieved the tension of the greater event.

"I never was afraid to leave the companion-hatch of my own craft open to get fresh air," he gritted, "no matter what sea I sailed in, and I ain't afraid to now I am a hundred and forty miles from tide-water. But ye can't gage what lunatics will do in this world. I——"

"And you shouldn't have talked so about them, Aaron," she protested tearfully. "They are possessed of a notion that Prophet John——"

"I've said he was a renegade and a cheat and a glass-eyed bum," shouted the cap'n, "and I've said that the people that believed in his end-of-the-world guff and his ascension-robe foolishness were——"

An old lady stole back into the room—the same old lady of the organette—and laid over the foot of the bed something that resembled a night-robe.

"I hope you'll take it for my sake, Cap'n Sproul," she entreated. "It has been made with prayer and faith, and stitched with hope. Put it by for the last great day, that is at hand, and put it on when the last trump sounds. You'll hear it soon, cap'n, hear it soon—and in my robe you'll wing your way triumphant."

She shook her head mournfully when he entreated her to untie the ropes.

"I hope this is goin' to be a warnin' and a lesson to you, cap'n," she said, as she backed to the door. "The prophet came to ye this time in peace and forgiveness, to cast out the evil spirits. Oh, don't battle against the Children of Light. There are signs and wonders and omens in these later days, and woe to you if the prophet comes again in wrath and vengeance. There'll be woe for you and yours."

"And this is what you've been braggin' on as a quiet and Christian community, ever since we've got married," snorted the cap'n, listening to her retreating shuffle on the grit of the front walk. He began to wriggle, finding that his struggles had loosened his bonds.

"They never was like this till Prophet John came here to stir them up," moaned Louada Murilla.

"A passul of old hens electin' a polecat cap'n and tryin' to imitate him," growled her spouse, getting one arm free. "And when they've laid their last egg and he's sucked it, he'll finish by eatin' them up, feathers and all. I've told 'em so, and warned 'em, and this is what I get for it." He got both arms out and twisted his legs from under the ropes. When he was up, he stumbled his way in the gloom to the foot of the bed, grabbed up the robe that Mrs. Bragg had left there, and tore and ripped it into ribbons.

"I'd ruther slide to Tophet on greased ways than sail to heaven under that kind of canvas," he grunted, and then, with a sailor's deftness, he unknotted the ropes from the bed.

"Louada Murilla," he said suddenly, after long silent cogitation, "I saw your int'restin' brother, Colonel Gideon

Ward, dum-blast him! standin' in behind that mob of saints, grinnin' like a Fiji Injun."

"Why, you couldn't have seen him over that foot-board," she objected.

"Then I smelt him! He's mixed up in it, I tell ye. He ain't forgive nor forgot since I married you out from under his infernal old thumb. It's him that's behind everything that happens to me. Now, there's somebody going to suffer for this, jest so sure as ye can't raise grapes on a spanker-vang!"

She would have expostulated, but he pulled on his clothes, and went out and pendulumed back and forth the length of the front porch like a skipper on his quarter-deck, the coals of his short pipe burning redly under his nose.

At sun-up Louada Murilla came out and asked him timidly:

"Are you goin' to have the law on 'em, Aaron?"

"Law!" he stormed. "There ain't no such thing as law among land-piruts. I'd sooner try to dip for twisted doughnuts in the Bay of Bengal. But for them as has held me up before the face of the public as bein' a crate filled with red-tailed devils that they took out of me like they'd take lobsters out of a trap, there's—there's— Louada Murilla, I reckon you'd better git busy with the galley-stove."

He went on with his stolid promenade.

Five minutes later he ducked into the hallway and lifted down a huge spy-glass from some hooks. Something afar down the road, just emerging from the dusky end of the Scotaze toll-bridge, had attracted his wondering attention. Framed in the magnified circle of vision he beheld a man in rusty attire walking slowly, his moccasined feet sending up little puffs of dust. Behind him plodded a black bear, scuffing the dust wearily.

Cap'n Sproul posted himself at the picket fence and waited. The man stopped promptly at his hail. The bear as promptly sat down in the roadway dust, its jaws dripping expectantly, a wistful expression on its queer, triangular face.

"Bear, hey?" queried the cap'n, to start the conversation.

"Tame bear. I call her Minervy," replied the man. He was a little man with meek eyes and apologetic voice issuing from under a yellow mustache that hung down like inverted horns.

"Savage?" The cap'n asked this question with a certain eager hopefulness.

"Wouldn't hurt a infant in the cradle."

Cap'n Sproul's face fell.

"Caught her myself when she was a cub. I call her Minervy, and——"

"Yas, I've been introduced once before," snapped the cap'n ungraciously.

"She's a tame bear and affectionatest critter I ever see. She can set in a chair like a lady and hold a pipe in her mouth, and wink one eye to answer questions, and I've got her so she will hold a skein of yarn for you to wind off the ball. I'm in hopes my wife will take to her on that account, though I'm afeard she won't," added the little man gloomily. "My wife is dead set agin' anything that has anything to do with anything——"

"Better cut that cable right there. It won't pay out with all them knots in it," advised the cap'n gruffly.

The little man blinked at him with mystified stare, and went on:

"My wife don't like the woods. But ev'ry May it comes over me ag'in, and I have to go. Have to stay till fall. I can't help it. It's a disease, and they've jest found a name for it, and——"

"Say, ain't your name Crowther?" demanded Cap'n Sproul suddenly, displaying fresh interest in the little man.

"Loammi Crowther—yes, that's my name—and that feelin' I have in the spring——"

"Your wife takes in boarders to git a livin', don't she—the woman that says you're too lazy to stay home summers and make the garden, but that comes home in the fall to sponge on her all winter?"

"My wife is dead set agin' the woods," said the little man, without resentment, "and she don't understand that I've got this disease that makes

me git into the woods, spite of every-
thing."

"As I understand it, you git away
where they can't nobody find you sum-
mers," pursued the cap'n, intent upon
his own subject. "Well, then, I've
probably got some news that'll make
your rigin' hum jest a little when it
blows through. Haven't heard, have
you, that the world is goin' to come to
an end on the fifth day of November—
'leven days from now?"

"N-no!" stuttered the little man,
backing away, with an expression that
showed he believed he had suddenly
discovered a lunatic.

"Fact," announced the cap'n. "We
know all about it here in Scotaze.
Truth is, this is sort of the head-center
—port of clearin', as you might say.
We've got the chief pilot here. The
one that prophesied it, you know! Call



She laid over the foot of the bed something that resembled a night-robe

him Prophet John. He's got all them
that's come over to him—the Children
o' Light, he calls 'em—to give away
their earthly property, seein' that any
one who's loaded with property can't
ascend along with the others. You've
come home jest in time to have a fare-
well talk with your wife. She's goin'
up on the prophet's right hand, seein'
that she's boarded him free all sum-
mer. Oh, yes! Your wife is one of
the leadin' Go-uppers. You'll find the
prophet at your house. He seems to
be packfickly at home there."

Mr. Crowther stepped back yet far-
ther, and, as drowning men clutch at
straws, grabbed one of the round ears
of Minerva and hung on.

"Ain't savage at all, hey?" queried
the cap'n, with dejected certainty of the
reply.

"She will eat out of a baby's hand,"

began the little man ab-
stractedly and mechan-
ically, but he came to
himself the next mo-
ment. His eyes bulged,
and the horns of his
mustaches lifted in gath-
ering amazement.

"Goin' up on a prop-
het's right hand," he re-
peated dully. "I never
heered of Orinthy ever
wantin' to do a thing
like that."

"Oh, I don't mean
that she's goin' to ride
up on his right hand,
like she'd ride on a slush
jockey-board," his cheer-
ful informant hastened
to say. "I mean she's
sort of first mate among
the chosen Go-uppers.
She's got her ascension
robe all made and ready.
You'd better hurry home
and fix it with the
prophet and arrange for
transportation, and have
your robe made, or your
family stands a show
of bein' split up."

As the man still stared

at him with o-
written on his fa-

"As I was
Prophet John—
tent and to ho-
savage, hey?"
ating look on
back at him wi-
wistful expectati-
trainin' a bear
about her holdin-
doin' knittin'-wo-
to sleep—or wh-
her to do. I b'li-
eat a Go-upper
three times a da-
and use his asce-
kin. That's the
want."

Mr. Crowther
cap'n for some ti-
then stared past
though he rathe-
iron gratings at
sign "Insane As
door.

Then he turne-
nerva's ear to
plodded up the ro-
at his heels.

"You can't ne-
cap'n, crooking
match and gazing
parade. "You ca-
is treacherous. I
hopes. She acts
that prophet may
and try to cast h-
can feel at them
human—well—
teeth, knocked the
against the picket
breakfast.

He was busy o-
an oil-can to the fr-
later when he felt
looked up. There-
and behind him
and padded feet h-
they approached.
low mustaches dr-
edly. He carried
folded across his a-

"She handed o-
end of a stick," he

him with only half-understanding
 ten on his face, the cap'n went on:
 As I was sayin', the prophet—
 prophet John—seems terrible well con-
 ed and to home at your place. Ain't
 age, hey?" He bent a commiser-
 ing look on Minerva, who beamed
 at him with slaverling jaws and
 ful expectation. "I b'lieve if I was
 min' a bear I wouldn't care much
 ut her holdin' skeins of yarn nor
 n' knittin'-work or rockin' the baby
 sleep—or whatever you've trained
 to do. I b'lieve I'd train a bear to
 a Go-upper prophet for each meal
 e times a day, and then to set up
 use his ascension robe for a nap-
 . That's the kind of a pet bear I'd
 t."

Mr. Crowther gazed fixedly at the
 n for some time with hanging jaw,
 a stared past him at the house as
 gh he rather expected to behold
 gratings at the windows and the
 "Insane Asylum" over the front
 r.

When he turned slowly, jerked Mi-
 va's ear to signal departure, and
 dded up the road, the bear shambling
 his heels.

"You can't never tell," mused the
 n, crooking his leg to scratch a
 ch and gazing after the retreating
 ide. "You can't never tell. Bears
 reacherous. I don't have no great
 es. She acts too meechin'. But
 prophet may think she's a demon
 try to cast her out, and if a bear
 feel at them times anything like a
 an—well—" The cap'n gritted his
 sh, knocked the ashes out of his pipe
 inst the picket fence, and went in to
 uakfast.

He was busy doing something with
 oil-can to the front-door lock an hour
 r when he felt himself observed, and
 ed up. There stood Mr. Crowther,
 behind him Minerva. Moccasins
 padded feet had made no sound as
 approached. Mr. Crowther's yel-
 mustaches drooped more dispirit-
 . He carried a white garment
 ed across his arm.

She handed out this to me on the
 of a stiek," he stated, "and told me

to put it on when the last trump
 sounded. A man with one eye that
 looked like the glass in a jack-light
 stuck his head out of the parlor winder
 and said I was Bilzibub come a-ravenin'
 with the devil behind me on four legs.
 And then they locked the doors of my
 own house on me, and I couldn't git
 another yip out of 'em. You seem to
 be posted as well as any one on the
 folks in this town that's turned lunatics,
 and I'd be obleeged if you'd explain to
 me what they think I'm goin' to do
 with this night-dress, and who's that
 old hook-nosed jackdaw that's cooped
 in my house to squawk at me."

"I've told ye once," snapped the
 cap'n, clacking the lock to make sure
 that the bolt worked easily.

"Waal, I thought ye was crazy, and I
 didn't pay no 'tention," replied Mr.
 Crowther.

The skipper straightened up and eyed
 the man balefully, but some sort of
 shrewd second thought checked the hot
 retort that he was plainly mouthing.

"Did you hear of Cap'n Aaron
 Sproul settling here in town before that
 disease of your'n took you away to the
 woods?" he demanded.

"Oh, so you're the one that bluffed
 Colonel Gid Ward and married his sis-
 ter out from under his nose?" Mr.
 Crowther began to take a lively interest
 in the stranger. "I might have knowed
 it, seein' you here in the Ward house.
 But I sort of had an idee that you—that
 you—" He faltered here, conscious
 that he was thinking out loud.

"Name your idee," cried the cap'n,
 advancing on him.

"'Twa'n't nothin'."

"Name your idee, I say." There was
 menace in the tone that overawed meek
 Mr. Crowther.

"Well, I was goin' to say that you
 don't look as though you was wu'th
 thutty thousand dollars, the same as
 they say you be. Not but what you
 look all right," Crowther hastened to
 say.

"P'raps I ought to be wearin' a pair
 of pants made out of ten-dollar bills
 sewed together or amusin' myself by
 firin' hunks of gold at the birds, so as

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to let you and the rest of the fools round here understand that I ain't on the town farm," blustered the cap'n. "But my own business is my own, and you want to let it stay so. It's *your* business that I want to talk to *you* about."

Mr. Crowther came closer to the fence, trailing the white robe in the dust.

"There's a stranger come into this town tellin' the fools round here that he's a prophet and knows when the world is comin' to an end, and gittin' 'em all wowed up about purifyin' themselves, and so forth, and that them that's rich can't go through a camel's eye—or whatever they say—and I'm knowin' to a dozen families that's killed off their shotes and buried the carcasses in the woods and given property out of their hands and all such; and because I've stood up in this town and called him a glass-eyed renegade and threatened to have him rid' on a rail, they've—they've—but no matter about that," muttered the cap'n hastily. "All is, the critter has camped in your house and lived on the fodder your wife has cooked for him, and got her so that she is round tellin' her betters in the dead o' night that—but no matter! The idee is, if that bear you've got there ain't to be depended on for what a bear ought to be, then if I was in your place I'd go back to the woods and ketch one that relished the taste of prophets."

The cap'n was earnest, and he came down to the fence and projected his chin over it as he declaimed.

Mr. Crowther did not rise to the occasion. Instead, he sat down on a dusty tussock by the roadside, and pulled his mustaches into a more dispirited droop, and gazed into the mild eyes of the tame Minerva.

"Here I'm hungry and cast out of my home, and Minervy's hungry," he wailed, "and all on account of a prophet. That jack-light eye and that fish-hawk nose," he mused bitterly—"I know 'em! I've seen 'em. 'Twa'n't in no elevated place, nuther."

"Where was it? Who is he?" asked the cap'n eagerly. "I've been tryin' to

find out about him so as to show him up. Where was he? Was it in State prison?"

Mr. Crowther shook his head.

"I don't see how in blastnation a man with common sense could ever forget where he see that face," blurted the cap'n. "What's the matter with your thinker, anyway?"

"I never did have no mem'ry for names and faces," said Mr. Crowther dejectedly. "Allus was that way. I've knowed that man well somewheres, and never knowed him for no good. Minervy knowed him, too. And she never knowed him for no good. She growled to-day the first thing when she laid eyes on him. I never knowed her to growl at any one before."

One flash of encouragement lit the cap'n's face. He looked at the bear with reviving interest.

"I ain't give up all hopes of her eatin' him, yit," he mused. "She wants to have her disposition soured a little more. And if she does know who old binnacle-eye is, I prob'ly stand more chance of finding out from the bear than I do from that toadstool there with a yaller mustache glued onto it. Say, you!" he cried to Mr. Crowther, "seein' you have no place to stop jest now, you can stay here till you can ketch a fair breeze for the home port. But you've got to do as I say," he added, as Mr. Crowther, driven by hunger, came gratefully in at the gate. "Louada Murilla will give you somethin' to eat, and then you set down on the end of that piazzzy, there, and meditate on that glass eye, and think up where you've seen it before. As for Minervy, I don't want her to be distractin' your attention." He suddenly yanked the end of the leading-rope from Mr. Crowther's hand, and started for the barn.

Minerva followed amiably.

When the cap'n went from the kitchen to the barn a bit later, he carried a peculiar array of comestibles in his arms. There were rum, molasses, cayenne pepper, raw meat, and whatever else in the larder he thought might perk Minerva's disposition out of its



She leaped at him the length of her chain, with a boofing bark and a "chacking" of teeth.

dull groove of toleration for all living creatures.

"It's what they have to eat that makes a sailor's disposition," meditated the cap'n, "and though I ain't so well acquainted with bears, I'm goin' to take a chance that this one ain't no cross with a poodle-dog."

The cap'n, before he began seriously to trifle with Minerva's disposition, set a brass ring in her nose, to her intense disgust and anger, though her natural forbearance toward all mankind helped her to curb her spirit. A long pole with a snap-ring was hanging on the side of the barn tie-up—relic of the days when Colonel Gideon Ward owned a particularly ferocious bull. The cap'n eyed this utensil with deep satisfaction, as he mixed the first dose of rum, molasses, and pepper.

At noon Mr. Crowther was still on the end of the piazza, rubbing his forehead with sun-browned hand and floundering in convulsive mental effort.

At supper-time Cap'n Sproul shook him out of what was almost lethargy.

"I was jest a-gittin' it then,"

mourned Mr. Crowther. "It was right on the end of my tongue. I've knowed him, and he wa'n't no good. It was right on the end of my tongue, but it's gone back."

"I'm a darn good mind to make it go for your supper, now you have swallered it," gritted the cap'n, "but come along in and have some biskits and preserves. I've got another anchor out to windward," he added, and the bear was in his thoughts.

She had just narrowly missed biting his hand off, and he was correspondingly delighted.

At bedtime Mr. Crowther for the first time displayed spirit. He insisted on bidding good night to Minerva. The cap'n, for reasons of his own, was fully as insistent that he should not. But when Mr. Crowther, with the horns of his mustaches elevated, started for the barn, the cap'n went along with his lantern.

Minerva, as the light flickered on her, started up from her couch in a stall, spraddled her four legs far apart, and shook her body until her hair stood

up like a brush, growling all the time with the persistence of a busy coffee-mill.

When Mr. Crowther went toward her, hand outstretched and face beaming, she leaped at him, the length of her chain, with a boofing bark and a "chacking" of teeth that sent him staggering backward till he fell in a heap in the corner.

"Mussiful land o' Goshen!" gasped Mr. Crowther, "what has got into Minervy?"

"I reckon she has come to realize who old glazed-eye is, and can't restrain herself," suggested the cap'n. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to let a bear think a thing out before you could think it yourself."

"I never seed nothin' like that in her before," stuttered Mr. Crowther. Minerva had her flaming eyes fastened on him, and in the lantern-light they looked like glowing coals. "She's the most affectionatest—"

"You come along into the house," said the cap'n, gripping him by the collar and lifting him up. "Come into the house and spend your time till you go to sleep ponderin' as how a plain she-bear remembered the author of her wrongs quicker'n you did. And then be ashamed."

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Crowther had cheering news.

"I dreamt it in the night," he announced, with some excitement. "I dreamt it all out, his name and everything."

"Good!" shouted the cap'n, who had been glowering at his guest, as he pulled his chair up to the table.

"But I'll be dad-bunkered if I can remember the least speck, now that I'm up and around!" continued Mr. Crowther gloomily. "Hows'ever, if I could only remember it, 'twould put that glass-eyed critter into State prison."

"If I had a mem'ry decayed as much as your'n appears to be, I'd go take ether and have it out," said the cap'n, with angry sarcasm. "Here you are, lettin' your own wife and this community be dragged into the worst foolishness of their lives, and you knowin'

something that will save 'em, and settin' round here and not able, so far as word of mouth goes, to tell us whuther old glass-eye is the angel Gabr'el or Jack the Ripper. You make me sick. Take your corner on that piazzy, and keep thinkin'—and keep away from that bear. You make her sick, too."

The crushed Mr. Crowther retired to his position, and sat knuckling his forehead and rolling his eyes like a poet wrestling for a rhyme.

Cap'n Sproul himself went apart under the poplar-tree for a little personal meditation. He checked off the situation on his stubby fingers.

"Here I be, givin' up my time and gittin' abused tryin' to help 'em. They don't appreciate it. They don't believe me—me, a man that has seen the world and traveled, and knows frauds when I see 'em! They won't take my word for it."

He turned malevolent eyes on the absorbed Mr. Crowther.

"If I only had some kind of a tool that would open that can of dried-apple sass, I could show 'em the goods. Here I be, takin' some pride in my town and tryin' to help my feller human bein's—havin' the spare time to devote to it. I'm tryin' to save 'em from frauds and land-piruts and lawyers, the same as I'd like to be saved. And here I be, lone-handed. I can't even depend on that bear. It's taught me a lesson. After this the town of Scotaze can go straight up or it can go straight down. It won't listen to truth unless it's proved, hey? And that's what I've got for dockments!" He cast another indignant look at Mr. Crowther. That gentleman chanced to catch his eye, and shouted expectantly.

"What is that word that begins with a 'p' and means—waal, I disremember jest what it means, but it sounds like that critter's fust name?"

"You go——" Cap'n Sproul started to say, with much vehemence, but a voice from the road broke in. It was old man Jordan, bound for Odbar Boardway's store, with his little basket on his arm.

"You ought to be out and around and

keepin' up with Colonel Gid, your brother-in-law," squeaked old man Jordan. "With as much money as you've got layin' idle, there's good trades to be had. Colonel Gid has got holt of the Lem Baker farm that he has had his eye on for so long, and the Hiram Blish stand that adjoins his place, and he got mighty good trades, too. Them Go-uppers ain't stickin' out for price. They can't take real estate with 'em, ye know, and there ain't no pockets in an ascension robe." The old man chuckled with some malice, and hobbled on down the road.

The cap'n sat silent for some time, a new and illuminating suspicion growing to a sparkle in his eyes.

Then he went into the kitchen and mixed a very piquant dish for Minerva.

It was while he was sprinkling in the red pepper that the meek and usually suppliant Louada Murilla displayed a spirit that astonished him.

"Aaron," she said, facing him with flushed cheeks, "you kept a secret away from me once, and I've only got to say 'duck-pond' to remind you. You said you'd never keep another away from me. That one nigh broke up our family. Now there's a frowzly old she-bear in our barn that you're spicin' up like she was citron preserves, and there's that Crowther lazybones for me to feed, sittin' out on our front piazza and actin' as though he was havin' fits. There's been twenty-four hours of it to date, and now I demand to know what it's all about."

The cap'n blustered not, nor did he storm. He set down the pepper-pot and meekly explained the connection of Crowther with their own personal Go-upper troubles.

"Well, I can understand that much," she said smartly, "but if you get any good out of that man, you'll be the first one that ever done it. I ain't afraid of him nor his tribe. It's the she-bear that has been worryin' me, Aaron. There's a mystery there. What are you goin' to do with the bear?"

"I don't know," replied the cap'n.

She was about to doubt him promptly, in her new vigor of speech and de-

termination, but the sincerity in his gaze that met hers closed her lips.

"I don't have the least idee, Louada Murilla," he repeated, "but I keep hearin' a sort of a whisper, as of an angel voice, that Minervy—that's the bear—is goin' to be handy in my business."

On the evening of the fifth of November—that day of memorable date in Scotaze—Cap'n Aaron Sproul stood in his barn, surveying the bristling and indignant Minerva by lantern-light, and just as far as ever from an intelligible answer to that question by Louada Murilla. In fact, the distracting problem was now brought up anew to him, to his confusion, by Mr. Crowther, who stood trembling at his elbow.

"She's my bear—a tame bear that I call Minervy, Cap'n Sproul, and I think it's only fair and right that you should tell me what you are projickin' on doin' with her."

"You shet up," growled the cap'n. "Any time you can pay for 'leven days' board by gittin' that mem'ry hatch of your'n unbattered, I'll consider that you have a right to ask me questions. Until then, you shet up and keep on with your thinkin'."

He stood and gazed on the bear meditatively for a long time.

"Well," he sighed at last, "I might's well up killick and tow down. The future ain't clear, but the angel voice seems to hint that the bear will be needed."

He took down the long pole from the barn wall. A cord, ending at the butt, worked the snap-ring. When he had the hook fast in the "bitts," as he called the ring in Minerva's nose, he unhooked her hitch-chain and started away, leading her. She swayed viciously and growled angrily, but the ring controlled her, for a bear's nose is sensitive. Mr. Crowther followed, suppressed and apprehensive.

On a distant hilltop across lots lights twinkled and danced.

When the trio were yet a good distance off, the lanterns revealed the scene.

On a platform of rough planks were gathered a score of men and women,

each wearing a long white garment. These persons were singing and praying. A full half-hundred, who were apparently merely spectators, squatted about on the dry grass or walked to keep warm in the shrewish November wind. Among those on the platform towered the prophet, his raucous voice

The cap'n, anchoring the bear at a distance, surveyed the manner in which the prophet was elevated by the platform and bulwarked by the bodies of the faithful, and shook his head gloomily. There seemed to be no opportunity for even such a nebulous plan as floated around in his mind.



It was a long chase, for the glass-eyed man had legs like stilts.

bellowing loudest in song. In the pauses of singing, he entreated the bystanders to repent and come upon the platform and be ready with the elect at the last great hour. He declared that the platform would ascend directly through the gates of the new Jerusalem.

But at the end of an hour the prophet announced that, as the last hour was now at hand, he would retire apart for a space, feeling that he was called into private conference with the higher powers on behalf of his people.

He came down the little ladder of the platform and started away into the

night, waving back a man who would have attended him with a lantern.

"I'm onto that dodge," hissed the cap'n between his teeth. "I don't have no great hopes of this bear, but——"

In the gloom of the hillside apart from the platform the only patch of white was the robe of the prophet, fluttering as he strode away across the field. For three days, during his spare time, the cap'n, as a matter of experiment, had been battering the furious Minerva between the eyes with a wet sponge tied into a white cloth.

This distant and fluttering white, the only moving object in the dusky landscape, was gage of battle for Minerva when the cap'n started her in that direction. She ran lumberingly but swiftly, and Cap'n Sproul kept pace, holding to the pole.

This astonishing pursuit attracted the instant attention of the throng, and their cries warned the prophet. He caught a glimpse of the personnel of the pursuing "team" as it flashed past the lanterns on the stand. Ahead was Minerva, her jaws open and her flaming eyes appearing to note that at last she had found fair game. Half-towed by her, the cap'n ran behind; and at his heels was Mr. Crowther, uncertain as to the issue, but bound to be in at the finish. The bystanders flocked along in the rout, and the saints, seeing their prophet thus on the run, descended and came along, too, like a college night-shirt parade in a panic.

It was a long chase, for the glass-eyed man had legs like calipers. He would have escaped under ordinary circumstances. The darkness blotted him out. But Minerva's vengeful nose did what eyes could not. At last she stopped a moment, grunted, growled, and plunged down out of sight. Cap'n Sproul let her go to the length of his fifteen-foot pole, and the first man up with a lantern showed that she had scrambled down the sides of a dry well, cozily hidden in an abandoned Scotaze pasture.

"Hold her—hold her where she is!" hoarsely screamed a man below; and the voice was that of Prophet John.

"Will you own up to the whole business?" demanded Cap'n Sproul, the one query that had dominated many weeks of his thoughts now ready on his lips in this crisis.

"It's all here—every dollar of it," cried the prophet. "I put it all here. I'm ready for the handcuffs if you'll let me up. But it ain't square to let a bear eat me. It would be a shame to your town. Hold onto him, I say."

The cap'n blinked down into the well, understanding only half this confession.

"I ain't a squealer," pleaded the prophet. "When I'm caught with the goods, I'm caught, and I know it. The game is balked good and plenty. Here's the stuff—and here I am—if you'll only hold that bear off'n me."

"He must mean our treasures in heaven," explained the same swart man who had assisted in the demon-exorcising.

Still the cap'n remained obtuse, looking first into the well, where Minerva was clawing and growling, and then up at the faces about him.

"We have been layin' up treasures in heaven through the prophet," said Mrs. Crowther, her thin, sallow face beginning to twist with a horrible suspicion.

"Mine was all in gold," said a man whom the cap'n recognized as Lemuel Baker. "'Twas what I got for the farm, and I was willing it should help pave the golden street before my mansion in the skies."

"Of all the——" gulped Cap'n Sproul; "of all the—the suckers—the lambs—the—the-self-shuckin' oysters! You don't deserve—you ain't wuth—Here, you, down there!" he bellowed, "you climb up the side of this well away from the bear. I'll hold her nose to the wall."

The prophet emerged, panting, into the lantern-light.

Cap'n Sproul broke promptly in upon the chorus that assailed the fallen idol.

Minerva, scrambling over the brink, helped him to disperse the mob.

"It's down there, is it?" demanded the cap'n.

"Ev'ry sou markee," replied the prophet, with soulful earnestness.

"I was intendin'—fully intendin' to let her eat ye," said the cap'n, holding off the raging Minerva by main strength. "But the more I find out about this gang, the more I admire *you*. Don't you touch him," he roared to the swart man and Baker, who were sidling up with the apparent intention of seizing upon the prophet. "You can't have him. You ain't fit to have a skunk in a willer cage. As fur's I'm concerned, I wish he was luggin' off the whole bundle. Treasure in heaven! Oh, Jee-rusha! I won't load ye down with it, mister, 'cause you've got to run. This fight is between you and me. The crowd ain't in on it. It's between you and me for the devil business. You overreached. You've got to take your medicine for that. It's jest between us now. I'll give ye five minutes. Then comes Minervy. Five minutes. And she's mad. It's you she wants, and she don't want no one else. You're a good runner, and I'll bet ye can do it. Five minutes."

The next instant, the charlatan, with the ready wit of the professional to see his chance, was away into the night.

"You ain't got no right to let my tame bear go," Mr. Crowther kept clamoring, dancing about in an ecstasy of apprehension.

"Well," remarked the cap'n calmly, shoving his watch back into his pocket on the second of the allotted time, "I'll simply take my property off'n her, and she's yours. I'll make ye a present of the ring in her nose." He pulled the cord, and Minerva tore away on the trail that her obstinate vengeance had selected.

Cap'n Sproul, with his pole over his shoulder, strolled away without waiting to behold the recovery of the treasure.

On the outskirts of the crowd he came face to face with Colonel Ward.

"Brother-in-law," he whispered, with ominous earnestness, "I know the plot."

"Plot!" hissed the colonel. "You're an infernal blackmailer. I only took property that was throwed at me."

"I know the plot," persisted Cap'n Sproul, serene in his magnificent bluff; "they'll ride ye on a rail if I show light on it. Twenty-four hours you get to deed that property back—and you pay for the writings."

And when, after a long stare, the colonel turned and went away, Cap'n Sproul knew that his bluff had triumphed.

"Seein' the two of 'em here—seein' 'em together," gasped Mr. Crowther, tugging at the skipper's elbow, "it come to me—he worked for—'twas in the woods—he—I've got it all thought out. He worked—worked for Colonel—"

"You have, hey. You've got it?" inquired the cap'n, with a calmness that would have hinted things to one less excited than Mr. Crowther. "After 'leven days of my sweatin' blood, you've got the lid off'n yourself, have ye?"

"Yess'r; I've got it thought! He is—"

Cap'n Sproul, deliberately and without passion, cuffed Mr. Crowther resoundingly, first on one side of his head and then on the other.

"There's your lid nailed down again," he said; "and if I ever hear of your openin' it, I'll put in more nails."

"I allus believe in keepin' a family scandal right in the family," mused the cap'n, as he strolled along; "that is, per-vidin', of course, that it's handier to me personally to have it there. Era-a-ouw!" He yawned. "I'm sleepy. But—I hope my friend Minervy is still feelin' fresh."



ALL RECORDS OF PROSPERITY BROKEN



By
*Charles H.
Cochrane*



THE year 1906 closed with every prominent industry of the United States at the top of the wave of prosperity. It is a fact that all records of production were broken; and this right on top of a series of record-breaking years. Excepting a very minute relapse in 1903, due apparently to fear of a panic that did not materialize, there has been a steady increase of business in all lines all over the country. Unexampled prosperity exists North, South, East, and West. Never before was there such an era of money-making in the history of this or of any other country. Everything is doing so wonderfully well that business men are beginning to look at each other and say that this is too good to last.

Notwithstanding that the official figures for 1905 showed increased production at increased prices for almost every important staple; notwithstanding that 1904, 1902, 1901, and 1900 were also record-breaking years; yet the year just closed beats any and all of these records. Such phenomenal expansion and development of industry would not be surprising if this were a country of partially developed resources. If during the past decade we

had acquired and opened up a few hundred thousand square miles of arable land, and uncovered some scores of new El Dorados filled with rich mineral deposits, it would not be a matter of astonishment to double the totals of production.

Yet, without any special reason being apparent, we have within a few short years prospered to a degree that positively renders inadequate any attempt at description. Here is a nation that in 1898 regarded itself as prosperous, and a world leader. In the short period of only eight years we have doubled our products in almost every line of industry—certainly in every large and important line—and each year we are adding more and more to the sum total. Year after year we produce more and sell it at higher prices; and yet there is no sign of reaction. Our railroads are glutted with business; and car-builders cannot turn out cars fast enough to supply them in handling the millions of tons of goods that we buy of each other.

In order to determine accurately the increase of staple products during 1906, estimates have been obtained, as to the production in agriculture, mines, and manufactures, from the editors of ten of the leading trade papers in ten of the leading industries of the country. These authorities can figure very accurately, having been in close touch



CORN CROP OF 1901.
1 1/4 BILLION BUSHELS

with producers during the entire year. All the conclusions in this article are based on figures so obtained, though not always credited to the source.

The mainstay, the back-bone, the very foundation of our prosperity, lies in the crops; and these have been not only unprecedented in quantity, but also in value, as the prices commanded are uniformly good.

Corn is by far our largest crop. In 1901 we raised a billion and a half of bushels; in 1905 two and a half billion; and the editor of the *American Agriculturist* estimates the crop of 1906 as over two billion seven hundred million bushels. Wheat and oats both also show evidence of an increase, amounting to about five per cent.

The cotton crop of 1905 was the second largest in volume in the country's history; and was worth more money than the record crop of 1904. Those in a position to know, claim that the crop of 1906 is larger both in bales and dollars than the previous year's, giving the value as over six hundred and fifty million dollars.

Measured by dollars, the five leading crops of the United States—viz., corn, hay, cotton, wheat, and oats—have doubled in value in eight years; rising steadily to the enormous total of three billion five hundred million dollars in 1906. The aggregate value of all farm crops, as estimated by the department of agriculture for 1905, was six billions of dollars; and for last year it was probably nearly six and a half billions. In other words, the farms of the country are producing twice what they did only eight years ago; and as prices are higher they are taking in more than twice as much money. This money the farmers are spending; and the pros-

perity in manufacturing arises largely from the flow of money that starts from the farms.

The manufactured products of the United States, which were worth thirteen billions in 1900, and seventeen and a half billions in 1905, are estimated at nearly eighteen and a half billions in 1906. One product alone, Portland cement, has increased six hundred per cent. in quantity in six years.

The electrical industry, in its various ramifications, has increased over ten per cent. during the year just closed; and, as the great railway trunk lines have just begun electrification, this development is certain to continue for some years. The estimates of Thomas C. Martin, editor of the *Electrical*



CORN CROP OF 1906. 3 1/4 BILLION BUSHELS

World and Engineer, made for the United States Census Bureau, show that the production of electrical machinery has doubled since 1899, now totaling one hundred and sixty million dollars, exclusive of electrical railway interests.

The mines of the country produced in 1906 as never before. The editor of the *Coal Trade Journal* estimates the output of coal for the year as four hundred and thirty million short tons; a gain of thirty-eight million. Pig-iron production (which is the best measure of iron ore mined and of steel manufactured) made the high record of twenty-three million gross tons in 1905, and has reached twenty-five million three hundred thousand tons in 1906, in the opinion of the editor of the *Iron Age*. Gold production was also a record-breaker, going over ninety millions, while silver slightly increased; and the copper output gained fully ten per cent. Lead and zinc also advanced their annual totals.

These tremendous increases in crops and minerals have almost swamped the railroads in their efforts to handle the transportation. Their gross receipts, which were over two billions in 1905, are estimated at fully two and a third billions in 1906. According to the editor of the *Railroad Gazette*, the mileage during 1906 increased five thousand two hundred; the number of locomotives six thousand five hundred; and the number of cars two hundred thousand; the last figure being a gain of twenty per cent. over



FARM CROPS OF 1899. $3\frac{1}{4}$ BILLION DOLLARS

the previous year's addition of cars.

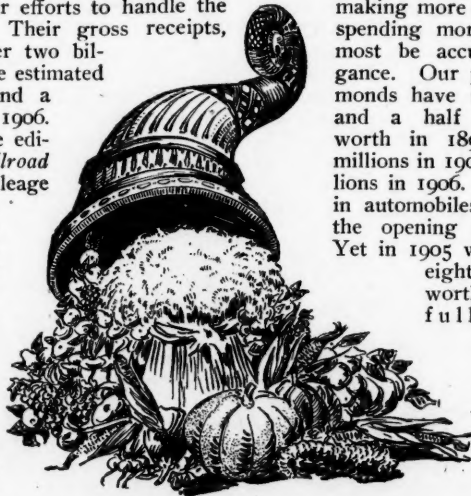
In and around New York City there is now being expended a round billion of dollars for improved railway terminals, subways, and tunnels; to lessen the time and expense in handling passengers and freight going in and coming out of the metropolis. Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, and other large

cities are also the centers of great expenditures for improvements in transportation facilities.

Not the least interesting and astonishing feature of this truly amazing prosperity is that while we have harvested increasing crops each year—while the mines have turned out more metal, and while the factories have increased their outputs regularly—yet with each year's increases the prices received have been a little higher. We as a nation not only produce twice as much as we did a few years ago, but we consume twice as much; and actually pay a total of more than twice as much for

what we buy. Everybody is making more and everybody is spending more. We may almost be accused of extravagance. Our purchases of diamonds have risen from three and a half million dollars' worth in 1897 to thirty-five millions in 1905; and forty millions in 1906. Our investment in automobiles was trifling at the opening of the century. Yet in 1905 we bought thirty-eight million dollars' worth; and last year fully fifty millions more went the same way.

It is not possible to secure even an approximate estimate of the



FARM CROPS OF 1906. $6\frac{1}{2}$ BILLION DOLLARS

total purchases of luxuries, as they come through so many different channels; but the figures quoted suggest that as a nation we must be spending a billion or so of dollars annually for things that we want, which contribute to our pleasure, but which we do not actually need. This is really a good thing, in so far as the money is spent in the United States; for every man who spends money tends to make business good for others, who in turn, by making good money, are apt to become good spenders.

That we do not spend all of our increased earnings is demonstrated by the increased amounts of money deposited in the banks. There are now eight million single depositors in the savings-banks of the country; and they have three and a half billions to their credit; the largest total ever held by the savings-banks of any land.

In addition to these bank accumulations, the life insurance companies are holding about four billions, which is virtually on trust, to be called for in cash at the termination of policies. Thus we have a grand total of seven-

teen and a half billions of cash savings of the people of the country.

It is a curious fact that, while we have nominally this great sum on deposit, yet there is not enough money in the world by five billion dollars to pay all the United States depositors. There are only two and a half billion dollars in money in the United States; or about one-seventh of what the banks and other financial institutions owe us. If the public should start a run on all the banks, all of them would have to close their doors and postpone settlement. Because

we have not sufficient cash at times for the business we do, the great financial houses are worried, since the condition makes possible a financial panic.

But no panic can seriously check our prosperity until people begin to call in their cash and to economize in their expenditures. When the money goes into the stockings look-out for trouble. In the meantime, let each and all of us rejoice that we may share in these good times; and even say amen to Speaker Cannon's much quoted remark that "this country is a h—l of a success."



DIAMONDS BOUGHT IN 1906, AMOUNTING TO 40 MILLION DOLLARS, COMPARED WITH 3½ MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH, PURCHASED IN 1897



WOMAN'S WEAPONS

By W. B. M.

Ferguson



BEFORE John Poland came to the small house in French Twenty-fifth Street, Alice Legrande was "interested" in the star-roomer, who occupied the Gobelin papered "second-floor front," overlooking the "Spaghetti House." The star-roomer had obviously clean hands, a broad-minded view on shirt-patterns, and a solid gold watch-fob. In fact, Mr. Reginald Smithers' appearance and personality were an insistent advertisement of the Retail Clothing Company, of the flourishing condition of the haberdashery world in general, and that a "live" city salesman can easily make "nice" money.

There are many rooming and boarding-houses in French Twenty-fifth Street. All are old-timey, red-bricked; looking as if rheumatism or a cold in the head was waiting hospitably on the gray stone steps; looking as if their proper environment was a London fog or an Irish rain. But, inside, they are really very accommodating. Accommodating to the landlady, but not to the roomer. The latter term is an obvious sarcasm. The only room not taken advantage of in New York boarding-houses is room for improvement. Even the smells occupy space, and they are many.

Mrs. Legrande preferred a rooming to a boarding-house. It takes genius and parsimony to feed boarders; unlimited wealth to satisfy them. Mrs. Legrande had neither.

She was a timid, mild, little woman who had seen the proverbial better days, and was still seeing them in retrospect. She still believed in the

Golden Rule, not the iron ruler that so many mistake for it. Therefore, Mrs. Legrande's few friendly enemies referred to her as "poor, dear Fanny," and said it was lovely that Providence had given her two daughters to guard her financial welfare. The friendly enemies regarded Providence as an accident insurance society conducted personally at great expense. Any appeals for help immediately called forth a prompt and entirely appropriate policy.

To women, it may either be a matter of congratulation or condolence that rooming and boarding-houses only take them as a last resort. Women have the failing of washing handkerchiefs and other articles in the wash-basins and sticking them on the windows to dry. Probably men are not so cleanly or their promises to pay the laundry god have more weight. Then, women eat between eats instead of drinking between drinks, and they stay in nights burning gas instead of burning the gas of potential fathers-in-law. All these facts are against them.

Mrs. Legrande's house was no exception to this rule. She said openly that she liked young men, and so young men alone occupied the seven spare rooms. Moreover, her house was never vacant.

Of course, the friendly enemies had another explanation for Mrs. Legrande's rule. Obviously, the two unmarried daughters could not mate with their own sex, and there are great possibilities in seven young-men-inhabited rooms. They said that, after all, "poor, dear Fanny" really had a liking for the pound of flesh, providing it was in the

shape of marriageable bob veal. That both daughters were over twenty-five may argue that their taste was discriminating, or that the opinion of the seven young men was unanimous. In Alice, the elder daughter's case, the former supposition was no doubt correct, for she was more than a half-way pretty girl.

But it was not until Mr. Reginald Smithers occupied the Gobelin papered front room that Alice began to think that marriage might not always be an elusive quantity hiding between the covers of the "best seller" or the *Woman's Fireside Journal*. When Mr. Smithers paid his rent promptly, and several times in advance, this germ thought developed from possibility to probability. That Stella, her sister, called Mr. Smithers "farmerlike" was no deterrent. Stella was only jealous. Stella was only embittered because all the young men preferred her—Alice.

As Stella was employed in a department store, and Alice helped her mother run the house, the latter naturally saw more of Mr. Smithers, and, later, he had once found the opportunity to refer poetically to her hair as "captured sunshine." Alice had remembered that simile. From meeting him, accidentally, in the halls on his way to the "Retail Clothing Company," she came to meeting him, accidentally, in the halls on his return. Alice was a master of accidents. Then, front stoops are greatly conducive to confidences, and as the early spring evenings advanced, Mr. Smithers began to decorate the Legrande top step with the latest thing in shirt-patterns and about half a yard of "forget-me-not" hose. By priority, and several other virtues, Alice had come to occupy the seat of honor by the throne. Once or twice Stella had tried to be a satellite, but never to any alarming extent. In justice to Mr. Smithers, it must be stated that he evinced pleasure in Stella's company, but Alice had a quietly monopolistic way with her. After these defeats, Stella never took refuge in the company of any of the front stoop's lesser luminaries. Probably they did not entirely approve of

her face. But "she looks all right from the back," one of them had said magnanimously.

From the front stoop, Alice and Mr. Smithers in time graduated to Broadway and the elusive soda-fountain. Then, as summer began to dawn, to the clanking Fort George car. On Saturdays, when Mr. Smithers' "ghost walked," as he termed the arrival of the pay envelope, they had gone to the Opera House, two blocks away. Sundays it was the Bronx Zoo, Central Park, and the suffering Jersey shore. In short, after an acquaintance of two months, Mr. Reginald Smithers was in a fair way of becoming known by the euphonious title: "Alice Legrande's Steady Company."

By this time Alice knew all about the price of shirtings and the meaning of a "spiffed" article. She knew what the "live" Mr. Smithers was "making," and of the possibilities the future offered. One night, under the stars in Madison Square Park, while the gamins threw water on each other from the fountain, and a failure snored on a neighboring bench, he told her that he hoped to marry some day. For a "live" city salesman there had been a curiously shy note in Mr. Smithers' voice.

"I'm lonely," he had confessed. "I think a good girl is all a man wants in this world—if she'll have him. I don't say much, but I know what I want. No job lots for mine. I know the real silk elastic. I don't believe in running round nights. It don't gee with business. I want to be somebody. A good girl helps a fellow an awful lot. I wouldn't marry until I could give my wife a first-class home. I wouldn't ask her to share failure with me. I want a home she wouldn't be ashamed of. I guess God didn't mean women to work. I guess I can marry soon—maybe. It's coming."

These observations had been jerked out like pepper from a shaker. As Mr. Smithers candidly confessed, he was "no word-slinger."

"How nice! Who is the girl?" Alice had asked innocently. She was looking at the diamond ring on Mr. Smith-

ers' "baby" finger. It showed up well in the distant electric light.

"That's telling," Mr. Smithers had replied shyly. "I ain't asked her yet. I wonder would she have me." He laughed awkwardly, stealing a glance at her.

"I think she would," said Alice slowly, after a moment's thought.

"I'd work awfully hard," volunteered Mr. Smithers boyishly. He was looking at brilliant Twenty-third Street. "I—I couldn't ask her until I'd made good. I wonder would she wait—I'm such a worthless cuss," Alice was still regarding the diamond ring.

"I think she would," she said slowly again. "If you get your raise—I mean, forty a week, I know would support her."

"Then I'll ask her when it comes," Mr. Smithers had confided to distant Broadway. He glanced shyly at Alice poking the asphalt walk with her umbrella. "You'll mention it to her," he added, with a laugh.

Alice glanced up and smiled at this shy facetiousness.

"Oh, yes, I'll be sure to tell her," and she laughed again contentedly.

"I like a girl who don't have to have a house fall on her before she understands," Mr. Smithers had said finally.

Subsequently, Alice was very glad that she had not openly compromised herself that night. Parks at night are great on compromises. For that day John Poland had taken the one vacant room in Mrs. Legrande's house. Alice heard it from Stella that night as they were preparing for bed.

"What's he like?" she asked, sitting on the bed and contemplating her really pretty feet.

"All right," said Stella curtly over her shoulder. She was combing out her one great beauty: her long, thick, tawny hair. "He's tall, slim, and dark. I'd quite a talk with him." She laughed a little.

"You seem to like him pretty well on such short notice," sniffed Alice. It

was not many men Stella enthused over. "What's he do?" she added. Always these were Alice's first questions. Generally the latter came first. "Is he married?" she pursued.

"No," said Stella through her mouthful of hairpins. "He's on a newspaper or something." To offset this discredit she added hastily: "He paid two weeks in advance."

"I wish I'd been here when he came," mused Alice, frowning at her feet. "You know the receiving of roomers is my part."

"Maybe he didn't miss you. Maybe 'never' would be too

early," suggested Stella, with a hair-pined sneer.

"Perhaps he'll think different when he does see me," returned her sister. She laughed her old, contented laugh.

Stella turned from the bureau, slowly plaiting the masses of tawny hair into a long, heavy braid. She was taller than her sister; slimmer; sinuous, graceful. Her face was pale and freckled. Not pale with an unhealthy pallor, but with one denoting a cream-white skin. Her mouth looked like a scarlet poppy in a snow-drift.



Alice had a quietly monopolistic way with her.

"You always kick in, don't you?" she asked, surveying her sister with hard, gray eyes.

"Never," replied Alice virtuously. "There's never any occasion to."

"Indeed? Such a monopoly! I'm afraid to bring a gentleman friend to the house. You must always come and pick them over."

"I never knew you ever had any," said Alice innocently. She unhooked her belt, smiling demurely. "Is it my fault if I look the way I do?"

Stella laughed harshly.

"Heaven knows it isn't. It's your affliction."

Alice, strong with the strength of superior physical attractions, laughed at the sarcasm.

"I do believe you're jealous, Stel. Is it love at first sight? Why, I've never even seen Mr. Poland yet."

"I know your way," the younger sister returned, smoldering. "You never seem to think that men might care for me if you didn't interfere. And you have so much, and I—so little." Her lip was quivering. "And it's not as if you really cared. You only play with them. Sometimes, in more ways than one, you remind me of a sleek tabby-cat."

Alice smiled at this tribute to her charms. "Nonsense, Stel. It's not my fault. Really it isn't. Only—only they seem to like me best. That is all. Surely, that is not my fault, but their taste. And," she concluded virtuously, "the man who could change from you to me is not the man to make you happy if he married you. Never trust a flirt."

"Marry?" cut in Stella. "Who's talking of marriage? I'm able to support myself. But can't a girl have men friends?"

"They always say that when they're hard hit," said Alice slyly. "I really am dying to see this Mr. Poland."

"He's nothing to me," returned her sister curtly. "I like him. That's all." Her under lip shot out, and she put her hands on her hips. "But," she added quietly, her eyes narrowing, "if I fell in love with any man, you nor no one

would take him from me. I mean that. Remember that, Alice. No one!"

"Sure?" chirped Alice, head on one side. She could catch sight of her reflection in the bureau mirror.

"Yes, sure," echoed the younger girl, her slim, bare arms tense. Suddenly her passion leaped from its sheath as glowing metal comes from the forge. "No one but God Himself—and even I'd fight Him. Yes, I would. I'd fight, and fight, and fight." Her throaty voice was husky with vibrant emotion; her bosom heaving.

Physical Alice rather shrank from this open menace, but a stubborn nature reasserted the balance.

"Quite tragic," she observed dryly. "And how would you fight? With a club or vitriol?"

"Are those woman's only weapons?"

"I don't think you could use the others—her natural ones," returned Alice critically. "You wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance, Stel. Honestly. I know you better than you know yourself. You're too passionate, physical—anything you like."

"Perhaps," said Stella quietly.

"I believe you're half in love already," said Alice, with a yawn.

"Perhaps," said Stella again. "But I've warned you fairly."

Alice laughed contentedly again as she slowly prepared for bed.

The next morning Alice met in the hall, by accident, John Poland.

"I like him," she confided subsequently to her mother. "And I think he will like me."

"He seems to like Stella, too," her mother had replied mildly. "He's a nice young man. I hope he'll be friendly with Stella. You know she hasn't any men friends."

"That's so," said Alice, putting on the coffee-pot.

But that being "so" did not prevent Alice from meeting that night in the hall, by accident, John Poland.

Two weeks went by. Two weeks have great possibilities. When Sunday came, friction had set quietly to work in Mrs. Legrande's rooming-house. John Poland now was on very intimate

terms with the Legrande family. Its three members openly liked him. He was a member of the exclusive family basement and back parlor—an honor the "live" Mr. Smithers had never attained to. But Mr. Poland was different in many ways from the "live" salesman. He was regarded as a coming celebrity. He was hard at work on a novel that would place him in the literary world where he considered he belonged. The book dealt with New York's underworld, and he had come to the Legrande house in order to be within walking-distance of local color and the "direct appeal." Personally, Mr. Poland was a gentleman; quiet, slightly troubled with youngness, and, perhaps, possessed of a little too much virtue for the newspaper maelstrom. On the nights he was not working he acquired the habit of occupying the family parlor or basement. At such times, Mrs. Legrande would snore discreetly over her knitting while Alice either played the piano or chatted. The girl owned a certain sharp humor and novelty of view-point that made John Poland an appreciative listener. At first, Stella had made a fourth wheel to the coach, but it soon became apparent that she was only a fifth. Once or twice Mr. Poland had attempted to draw her out, but the girl appeared to have recoiled into herself. Some evenings she would sit in a corner, her eyes fastened on a magazine, but obviously seeing not. And at nights when the sisters retired together, somehow the name of John Poland was never mentioned. Alice half-consciously felt that a gauntlet had been thrown down. She had picked it up, and all things pointed to her as the coming champion.

Meanwhile, the "live" Mr. Smithers was working overtime at nights, having been impressed into that delectable duty which goes by the name of taking stock. Alice was glad of this fact. For now the thought of sitting in Madison Square Park with Mr. Smithers vaguely irritated her. Her view-point had insensibly changed. She had always had a secret dislike for Mr. Smithers' obviously clean hands and gold watch-

fob—so she told herself. She had always felt that Mr. Smithers was not quite a gentleman. He made slips in English; said "don't" for "doesn't," and "them" for "those." And, then, he had a natural friendship for slang. No, they were not affinities. He would grate on her horribly. In a word, the "live" Mr. Smithers was not cultured. And Alice Legrande had suddenly become vitally conscious that culture was paramount. Of course, money went with it, but she wasn't thinking of money. But, then, the wife of a famous author has the entrée everywhere. Reflected fame, wealth, and position were wonderful abstracts, indeed. It only required a very slight impetus to send Alice Legrande down into the gulf of love.

It came. For the following morning, the next, and the next, John Poland left unusually early for Newspaper Row; and Stella, who was compelled to be at the department store at eight o'clock every morning, accompanied him as far as the elevated station on the three occasions. And each time Alice, from the shelter of an obliging window, had watched them. She heard John Poland's fresh, infectious laugh. She marked the look in Stella's eyes. So Alice straightway went down into the gulf.

The three nights of those three mornings Stella sang while combing out her long, tawny hair. She had several original and pleasing observations to make regarding Mr. John Poland. From observations, she graduated to speculations. She appeared sincerely astonished when her sister grew angry.

"Why, I didn't know you cared for Mr. Poland," she said, wide-eyed, the brush in her hand.

"Did I say I cared for him?" snapped her sister, throwing her best silk shirt-waist on the floor.

"I'm sorry," continued Stella apologetically. "But it's not really my fault, is it? I can't help if I look the way I do."

Alice surveyed her, but Stella's face was very sincere.

"I guess Mr. Poland cares for me



Sundays it was Central Park.

quite as much, if not more, than he could care for you," she said heatedly, at length.

"Yes, of course," agreed Stella. "But then, you know, you are engaged to Mr. Smithers—the farmerlike man."

"Am I?" was all Alice could find to reply.

Another week went by. The "live" Mr. Smithers was still working overtime at the delectable duty. He had not seen much of the Legrande household. The week had been a triumph to Alice. She was on her mettle now. She had put forth all her charm. She was brilliant, seductive, winsome. Mr. Poland had felt the magnetic attraction. After all, he was young, and youth has more blood than flesh—or brains. He confided his hopes, his aspirations to sympathetic Alice, and she was as sweetly understanding as she had once been to Mr. Smithers.

As for Stella, she had suffered one of her silent relapses. Mrs. Legrande still snored discreetly over her knitting. Probably owing to seeing better days in retrospect she had no time to see the present or the future. It was enough to her that she liked Mr. Poland. She said that he reminded her of a sainted departed brother who had gone completely to the dogs. This reminiscence was not intended derogatorily.

And then came Saturday. Mr. Reginald Smithers came home early for the first time in three weeks. He was as smiling as ever. He met Alice in the hall and requested the privilege of a walk. He said that he had

something to tell her. Alice at first demurred. Then she remembered John Poland saying that he would not be home till rather late that night, so she consented. She knew what Mr. Smithers wished to say. He was smiling. The "raise" had come. That was it. For a long time now she had planned what she would say in answer. She would be dismayed, a trifle indignant, very sympathetic, sincerely sorry.

Of course, not for a moment had she suspected that he had been referring to her that night in Madison Square Park. Oh, no, such an idea had never entered her pretty head. She had thought all the time he had been referring to her sister Stella. That he had been afraid of Stella's coldness and had wished her, Alice, to sound Stella's feelings as regarded himself. Being the oldest, this was only a natural supposition. And all things favored this supposition. Ow-

ing to the "delectable duty," she had not had time to see Mr. Smithers and acquaint him with the results of her mission. Again, their understanding had been so vague that it lent itself naturally to a misunderstanding. So, secure in this defense, Alice was very nice to Mr. Smithers on the way to the park.

They sat by the plashing fountain as they had sat one night weeks ago. The gamins were still throwing water on one another, and a failure was still snoring successfully on a neighboring bench. From a crowded side street a wheezy barrel-organ was persisting that it might be crazy but that it wasn't any fool. The "live" Mr. Smithers had not spoken for some time. Finally he turned to her.

"What I wanted to say," he began, with unusual solemnity, "was that my ghost didn't walk to-day, and that it won't for some time. I didn't get my raise—not the kind I was expecting. The clothing-store went up to-day—away up. I'll have to rustle for another job. Do you think," he continued slowly, eying the comet of a Broadway car, "do you think that—that you know, would wait until I got another job? I'll make good yet. I will. I'll work like a Yankee," he added vehemently. "This ain't my fault. I have worked for all there was in me. I'll get another job, all right. I've got two hundred in the bank. Do you think there's any kind of a chance for me? I love—"

"I am very sorry," said Alice, staring straight before her. "Very sorry indeed, Mr. Smithers. But I cannot hold out any false hopes. Frankly, there is no chance. You know a girl cannot wait indefinitely."

She was very glad that it had not been necessary to resort to the deception of the supposition. Now it was all safely over, and Mr. Smithers had done it himself.

The "live" salesman was nervously twisting his handkerchief; dumbly eying his crossed feet. He did not look very "live." For a long time he was silent.

"I understand," he said gently, at length. "I was selfish—I'm such a worthless cuss. Of course, a girl cannot wait. I'd no right to expect it. There's so many better fellows than me. I'm not saying it ain't hard—" He commenced to use his handkerchief. "There, I'm sorry if I've annoyed you," he said, with an attempted laugh. "Honest. You've been awful good to me. Awful kind, and all that. I'll never forget it."

Alice started to reply, but suddenly her heart strangled in her throat. A man and a woman were passing them—Mr. Poland and Stella.

Alice jumped from the bench. "Why, Mr. Poland, I've been waiting for you," she cried bewitchingly, darting a dagger-thrust at Stella. Mr. Poland raised his hat.

"Your sister was out shopping, and I met her on my way from the L," he explained. He bowed to the "live" Mr. Smithers, who had risen awkwardly. "Then I'll go home with you. Turn about is fair play," laughed Alice, serenely linking an arm in his. "Stel, you haven't seen Mr. Smithers for some time, have you, dear?"

Stella eyed her sister, her face white. Mr. Smithers had evidently been put completely out of the game.

"No, I haven't had that pleasure," Stella replied deliberately, at length. "You will pardon me, Mr. Poland?" She walked over to the silent Mr. Smithers. "Would you care to sit here awhile with me? It would be a pleasure for me," she said gently.

Mr. Poland again lifted his hat and walked off, arm in arm with Alice Legrande. "See you later," called Alice over her shoulder. She was laughing the old, contented laugh.

Conversation languished on the bench by the fountain, or, rather, it had never been born. Then Mr. Smithers shook himself. "I was telling your sister," he began, with the air of one who does not wish to live under false colors, "that I lost my job to-day. The clothing-store went up—away up."

The girl turned and faced him, her throat pulsing. She put out a tense,

sympathetic hand. "Don't worry—you must not," she said gently. "You will easily get another. I know you will. Don't think of it. I know you are going to make a great success. I know it, Mr. Smithers."

Mr. Smithers hastily swallowed something in his throat.

"Why——" he began, and stopped. "You don't understand——"

"I do, but you don't seem to," interrupted the girl vehemently. "What is a position? What is anything so long as you remain what you are! It's not who you are. Don't you make positions, not them you? Is the failure of one little firm to alter your life, or is it to be the means of you bucking into the game with a fresh stock of grit and more experience? No, you're not the one to take the count, Mr. Smithers. Not if I know you—and I do know you pretty well."

"I'm not thinking of myself," returned Mr. Smithers, a ring in his voice for the first time. "It's you I'm thinking of. I can't help it. Your sister said you wouldn't wait——" He stopped blindly.

The girl drew a long breath that whistled into her lungs. Her hands were nervously entwining. She leaned toward him, her eyes unwavering, direct. When at last she spoke her words were restless with curbed passion.

"Do you mean—you care for me? Have cared for me? Is that—true?" Her teeth were quivering on her under lip.

"Mean it?" echoed Mr. Smithers, in a dazed voice. He looked up unwaveringly into her eyes. And then, in a

breath, all his shyness, timidity, was swept away.

"Stel," he cried, gripping her hand, "haven't I always meant it?—always. Didn't you know? Is it possible——"

"Very possible, dear—and I'm so outrageously happy." And right before the passing somnambulistic policeman, Stella Legrande bent down and kissed Mr. Smithers on the mouth.

They were still sitting by the fountain. It was late, and Broadway was speeding the departing roof-garden crowds. Stella was speaking, her lips close to Mr. Smithers' ear.

"For a 'live' city salesman I never thought you could have been so backward," she whispered shyly. "I thought it was Alice all the time."

"We are all backward, dear, when it means everything to us," returned Mr. Smithers, with unlooked for philosophy. "And how about yourself? I thought it was Mr. Poland all the time."

The girl laughed suddenly.

"No, it was you I loved from the first. I only pretended to care for Mr. Poland because I knew then that Alice would interfere. The more I showed that I cared, the more she would care. I warned her fairly that no one should come between me and the man I loved, and that I would fight even her. And I did—with woman's weapons."

I understand that Mr. Poland's book is coming out next fall and that it will fully justify his expectations. He is still as lovable, as gentlemanly, as considerate as ever—but he has not proposed to Alice Legrande.



ANASTASIA, AN ANECDOTE BY WALLACE IRWIN



WHEN we was in Aus-tral-i-a a-doing Australasia
 We caught a lovely ostrich-fowl and named her Anastasia,
 So on the good ship *Doodlebug* we took the pretty creecher
 And made a reg'lar pet of her—and say, she was a screecher!

She seemed so inty-lek-choo-wal we wa'ant at all suspishis
 When she went pickin' round'the deck a-eatin' forks and dishes;
 And'when she'd scratch around the hatch jest like a parlor boarder
 We said no' word agin' the bird, for honest, we adored 'er!

But one dark night, (the foam was white and heavy seas a-switchin',)
 The *Doodlebug*, eccentric-like, began a-rollin', pitchin',
 Behavin' so ree-markable you haven't got no notion,—
 Her, that was called the safest ship that ever sailed the ocean.

And Captin' Dan, a nervous man, beholdin' trouble brewin',
 Calls, "Run down in the hold and see what Anastasia's doin'!"
 So down into the hold we swung with fingers cold and callused—
 There stood that reckless ostrich-fowl a-eatin' up the ballast!

Then Captin' Dan, a peevish man, down in the hold he tumbled
 And dragged poor Anastasia out a-lookin' meek and humbled,
 An' chasin' 'er acrost the deck with yells for war and slaughter,
 He kicked that feathered friend of ourn right straight into the water.

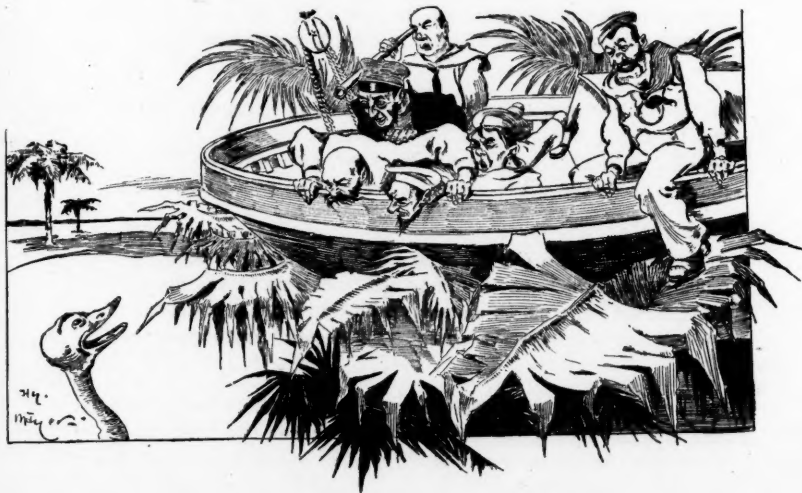
That made things wuss; for as the storm went whizzin' by us tighter,
Our ship, with bird and ballast gone, quite nach'rally grew lighter;
The Northern blast she slapped our mast, a-howlin' and a-cryin',
And lifted us plum to the clouds, jest like an airship flyin'.

We flew right on a desert isle and trembled when we found, sir,
Our ship was caught up in a tree some distance from the ground, sir.
The wind died down and left us there, not givin' any warnin',
With anchor down and all sails set, a-waitin' for the mornin'.

When mornin' came what did we see a-standin' down below us?
That ballast-laden ostrich-fowl what made as if to know us!
She poked 'er head up in the tree and leaned it on our deck, sir,
Until we slung a ladder out and clum right down 'er neck, sir.

Soon, cuttin' down the tree, we launched our ship upon the ocean;
When suddenly that ostrich-fowl she raised a great commotion—
She gave a leap and jumped aboard, and flew into our hold, sir,
And there disgorged the ballast which she'd swallowed down so bold, sir.

So Anastasia evermore was made a pet among us,
We fed 'er tacks and table knives and other things they brung us.
As Capting Dan, a kindly man, remarked, "She earns 'er livin'—
Though she done wrong she made repairs, and thus deserves forgivin'."





ON THE SUBJECT OF NURSES

BY
LILIAN BELL



SO many mothers are born old maids or childless widows, and so many old maids and childless widows are born mothers, that I am moved to put down in writing a few of the things which I think these accidental mothers ought to know, with the hope strong in my breast that they will in sheer desperation, if for no other reason, tell their neighbors, even if they ignore my experience themselves. For if only one of the careless, God-forsaken mothers with which my small world teems could see herself as others see her, and pity her baby as others pity him, my anguish of spirit as I write these words would not be in vain.

At this point I lay down my pen with a groan. It is so impossible—the task I have set myself to! To portray with only pen and ink and common white paper the dangers which menace baby's health from careless nurses!

Careless nurses!

If I had a pen of flame and could blazon these warnings on the sky at night, I might have some hope of being read and believed. But the main trouble is that mothers do not want to have their consciences awakened. If they did, they would be obliged to attend to everything themselves, and then—oh, where would be the time they now wish to devote to the dressmaker?

Perhaps they comfort themselves with the thought, "I have an excellent nurse. Surely a nurse with a certificate from a hospital knows how to take care of a baby and leave me free, else what are nurses for?"

Very well, if you are satisfied with your nurse's certificate and the fact that you pay her twenty-five or thirty dollars a month, watch nurses either in the park or on Riverside Drive and see how they treat their charges when out from under the eye of their employers. Then sleep in your beds at night if you can.

For fear that I may be accused of selecting sporadic cases for the sake of creating a sensation, I must state that the instances I am about to relate have been observed in avenues where only babies of the extremely well-to-do abound; where no nurse receives less than twenty, and many as high as thirty, dollars per month—twenty-five being the average. The baby carriages bore names of the most expensive makers; the rugs were of lamb's wool, ermine and even sealskin, yet these things I have seen:

Three nurses abreast walking in such a glare of sunlight that they themselves are constantly obliged to turn sideways to shade their own eyes, and occasionally to walk backward, yet lying prone on their tiny backs are their helpless babies, with the sun beating down upon their unprotected eyeballs with a fierceness which must have caused exquisite pain. When the babies writhed and cried, the nurses, without exception, called them "naughty baby," or "bad baby," and in several cases slapped their little feeble, fluttering hands.

Once I could not bear it any longer, and, in spite of my husband's remonstrances against "mixing," I stopped three such, and, with tears running

down my face, begged them to shield the little eyes from the sun. I got for my pains, "What the — business is it of yours what I do?"

Wind blowing the breath from the babies' little bodies, leaving them gasping, as we often gasp from a sudden blast; a perfect whirlwind of dust, laden with microbes of pneumonia, consumption and typhoid, blowing against little wet hands and faces—wet from crying—to be drawn into tender little mouths and throats—these things are too common to create even passing comment. And mothers wonder how their babies become ill.

I once saw a nurse turn her carriage completely over, and the baby, being too young to be strapped in, rolled out on the pavement. The nurse, with a frightened glance around, hastily put the little thing back and hurried away, probably concocting some lie to account for the soil on the afghan.

Are babies of no account in this world? Does no one care what diseases they contract, or what weaknesses of constitution, which will follow them through life, may be laid at the door of the expensive nurse?

Mothers to whom I have talked in this manner have professed themselves horrified at my directness of speech, and wondered that I ever got a nurse. To which I replied that at first, being inexperienced, I was cowardly and afraid of hurting the nurse's feelings, but that soon I found myself confronted with two alternatives—to risk my baby's health, perhaps even her life, or run the risk of hurting somebody's feelings. It was hard at first, but as I have had ten of the best nurses possible for the hospitals of New York to turn out, for the best employment bureau to send me, or for advertisements inserted and answered to furnish, I have become an expert. Fortunately for my own baby, these nurses were only allowed to wait upon me, while I bathed, dressed and cared for baby both night and day myself. Thus these changes did not affect her happiness. I knew that somewhere in this wide world my ideal nurse existed, and I searched until I found her.

The first nurse I discharged because she gave the baby gin and whisky to make her sleep. The second pinned the flannel band through to the baby's back, leaving a red scar which will require several years to fade out. The third lied to me, deceived me, told obscene stories to the other servants and refused to make my bed once when the housemaid was ill. The fourth had catarrh, only took two baths in four weeks and mildewed the baby's clothes. The fifth refused to take baths even when told to, let the baby go out in zero weather with her bib so wet that her dress, flannel and even her chest were wet. The sixth kept a novel under her apron and read it when set to any piece of work; the seventh took the carriage into forbidden streets, and let the baby's eyes get so weak from sun and wind that we were a month curing them. She also had no knack with children, was dirty, and baby's fine toilet articles were disappearing in a most mysterious manner. I discovered afterward that her sister had a baby one month younger than mine. All these nurses were the best I could secure; all wore uniforms and claimed from two to seven years' experience. Their wages averaged over twenty-five dollars per month.

The ideal nurse, in addition to being scrupulously clean, should be clever but not nervous; quick but never abrupt; closely observant of your baby's tiny likes and dislikes, tactful, interesting to your baby, loving, and, above all, she should have the mother touch. She should be able to cuddle the baby without getting its clothes in a bundle. She should not be bound by tradition, but should treat each new-born babe as an individual whose tastes must be consulted. I hate nurses who treat all babies alike.

It is not sufficient to have your nurse say that she "loves children." She should love *your baby*. If your baby is a boy, you ought not engage a nurse who prefers girls. I once asked a very promising candidate if she had any preference as to the kind of a baby she took care of. I had inadvertently touched on her one weakness. Instant-

ly her dull face lighted up and she exclaimed:

"Indade an' I joist have, thin! I loike thim to be wan of thim big, fat, schlapy, white, bald-hidded bhy babies!"

I could picture the type, and nothing further from my pink-cheeked, smiling, dainty, wide-awake little lady could have been mentioned. I let her go—besides, she had catarrh.

On the other hand, after demanding perfection in your nurse, you should treat her as she deserves. No woman has a right to ask a nurse to take care of her baby and another child a year or two older. Even a mother finds that difficult. Have you ever witnessed the spectacle of a nurse flying across a crowded street, pushing a baby carriage with one hand and dragging by the other a tiny, stumbling little lad, who slipped and was dragged to his feet again and again by the tender muscles of his wrist and arm? Worse, have you not seen the baby carriage left standing, while the nurse darted after the little straggler and fetched him back to her side with a shake or even a slap? Yet mothers themselves might do the same from sheer nervousness. Therefore do not put such a strain on your hired nurse. Take a little luxury from yourself and keep two nurses, or else take one of your babies out yourself. Don't expect to be able to buy perfection, nor strain that perfection to the breaking point, when once you have obtained it.

Your nurse's sleeping room should have sun and air. Her bed should be comfortable, her bed linen changed as often as your own, and the best toilet conveniences within your reach put at her disposal. Never ask her to keep the baby at night if your baby is wakeful, unless you want a somnambulistic service during the day. It is a mother's duty, if her health and selfishness permit, to take charge of her baby at night. A sleepy nurse is often a cross nurse.

Therefore keep your nurse contented and happy. "Give her plenty of 'days off,' so that she won't be tempted to steal your time.

I told the candidates what their privi-

leges would be, but they were such a stupid, ungrateful lot, that at about the third change I mustered courage to put the following questions:

"Do you drink?" "If I give you a bathroom all to yourself will you take a bath every morning?" "Have you catarrh or any stomach or throat trouble?" "Do you brush your teeth with powder every day?" "Are any of your teeth decayed?" "Do you wash your hands with soap every time before you touch the baby, after you have handled your gloves or outside coat, combed your hair or done any other sort of work?" "Do you permit anyone to touch the baby's hands or cheeks with gloves on?" "Do you regard any such safeguards as foolish?"

This last question was superfluous, for I could always tell by the manner of the applicants. They always promised these things, but they never intended to perform them. They had not, however, counted on a surveillance which put Sherlock Holmes and a pair of government searchlights to the blush for laxness. Thus their untidiness, their really criminal dirtiness—if I may use so strong a word—was discovered early in the month, and my search for their successor generally began about the tenth day of their service with me. I gave them notice about the fifteenth, and usually let them go about the twentieth, preferring to take care of the baby myself to risking an act of vengeance which, in all probability, never would have been committed, but of whose horrors I had heard tales, and which I preferred to guard against. After each discharge I always threw away every drop of medicine, all soap, powder and solution, used in the nursery, and ordered fresh. I was taking no chances with vindictive and ignorant women, who had served just long enough in hospitals to have that "little knowledge" which is a dangerous thing, and which was of no use in the clean and well-ordered nursery of a layman who used her mother sense.

Why is it that such a wretched class of women and girls become nurses? Why will not high wages, a good home,

and comparatively light work, tempt a better sort to engage as nurses?

It is evidently the fault of the employers. You make servants of nurses and compel them to class themselves with cooks, housemaids and laundresses—girls who never could by any chance rise in your household above the positions they now hold. Thus at the tenderest and most formative age of your child's life, you turn his future digestion, his habits of personal cleanliness, his table manners and his knowledge of the English language over to hirelings who are, to your certain knowledge, lacking in every one of these essentials. When you see a well-bred man, coming from a family of wealth and culture, cling to a mannerism of speech or habit at table which reminds you of a stable boy, have you never believed that he acquired it from a common nurse and has never been able to break himself of it, even if he noticed it?

If you made an equal of any servant who had to do with your babies; if you permitted her a seat at your table, at least when there were no guests; if you let her sit with the family when the work was done, or provided her with a little sitting room of her own; if you saw to it that she had books and amusements, and that she was not considered on an equality with the other servants, then you would induce as good a class of women to become babies' nurses as now turn to trained nursing, for the very reasons I have enumerated.

Oh, you mothers of little babies! Oh, you brides, who have unwillingly borne a child before your trousseau was outworn, read this and consider. Consider if any luncheon or tea or reception is worth what your neighbors see your wee one subjected to by an ignorant, careless or unfeeling nurse, while you, radiant in silk and velvet, nibble pink

and white candies and gossip of *matinée* heroes or the woman across the way!

Nor have I the least desire to nail a wreath of laurel to my own brow, as if I alone saw, realized and attended to these vital matters, when many of my friends and acquaintances are ideal mothers and most unselfish in their care of their children.

Those, of course, are not the ones I wish to reach. They are the natural mothers, the ones who were mothers when they were little tots of children, and washed, fed and undressed their dolls with a more than maternal care.

Take any child who cuddles her doll with a mother touch, and you will find an embryo mother of children, who will know things instinctively which mere books could never teach.

But these accidental mothers; these women who have children without wanting them; these girl-mothers who grudge the time spent with their baby, which could be spent so much more to their liking; these women who look fretfully each day to see if their complexions will outlast nursery days and their figure ever again slip easily into a ball gown—those are they I wish to bid pause and consider.

Take more care of your babies yourself. Babies love those who wait upon them, and it would break my heart to see my baby prefer anyone to me.

Why, if you are talking of happiness, can anything that the world has to offer equal the look of love which comes into your baby's eyes when he sees you? Can fame or wealth or travel or any other so-called pleasure compare to the sound of love in the little voice or the touch of the little hands upon your cheeks, or the feel of the little soft body in your arms and the downy head cuddled in your neck?

What do you call happiness?





THE AMERICAN HORSE SHOW

BY P. M. BABCOCK

HOW, ESTABLISHED FOR THE HORSE-BREEDER, IT HAS BECOME A SOCIETY FUNCTION, TREMENDOUSLY EXPENSIVE, BUT STILL BENEFICIAL IN ITS TENDENCY

THE modern horse show as now conducted in this country is of comparatively recent origin, and few people have any conception of its growth in popular favor, or the importance into which it has developed as an accessory to American breeding interests.

The exhibition of horses and other animals at local fairs has been in vogue almost continuously from colonial days, and it is probable that in some parts of the country this practise antedated that period. These exhibitions, however, could hardly be called "horse shows," as the term is now understood. In Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and some of the other Southern States, "colt shows" have been annually held from a period anterior to the Civil War, and it is but fair to say that these "colt shows" were the foundation upon which the modern horse show has been constructed.

These incipient exhibitions were primarily for the benefit of breeders, and, while they incidentally furnished enjoyment to the general public, yet their object was purely of a beneficial character, and it cannot be doubted that they materially contributed toward the improvement of the different breeds of horses in the localities in which they

were held. The National Horse Show was established in 1883, and a glance at the original catalogue issued by that association demonstrates the fact that it, too, was founded upon a beneficial rather than a social basis, and most liberal provisions were made for the different breeding classes. The formation of the National Horse Show Association may be said to have been the starting-point from which the modern horse show sprang; and its policies, to a large extent, at least, molded those in other sections of the country which subsequently came into existence.

As time went on and the general public manifested greater interest in the exhibitions, the original lines upon which the shows had been established were gradually changed to meet the demands of the society element, which found in them ideal possibilities of social functions; and as these requirements increased, the original plans were so largely abandoned that in too many instances for the welfare of the breeding interests the shows have become more social than beneficial agencies in their general characteristics.

In the early history of American horse shows, but few classes were made for high-stepping harness-horses, and so little interest was manifested in this

feature of the exhibition that scarcely any attention was paid to them. But the importation of a few high-class hackneys intended for breeding purposes, and their entrance at the National and other important shows, demonstrated the feasibility of making such classes the most important feature of the show; at least with the society element spoken of, which was fast becoming a chief factor in supporting the horse-show enterprise. So rapid and complete was the transition respecting the high-stepping classes, that for the past number of years they have been regarded as the most important element of the show both by horse-show officials and the show-going public. As this feature developed, American exhibitors began to cast about for material with which to successfully compete in such classes, desiring, if possible, to utilize American trotting-bred animals rather than import the English hackneys. They found themselves in this dilemma: The American trotter had been bred and trained for speed for several generations, and so thoroughly had the high-stepping qualities of the imported hackney, Bell-founder, sire of the dam

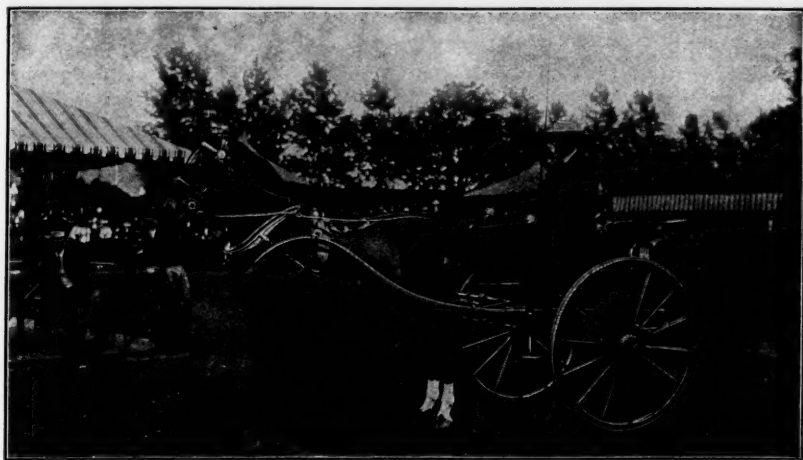
of Hambletonian 10, been bred out of them, that it was almost impossible to find any that were sufficiently endowed with this characteristic as to make them eligible for the purpose.

In fact, high-stepping, trotting-bred horses in those days were regarded as freaks, and as they were not sufficiently speedy for racing purposes, and not considered desirable for general use, they were of but little value in the horse markets of the country. But now that the horse show has opened its doors to the high-stepping classes, they are found to be among the most valuable products of the breeder, and to-day, if he be otherwise qualified for the showing, the high-stepping trotter readily commands a price quite beyond the ability of the average citizen to pay.

Thus the horse show was the avenue through which the attention of the general public, as well as the government officials, was called to the paucity of American-bred, high-stepping carriage-horses, and for the purpose of producing a distinct type of this desirable and much-sought-for animal, the government has established a breeding-plant at Fort Collins, Colorado, where



JUDGE W. H. MOORE'S FAMOUS ROAD TEAM. ONE OF THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY



THE CELEBRATED "FOREST KING," THE GREATEST HIGH-STEPPER EVER SEEN IN AMERICA. W. H. MOORE UP

it is experimenting with the process of crossing some of the most famous breeds of our trotting families.

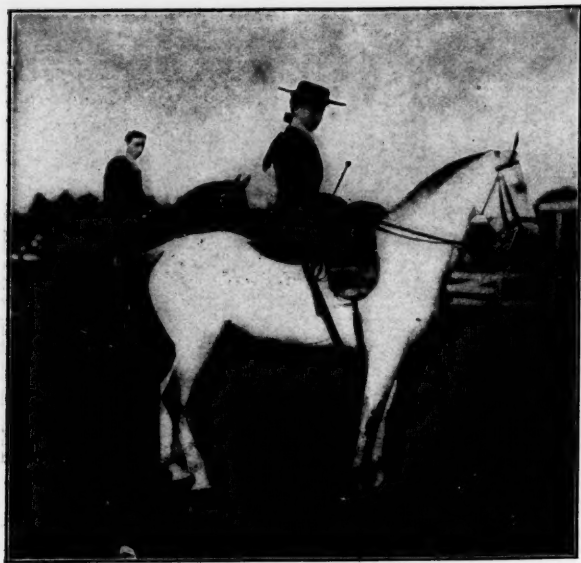
But scarce and difficult to obtain as the trotting-bred high-stepper has been and still is, some of the most successful show animals are of this breed. The great stable of Alfred G. Vanderbilt is composed almost entirely of trotting-bred animals, and their victories have been as numerous as any. Until three years ago, Judge W. H. Moore relied entirely upon this breed to carry his colors to victory, and, although of late his predilections have seemed to favor the hackney, yet a large part of his stable is still composed of the American product.

The most successful high-stepper ever seen in an American show-ring, measured by the number of victories won, was the trotting-bred Lord Brilliant. Newsboy, one of the most brilliant actors now before the public, is a pure-bred trotter. Doctor Selwonk, that scarcely has an equal as a victoria horse, is another that has nothing but trotting blood in his veins. Lord Baltimore, the winner of many championships, is a conspicuous member of this breed; and so is old Burlingham, whom many regard as the greatest all around

high-stepping carriage-horse ever exhibited in this country; and there are many others that have shed luster upon the name of the American-bred trotter.

The present-day hackney has been evolved by a process of scientific breeding indulged in by English breeders for more than one hundred years. The origin of the American trotter and the English hackney is not materially different, but the uses to which they have been put have been so divergent as to make them practically two distinct breeds. While the speed element has been cultivated in the trotter, the high-stepping qualities have been nursed and developed in the hackney until English breeders are now able to produce finished specimens of the high-stepping variety, which, as a rule, have no equal among other breeds.

It will thus be seen that when the gig and other high-stepping classes were recognized as desirable adjuncts to our show-ring attractions, the prestige of the hackney far surpassed that of his American competitors. Appreciating the admirable qualities of the hackney for show purposes, a number of prominent Americans interested in the welfare of the horse show purchased and imported some of the best hackney ani-



"CAPTAIN JINKS," RIDDEN BY MISS GERTRUDE SHELDON. A TYPICAL LADIES' SADDLE-HORSE

mals in England, and their success in the shows is a part of our show-ring history. Among the most prominent of such importers and exhibitors were Mr. Frederick C. Stevens and Mr. Eben D. Jordan, and their importations and the animals bred by them have often won blue and championship ribbons at our important shows. One of the most popular of all the high-stepping contingent ever seen in an American show-ring was the smoothly turned, sweet-mannered, and graceful-acting Hildred. This superb mare was imported by Mr. Jordan when she was two years old, and won important classes almost without number until her retirement to the breeding ranks.

The undoubted ability of the hackney as a high-stepper as well as a highly finished all-around show-animal, induced some of those who had theretofore steadfastly adhered to the trotter to broaden their conceptions of what constituted a successful show-ring candidate in these classes, and the demand

for hackneys increased with great rapidity. One of the first of these new converts was Judge W. H. Moore, and in 1903 he imported the famous Horace King—without doubt the greatest and best high-stepper ever produced in England or any other country. Since then he has added a number of the best bred and best individual hackneys to be found in England to his magnificent collection of show-ring stars. Among those who have emulated Judge Moore's example in purchasing hackneys are Messrs. C. W. Watson and Reginald C. Vanderbilt.

Mr. Watson owns the chestnut mare Ringing Bells, winner of the gig class and championship at the Atlantic City show over Newsboy, The Youngster, and Rustling Silk. This mare was imported last spring, and is justly regarded as one of the best of all the small-sized high-steppers. Mr. Watson has also purchased of Mr. Jordan Kitty Gray and Norina, the winners of many blue-ribbons during the past few years. Other hackneys recently reported which give promise of successful show-ring careers are Bravo, Phoebe Walton, and Marie Tempest, owned by Reginald C. Vanderbilt. When all of these animals are in proper condition and meet in the show-ring, the spectators will doubtless witness the grandest performances by high-steppers ever seen in this country.

While the high-stepping classes have increased in character and popularity, the same cannot be said in regard to all the other harness classes. A few years ago the roadster classes were among the most interesting features of many

of the shows. Such grand animals as Allie Nunn, Ruritana, Dainty Daffo, Rhea W., Easter Belle, and Auditor B. carried off most of the blue-ribbons. Of these, only Rhea W. and Easter Belle are now being exhibited, and they have not shown the form during the past two seasons that they exhibited while in the skilful hands of George W. Webb. The best that have been seen in these classes the present season are Sadie McGregor, Preferred, and Referred, but they are hardly equal to the champions of bygone years. As roadsters are all American-bred trotters, and it is claimed by many that much improvement has been made in breeding and developing this class of horse, it is difficult to understand the decadence which has apparently visited the ranks of these serviceable and pleasure-giving animals.

A runabout horse is nothing more nor less than a family harness hack, suitable for different members of the family to drive and handle in and about the various kinds of business incident to family use. Gentility, perfect manners, and a fair amount of speed are the essential qualities of an ideal runabout horse. There are a number of high-class runabout horses now being exhibited, and it is gratifying to know that there has been no depreciation in the quality of this useful class of horse. The bay mare, Lady Gay, owned by Judge Moore, is one of the most perfect specimens of a runabout ever exhibited, and her victories have been numerous. Another of a very high order is the chestnut mare, Lady Kathryn, owned by Alfred G. Vanderbilt; and still another is the bay mare, Nora, owned by A. B. Maclay. Show-

ring judges never have been and probably never will be agreed as to what constitutes a proper type of a runabout horse—that is, whether a high-stepper possessing other requisite qualifications is suitable for a class of this character. Among the high-stepping contingent that have won high honors in these classes are Newsboy and Adonis, and, if the high-stepping qualities which they possess do not disqualify them for this purpose, they are fairly entitled to the victories which they have won.

While English breeders may surpass their American competitors in the production of certain types of harness-horses, neither they nor the breeders of any other nation can compare with Americans in the production of high-class saddle-animals. The type of saddle-horse seen at our shows and known as the Kentucky saddle-horse has been evolved by the intelligent mingling of the blood of the thoroughbred, the trotter, and the pacer. The production of this type of horse has long since passed the experimental stage, and is now so uniformly produced with such superior qualities as to leave no room for doubt that the breed has been thoroughly es-



"NEWSBOY." ONE OF THE GREATEST AMERICAN BRED HIGH-STEPPERS EVER EXHIBITED IN THIS COUNTRY. MRS. GERKEN UP

tablished. Among the large number of this type successfully exhibited at our shows are such grand specimens as Flashlight, Orinda, and Lolita, owned by W. S. Elliott; Patsie Palmer and Dupont, owned by Miss Emily H. Bedford; Caress and Delight, owned by Miss Hooley; Artist's Model and My Dream, owned by Mrs. E. R. and Harvey S. Ladew; Springhurst Queen, owned by Mrs. Thomas J. Regan; Lady MacDonald, owned by Miss A. C. Doremus; Mayo and Surprise, owned by Mrs. John Gerken; Corinne, owned by J. W. Harriman; and Poetry of Motion, owned by Lawrence Jones.

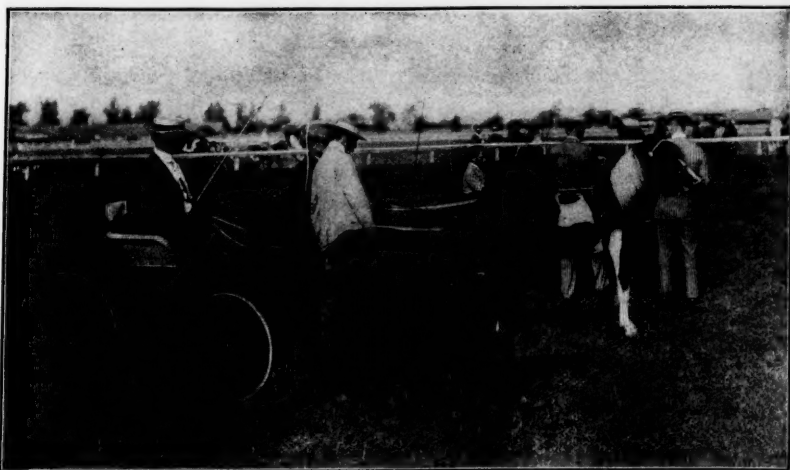
The extra good qualities of all these animals have been recognized by saddle-horse experts wherever they have been exhibited; and it is not probable that their superiors exist. Occasionally a pure thoroughbred has been developed into a high-class saddle-animal, and has made a successful show-ring career. But such occasions have been so extremely rare as to clearly show that, as a rule, the so-called "blood horse" is not naturally endowed with the qualities requisite to constitute an ideal saddle-animal. Among the few of this class which have been successfully exhibited are the bay mare Jasmine, owned by Mr. R. L. Patterson; and the chestnut gelding Lee Rogers, owned by Mr. Otto H. Kahn; both of which were developed by Mr. W. S. Elliott.

Popular as several of the different features of the show-ring have become, it is not too much to say that none have grown in popular favor with greater rapidity during the past few years than the pony classes. For several years after the establishment of the National Show but little attention was paid to ponies; and, in fact, until a comparatively recent period the Shetland was the only pony of a recognized type exhibited. But the importation of some of the best specimens of the hackney and Welsh breeds has revolutionized the standing of these classes with the show-going public, until now almost as much interest is manifested in the pony classes as in any other feature of the shows. As might be expected, the hack-

ney is unequaled in the harness classes where high-stepping qualities and a fast pace are regarded as desirable characteristics, and such magnificent performers as Delham, Prime Minister, Enfield Nipper, Berkley Bantam, Doncaster Model, Lady Eccles, and All There probably cannot be duplicated in the world. Among the Welsh importations is the black mare Welsh Princess, owned by Mrs. E. R. Ladew. This mare in her action and conformation more closely resembles the hackney than the Welsh breed of ponies, but whatever her blood lines may be, she is one of the best diminutive animals now before the public.

In the Shetland classes, the magnificent stables of Charles E. Bunn and Mrs. E. F. Hawley have no practical opposition.

The hunters and jumpers have grown in such popular favor at Northern shows within the past decade that they are now regarded as among the most attractive features of the programs. In the early history of American shows the jumpers were mainly seen only in the middle South. But the establishment of hunt clubs in many of the Eastern States caused the popularity of this class of sport to spread until it became a fixture of all important shows. In those communities where the hunt club dominates social festivities but little attention is paid to classes other than the timber-toppers; and their performances furnish a degree of interest and excitement that no other part of the entertainment can equal. As a rule, owners of harness and saddle-horses do not exhibit jumpers, the most notable exception to this being the stables of George Pepper, C. W. Watson, and Crowe and Murray, each of whom exhibits prize-winning jumpers along with other entries. The great exclusive stables of hunters and jumpers now being exhibited at Eastern shows are those of Westchester Farm, of which Sidney J. Hollaway is manager; David Dunlop, J. E. Davis, Charles Pfizer, Charles E. Mather, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Mrs. Reginald Brooks, Hart Brothers, and Allan Pinkerton.



SHEPHERD PONY CLASS. THE PRIZE-WINNING "ELLESIER" OF ELSENOR IN FRONT. CHAMPION PONY OF THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW AND MANY OTHERS

From this epitome, the man in moderate circumstances will readily discover that if he contemplates entering the show-field, the expense attending the undertaking will be practically prohibitive. If he has any doubts upon the subject, the quotation of some of the prices paid for a few of the present-day champions will be sufficient to dispel them. Judge Moore is reported to have paid \$16,000 for Forest King, \$10,000 for the hackney mare Menalla, \$8,000 for the pony Berkley Bantam; and he has many others in his stable that cost nearly as much. Mr. C. W. Watson is said to have paid \$10,000 for Ringing Bells, \$10,000 for Kitty Gray and Norina, \$10,000 for Revenue and Eloquence, and \$10,000 for Lord Lonsdale and Tennessee. Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt's great four-in-hand team, composed of Rustling Silk, Sweet Marie, Polly Prim, and Full Dress, is reported to have cost him \$20,000. Mrs. Gerken has refused \$6,000 for Newsboy; and it is not probable that any of the horses mentioned could be purchased from their present owners for the prices they are reported to have paid for them.

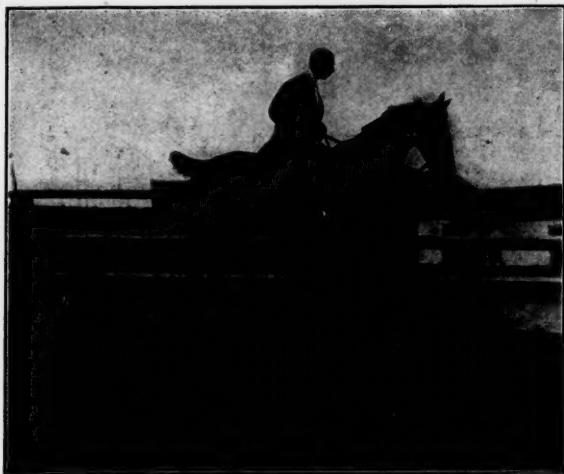
Prize-winning saddle-horses, while

not worth as much as the prices above quoted, are yet so costly that the man in moderate circumstances can hardly afford to own them. The bay mare Jasmine was sold last summer for \$5,000, and there are many others that have been sold recently at prices varying from \$1,500 to \$3,000.

When to the cost of horses is added the expense of necessary show-ring vehicles ranging all the way from \$600 to \$3,000 each, together with harnesses and other equipment, it does not need much mathematical calculation to arrive at the conclusion that no one not possessed of an extremely liberal bank-account can expect to own a stable of prize-winning show-horses and equipments.

The immense expense attending the acquisition of a first-class stable of show-ring performers has resulted in concentrating all the great horses of the country in the hands of a comparatively few wealthy exhibitors, and, unless the average citizen is fortunate enough to acquire a high-class animal in the rough, and develop him, he cannot reasonably expect to achieve much fame as a show-ring exhibitor.

Whether this result portends good or



THE FAMOUS SADDLE-MARE "JASMINE" THAT SOLD THE PAST SUMMER FOR \$5,000. W. S. ELLIOTT UP

evil for the horse show, those interested in its welfare are not agreed. It is an indisputable fact that present conditions have driven the small breeders into retirement as exhibitors, for the obvious reason that they cannot afford to own animals of sufficient value to win prizes at important shows. But while they are eliminated as exhibition factors, their produce has passed into the hands of wealthy gentlemen who have made it famous. It is therefore claimed with much plausibility of argument that instead of the breeding interests being injured because of the change in the character of the exhibitors, such interests have been greatly enhanced, and that but for the interest taken in the shows by the wealthy class of the communities, they could never have obtained the success which they have achieved.

Not only has the horse show been of inestimable value to the breeding interests, but as an educator in the refined proprieties of life it has proved a beneficial agent second to none. It is not so many years ago that in most of the principal American cities it was not uncommon to see coachmen of the most prominent social families drive through

the streets and parks clad in costumes fit only for the stable and work in the back yards. The horse show with its appointment classes has revolutionized this crudity, and for several years American equipages have been as completely appointed as those of any country in the world.

Improvements in the details of conducting the horse show are constantly being made, but notwithstanding all that has been done in this regard there is plenty of room for more.

One of the most perplexing problems that confronts horse-show officials is the selection of satisfactory judges. The scheme of organizing a parent association with power to appoint judges and regulate and control the different associations has been suggested and discussed many times within the history of American horse shows. One of the objects to be accomplished by such an organization is the appointment of paid judges, who shall officiate at all shows in membership with the parent association.

This would be a most desirable departure from the system now in vogue, as there can be no doubt that with paid and disinterested judges, the awards would more likely be made upon the merits of the exhibits, which is often not the case at many of the shows. But while this result would probably be obtained, it would operate detrimentally in other ways. With paid, independent, and expert judges to officiate at every show, certain horses would soon be selected as the superiors of all others in certain classes, and the owners of those not favored by the judges could hardly be expected to enter them when they knew that to do so only meant de-

feat and a heavy bill of expense; whereas under the present system of having the judges selected by the respective associations, new and different officials occupy the judges' stand at most of the shows, and we often see as many different judgments passed upon the merits of the same class of horses as there are different sets of judges to render them. To this uncertainty as to what the awards will be at different shows is largely due the marvelous success of the horse show in recent years.

It is evident to the most casual observer that if the prosperity of the horse show is to be maintained, the high standard of the horses upon which so much depends cannot be lowered; and

it is also evident that to maintain this standard, the breeding interests must be fostered and protected by those who reap the benefits from such maintenance. To accomplish this purpose, every association should adopt a rule requiring the pedigree of every entry to be given, to the end that the bloodlines of the best show-ring performers may be known and perpetuated.

That many of the operating features of the modern horse show are defective is undoubtedly true, but with all its imperfections, this pleasure-giving institution has conferred greater benefits upon the general public than any other sporting or quasi-sporting function yet devised.



Our Children

THE tendrils of our vine are very fair—
 Come, stand one side and see this gleam of hair!
 This drooping lash, where eyes have looked at sleep;
 These dimpled hands which are our treasure heap;
 Love, what would life without our children seem?
 (She smiles, that is a little stupid dream!)

Part of my life, and half of your life, too,
 Mystery rooted in our love so true—
 That I see you, in watching them asleep,
 Yes, it is I you see, that makes you keep
 Your hand so hard on mine—ah! kiss my hair—
 Dear love, the tendrils of our vine are fair.

EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH



From painting by E. W. Deming.

THE PRAYER TO THE SUN



MR. DEMING IN HIS NEW YORK STUDIO

A Religion in Paint

AS DEPICTED IN THE WORKS OF EDWIN WILLARD DEMING, PAINTER OF INDIANS

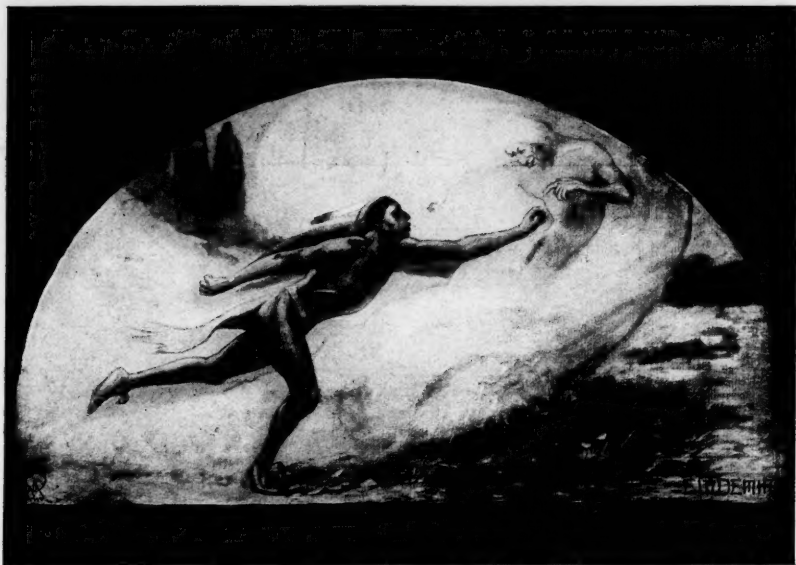
By Roxann White

"It is not enough to possess a truth; it is essential that the truth should possess us," says Maeterlinck.

That the truth of his subject has full possession of the Indian painter, Mr. Edwin Willard Deming, one has but to see his paintings to believe. He has pictured the North American Indian in his teepee, at his prayers, in his wardance—the real Indian, for he has painted not alone the attitude of body, color, and locale of his surroundings, manner of dress and motion, but he has caught and reproduced, for others

to see, appreciate, and be moved by, the attendant soul of this most tragic figure in American history.

Many have been the posters presented to art representing the Indian as a picturesque barbarian with mind and habits as unorganized and untamed as those of the animals with which he elects to live. Few have been the artists who have understood the real quality of the intellectual splendors of this ancient woodman, and in consequence few have been able to give him to the world at his true valuation. Mr. Deming has sojourned with the Indians and



HIAWATHA CHASING THE SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF

carried away the ethereal quicksilver of their poetic thought to vitalize his admirable draftsmanship and composition with the breath of the gods called genius.

The mood of mind in which an artist approaches his work can easily be appraised by the subjects he selects. That Mr. Deming is a painter of the intangible, the dreamed of, rather than the known, his subjects will prove. His paintings of Indian folk-lore include such subjects as "The Prayer to the Sun," "The Prayer to the New Moon," "The Vision."

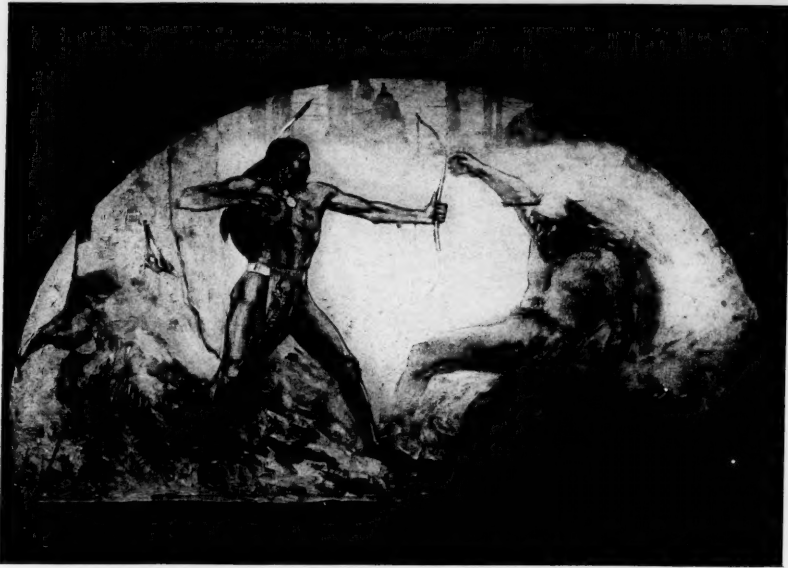
Among his best work is a series of lunettes portraying Hiawatha, the herogod of most of the Indian tribes. In one of these he is seen chasing the Spirit of Mischief. In this picture the rare and fascinating combination of the supremely physical with the delicate and fantastic spiritual is clearly brought out. The strong central figure of the running Indian in pursuit of the Myth slants across the foreground as the one pronounced detail, but it leads the at-

tention of the observer on to the cloudy, vaporized figure of the spirit.

In another of the lunettes Hiawatha is depicted in combat with the personification of fever and ague. In this, delicacy of line and subject gives place to massive and heavy detail. The strong, muscular figure of the hero seeks for its contrasting setting an almost grotesque hulk of an earth-formed figure. Action is replaced with the taut-drawn lines of an arrested pose. In the close proximity of an almost hand-to-hand combat Hiawatha is seen shooting an arrow into the cowering spirit.

Hiawatha wrestling with Mondamin, the Spirit of the Corn, and Hiawatha's combat with the West Wind complete the series of lunettes. In the last two pictures the tone is that of strained intensity attendant upon the pivotal moment in the combat of two beings, which spells defeat for one, and for the other triumph.

One of the most notable of Mr. Deming's pictures, both for display of color



HIAWATHA WRESTLING WITH THE PERSONIFICATION OF FEVER AND AGUE

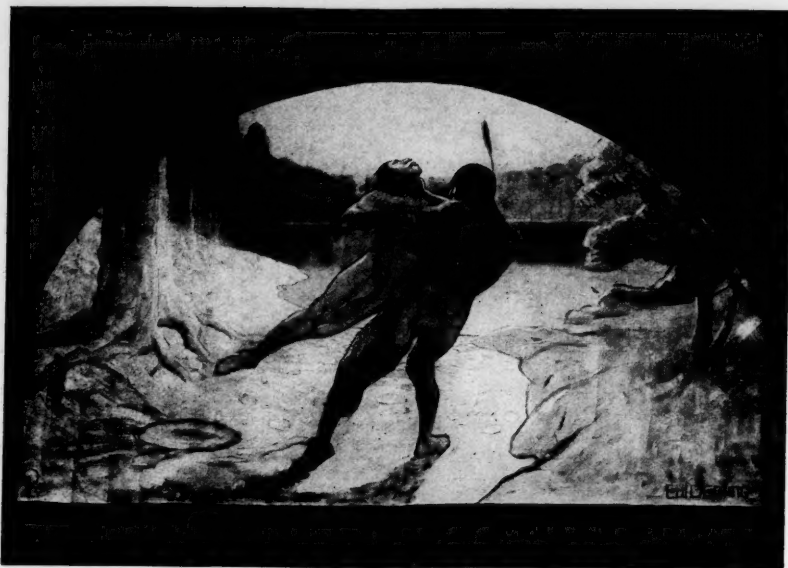
and for poetic conception of subject, is "The Vision." It is one of the traditional beliefs common in Indian folklore that the young man on attaining the age of manhood must go into the wood alone, there to fast from four to eight days. During the delirium incurred by this fast it is supposed he will see some of the animals of the underworld, who will advise him regarding his future. This vision of animals to the Indian just at this period of his life is regarded as sacredly in the Indian religion as are the visions in the Book of Revelation by the Christian faith.

In Mr. Deming's picture the young man is seen kneeling on the banks of a smooth body of water. Above this water and gleaming coldly through the films of an ethereal blue, which suffuses the entire picture, a full moon rises. On the nearer bank, as though emerging from the water, rise six animals—a buffalo, a wolf, a bear, a badger, a turtle, and a lynx. The light coming entirely from the background

throws the figures of the picture into deep shadow so intense as to give them their significant value ahead of the light from the moon. The light is diminished in the rich "darks" of the figures.

This domination of so intense a light by a shadowed object gives to the object the attention usually obtained by the strong illumination of a detail. Though this picture is worked out entirely in the tones of blue, each object is enveloped in some magic color personal to itself. Through this scene seems to flow that electric current effulgent from a spiritual element. There is an awe of color about the picture as clearly felt as the hush over a vast stretch of open country immediately preceding a storm. The painter has appreciated and portrayed the sacred spirit of this happening, without which, despite its admirable technical qualities, the picture would be as nothing.

In the Wisconsin Historical Society Mr. Deming is permanently represented



HIAWATHA WRESTLING WITH MONDAMIN, THE SPIRIT OF THE CORN



HIAWATHA'S COMBAT WITH THE WEST WIND



THE VISION

by two paintings, one of which is "Braddock's Defeat," painted from the French and Indian side, the Indians being led by Langlade, a French Canadian, who was the first settler of Wisconsin. The other painting is "Nickolet's Landfall." Nickolet was the first white man to land in what is now Wisconsin, at that time inhabited by the Menominee and Winnebago Indians.

Mr. Deming has prepared a novel book for young people entitled "Indian Child Life," consisting of pictures in colors and in black and white, each showing some characteristic phase of the life of the interesting aborigines of this country.

He received a silver medal at Philadelphia and a diploma of honorable mention from the ethnological department of the Pan-American Exposition for his pictures illustrating an American folk-lore story; also a bronze medal at St. Louis for an Indian mural decoration.

Born in Ashland, Ohio, Mr. Deming received his first instruction in art in this country, afterward studying in Paris under Boulanger and Le Febvre. He is a member of the Architectural League and the Society of Mural Painters, and also of the ethnological and anthropological societies.

When with the Sioux during the war-dances just before the battle of Wounded Knee, he made numerous photographic studies which he utilized in a masterly picture entitled "The Ghost Dance."

Mr. Deming has the trait of the Indian so conducive to content—the power of making himself at home wherever circumstances place him. The studio he resides in while in New York bears witness to this rare trait. It is situated in a quiet little street just removed from Washington Square. At one time it was a stable; but seeing it now, such a thing is hard to imagine. The partitions and the flooring of the second story have been knocked out, and the result is a spacious studio, of dimensions seldom seen in space-starved New York.

Mr. Deming found his subjects for his initial work in the historical events of the Indians' relations with the white man. His work stands not only as an addition to art, but as a valuable contribution to history. The race he has chosen to paint will soon be known to the world no more. Feeling with them, not for them, Mr. Deming has been able to give to the world the spirit of the oldest religion of America, the folk-lore of the American Indian.

THE MATURITY OF THE AMERICAN THEATER

BY CHANNING POLLOCK




T last we come to the chapter "that ends this strange, eventful history."

Herein I shall give my reasons for believing the past twenty years to have been the most notable in the story of our stage, and for maintaining that the next twenty will be yet more notable. When I am a doddering old gentleman I hope I shall still be preaching the same doctrine, though perhaps that is too much to hope. Doddering old gentlemen are wont to live among the dead, and when we have scenic embellishments so real that no one can tell the false from the true, it is likely that I will be one of the first to urge the palminess of the days when castles were painted on canvas and shook as the property-man walked back of them.

If I were a famous artist, I should paint Father Time with a brush in his hand instead of a scythe, for Time is not a greater harvester than he is a gilder. We think of old names with a degree of reverence never given to new ones, and it would be easy to make you see contemporary playwrights and players with my eyes only if we might skip a few decades, and so look back upon them. I have made you think admiringly of John Brougham, of Bartley Campbell, of Augustin Daly, and of Charles Fechter; you may not be willing to grant that, excepting only Daly perhaps, none of them was the peer of George Bernard Shaw, of Arthur Wing

Pinero, of David Belasco, and of Forbes Robertson. You pore over a program printed forty years ago, and the cast seems to you an absolutely wonderful one; well, keep to-night's bill until 1916, and see if that cast does not impress you equally.

The period left uncovered in my last article is too recent to be classed as history, or to offer much that is strange or unfamiliar. Its story is one of theaters still standing; of men and women still striving; of events remembered by every one of us who has reached voting age. The best a scribe can do in writing of the era is to remind his readers of its incidents and to philosophize a bit about them.

The beginning of this new time was made interesting by the end of the old, the two overlapping, as it were. Wallack's Theater on Thirteenth Street, Booth's Theater, and the Comique were drawing near the close of their existence, and simultaneously the principal figures of other days were passing from the scene of action. Men and women destined to be famous in the future that is now the present were bending their initial bows. Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, Constant Coquelin, and Wilson Barrett made their débuts in America, just as John McCullough, Edwin Booth, and Lawrence Barrett were concluding their careers. Mrs. Leslie Carter was seen for the first time in New York, Richard Mansfield and Minnie Maddern (now Mrs. Fiske) began starring, Charles Hoyt and David Belasco and Clyde Fitch commenced writing, even

while the Wallack's Theater Company, preeminent for a generation, passed quietly out of being.

The last years of the playhouse at Broadway and Thirteenth Street were glorious years. Melodramas like "The World" and "Youth" had long runs; the first Browning tragedy to be acted here was performed; "The Jilt," "Forget-me-not," "Shenandoah," "The Senator," "The Power of the Press," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "The Professor's Love Story" had their *premières*, and there passed in review a succession of such artists as William Sheridan, Charles Coghlan, Frederic Ward, Louis James, Mesdames Judic and Aimée, and the combination of Jefferson and Florence. In 1895 Neil Burgess became manager, investing the profits of "The County Fair" in an enormous spectacle called "The Year One," the failure of which was the beginning of the end of this theater. Immediately afterward, the place was given over to popular-priced attractions, and in 1901 the building was demolished.

Booth's Theater rather dwindled out. Madame Bernhardt was seen there November 8, 1880, that being her primal appearance on this side of the water, but little else of note transpired in the three years remaining to the house. Booth himself played an engagement there, and so did Adelaide Neilson, whose real name, by the bye, was Lizzie Brown. Two strong melodramas, "The

Romany Rye" and "Michael Strogoff," were presented during those three years.

Meanwhile, the Theater Comique, at 728 Broadway, which was a church originally, had been taken over by Harrigan & Hart, whose popularity was as extraordinary as their migrations were frequent. The old Comique, at 514 Broadway, where they produced "Old Lavender," having been destroyed, this team moved into the new Comique, and, when that was burned, into the house now called the Herald Square.

Edward Harrigan wrote not only the best Irish farces known to our stage, but several other plays of serious value and excellent influence. He and his partner, Tony Hart, stood high in public esteem, and great audiences flocked to see their company, which included John Wild and Annie Yeamans. Some of Harrigan's most successful works were "The Mulligan Guards' Ball," "The Mulligan

Guards' Christmas," and "The Major." The partners separated eventually, and lost favor with the amusement-lovers that had supported them so long.

Unquestionably, the greatest managers of this period were Augustin Daly, Steele Mackaye, and A. M. Palmer. Later on, the Frohmans came into the field, treading a path for the other big producers who are active to-day. Mackaye, as we have already seen, wrote plays as well as acted and presented them, and for doing all three of



SARAH BERNHARDT



SIR HENRY IRVING

of it, realize that among the matters in which our epoch is superior to preceding ones is that of "the reward of merit." "Hazel Kirke" was composed under the above agreement, which was afterward carried into court and held to be binding.

If a manager can be judged by the plays he selects, by his accuracy in gaging the wants of his patrons, Palmer and Mackaye have never had peers in the theatrical world. At the Madison Square, for example, there were presented, almost in succession, ten pieces which had more than a hundred performances each. Here is the list:

	TIMES ACTED.
"Hazel Kirke"	486
"The Professor"	151
"Esmeralda"	350
"Young Mrs. Winthrop"	200
"The Rajah"	200
"May Blossom"	200
"The Private Secretary"	200
"Saints and Sinners"	125
"Held by the Enemy"	100
"Jim, the Penman"	300

In the case of runs whose figures are given in round numbers, two or three performances may have been added or subtracted. These renderings were consecutive, and it will be understood that most of the plays mentioned became famous in the course of repeated

these things at the time when he managed the Madison Square he received five thousand dollars a year. Fancy David Belasco accepting a salary like that, and, when you have realized the unlikelihood



ELEANORA DUSE

revivals. Palmer's record at the Union Square was quite as good as his record at the Madison Square, if not better. Mackaye, resigning to Palmer the management of the latter house, did very wonderful things at the Lyceum.

During the period referred to above, William Gillette, then quite a novice at play-writing, became identified with the Madison Square, as, in fact, did Richard Mansfield. This latter actor had made his first success under the direction of Palmer, who afterward became his personal manager; and he followed the fortunes of that impresario to Twenty-fourth Street. There, on September 12, 1887, was given the first American performance of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." I fancy Mr. Mansfield will not enjoy being reminded of the fact that one of the features of his entertainment was the serving of water ice gratis between the acts.

Charles Hoyt, who took possession of the house in 1891, was one of the rarest of the geniuses connected with our stage. His life, his work, and his personality were so well known that it would be idle to do more than refer to them. Nearly half of the plays writ-



RICHARD MANSFIELD

ten by Hoyt were produced at the Madison Square, the list including "A Trip to Chinatown," which was presented 650 times; "A Temperance Town," "A Milk White Flag," "A Black Sheep," and others. Hoyt not only composed the wit-iest satires ever



WILLIAM GILLETTE

penned by an American, but his farces, with incidental songs, were responsible for the sort of musical comedy from the abuse of which our stage is just recovering. The author's romance, terminated with the death of his wife, was none the less tragic because of the almost grotesque personality of the man himself. His conversation was as sparkling and as cutting as his written dialogue. A salesman once offered Hoyt a diamond which he purchased chiefly because of his friendship for the man. While the dramatist was signing his check, the salesman, to make conversation, remarked: "Maurice Barrymore was robbed last night."

"That so?" remarked Hoyt placidly. "How many diamonds did you sell him?"

I witnessed the first performance of Hoyt's last play, "A Dog in the Manger," at the Lafayette Square Opera-House, Washington, and found it a sad evidence of the author's waning mental powers. He died soon after.

Mackaye built the Lyceum, erected in 1885 at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, and torn down in 1902; and soon afterward Daniel Frohman located there the admira-



MRS. FISKE



DAVID WARFIELD

ble organization known as the Lyceum Theater Stock Company. In the course of its existence, this tiny building, capable of seating scarcely five hundred persons, was the scene of many notable additions to our

drama. The plays produced there were: "In Spite of All," "One of Our Girls," "The Wife," "Lord Chumley," "Sweet Lavender," "The Charity Ball," "The Dancing Girl," "The Gray



MRS. LESLIE CARTER



E. H. SOTHERN

Mare," "The Amazons," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "An Enemy to the King," "The Princess and the Butterfly," "The Tree of Knowledge," "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," "Trelawney of the Wells," "Miss Hobbs," "A Royal Family," and "The Girl and the Judge." David Belasco, whose drama, "The Younger Son," had been a terrible failure at the Empire, first figured as a successful author when, in collaboration with Henry C. De Mille, he began writing for the Lyceum. E. H. Sothorn was closely identified with the house, where, at various times, the stock company included Henry Miller, Georgia Cayvan, Herbert Kelsey, Effie Shannon, W. J. Le Moyne, James K. Hackett, Mary Mannering, Nelson Wheatcroft, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Henrietta Crosman, Elizabeth Tyree, Edward J. Morgan, Felix Morris, Hilda Spong, Grant Stewart, and many other celebrities.

A remarkable stock company was located at the Empire from 1893 until a few years ago, and this organization presented "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Liberty Hall," "Sowing the Wind," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Michael and His Lost Angel," "Under the Red Robe," "The Conquerors," "Lord and Lady Algy,"



DAVID BELASCO



CHARLES HOYT



CLYDE FITCH

"Mrs. Dane's Defense," and many other notable plays, all being offered for the first time in America. The two stars now chiefly identified with the house are John Drew and Maude Adams, who acted there in the initial performances of "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan." An idea of the worth of the stock company may be gathered from the fact that the cast that presented "The Conquerors" included William Faversham, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Jameson Lee Finney, Guy Standing, W. H. Crompton, Viola Allen, Blanche Walsh, Ida Conquest, May Robson, and Clara Bloodgood. The Lyceum and the Empire were, for a long while, the homes of polite comedy on this side of the Atlantic.

Meanwhile, entertainment of a weightier order was being offered at Daly's, and entertainment of a lighter order, always plentiful, at any of a dozen places of amusement. Koster & Bial introduced the music-hall to us,

first on Twenty-third Street and then on Thirty-fourth, and B. F. Keith did the same service by what is now called "vaudeville," employing the Union Square, which had begun business in 1871, as a variety house. Comic opera and musical comedy were sheltered at the Casino, the only theater in New York which has been open to the public for upward of twenty years without having experienced change of name or of policy. Everything else about the resort at Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway has changed, and its manager's office has witnessed the rise and fall of producer after producer. Taste for anything as superficial as musical comedy is sure to be variable, but the manager who has made a success by offering a certain kind of play seems loath to offer any other kind until he has lost his clientele. David Henderson, E. E. Rice, George Lederer, Sam S. and Lee Shubert—one has followed the other in the rôle of chief purveyor



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



ALFRED SUTRO



HENRY ARTHUR JONES

of this class of entertainment. Not all of these had to do with the Casino, but most of the impresarios were concerned in the history of the house.



AUGUSTUS THOMAS

The Casino was opened in 1882, the primal attraction being "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." This was followed by "The Merry War," "Falka," "The Little Duke," "The Beggar Student," "Nanon," "Erminie," "Nadjy," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "The Brigands," "Poor Jonathan," "The Tyrolean," "The Princess Nicotine," "About Town," "The Passing Show," "The Lady Slavey," "In Gay New York," "An American Beauty," "The Wedding Day," "The Whirl of the Town," "The Belle of New York," "The Telephone Girl," "The Singing Girl," "The Casino Girl," "Florodora," "A Chinese Honeymoon," "The Little Duchess," "Piff, Paff, Pouf," and "The Social Whirl." The first performance in America of "Cavalleria Rusticana" occurred on this stage. Bare mention of the celebrities who first became known at the Casino would fill a column, and I haven't a column to spare at this stage of my article.

While these things were occurring at the theaters I have mentioned, none of the twenty-five or thirty other playhouses in town was precisely idle. The Garden, which entered the field in 1890, had contributed to the drama such plays as "Doctor Bill," in which Wilton Lackaye had a farcical part; "Trilby," "Heartsease," and "Cyrano de Bergerac." Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theater had housed "Shenandoah," "Men and Women," "The Lost Paradise," "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," and "All the Comforts of Home," when, in 1893, it was given over to continuous vaudeville. The Garrick, where Richard Mansfield succeeded Edward Harrigan as manager, might boast the

premieres of "A Social Highwayman," "Catherine," "Zaza," "Sherlock Holmes," and "Captain Jinks." Abbey's, now the Knickerbocker, witnessed the American debuts of John Hare and H. Beerbohm Tree, together with the first nights of "The Sign of the Cross," "The Christian," and "When We Were Twenty-one." Daly's had several notable revivals, beside the premieres of "Madame Sans Gêne," "The Geisha," "San Toy," and "The Runaway Girl." At the Fifth Avenue, the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company made popular the works of Gilbert and Sullivan; Rupert Hughes, whose play, "The Triangle," a recent failure at the Manhattan, was supposed to be his maiden effort, made his debut as a dramatist; and "Monte Cristo," originally dramatized in England and arranged in two parts, each to be given on a separate night, first achieved success. Important productions at the Fifth Avenue were Sardou's "Cleopatra," "A Gilded Fool," "In Mizoura," "A Woman of No Importance," "Margaret Flemming," "The Fool of Fortune," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "The Royal Box," and "Becky Sharp."

Sydney Rosenfeld, the playwright, was sent to jail for contempt of court in connection with the first American



ARTHUR WING PINERO

performance of "The Mikado," at the Union Square. The Manhattan Theater, originally called the Eagle, and then the Standard, lent its stage to the initial presentations of "Robin Hood"

and "Charley's Aunt." Henry E. Dixey and May Irwin had various stellar successes at the Bijou. Wallack's (uptown) Theater became Palmer's, and then Wallack's again, while there were activity and important work at the Broadway, the Herald Square, and a dozen other places of amusement.

Oscar Hammerstein, a familiar figure and a unique personage in theatricals, known alike for his musicianly work as a composer, his curious hat, his enterprise as a manager, his inventive genius, and his mania for putting up theaters, made a bold stroke in 1895 when he opened the building known as Hammerstein's Olympia. That venture, his fourth in erecting entertainment resorts, cost its projector his fortune, but gave to New York a combination of two theaters and a roof-garden in one structure, and pointed the way up-town to the Rialto. Since the construction of the Olympia, which includes the places now called the Criterion Theater, the New York Theater, and the New York Roof-Garden, there have been opened no fewer than fifteen new theaters, none of them farther head of the playhouse district. These down-town than what used to be the fifteen are the Hudson, the Savoy, the

Theatre Comique,

514 BROADWAY.

HARRIGAN & HART,
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Date Harrigan,
William Harrigan,
Gus W. Harrigan,
Richard Harrigan.

CONDUCTOR,
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Vocal Artist,
Gus Harrigan.

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Stage Manager,
Master Machine,
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NOTICE.—Owing to the length and importance of the PLAY, only those persons will be allowed to complain any day or artist.

HARRIGAN & HART,

Monday Evening, February 9, 1880.

100 PERFORMANCES

MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN'S Successful Comic Play.

Mulligan Guard's Christmas

Pat Turner and plans printing
We wish you everyone
Oh, hang the baby's stocking up,
Santa Claus has come.

The Joy Producers.

DAN MULLIGAN,
Mrs. WELCOME ALLUP,

*Captain Simpson Primrose,
Rev. Fulgence Pater,
Planety McFudd,
Macmuley Jangles,
Gustavus Lochmuller,
Young Dublin,
Orlando Tucker,
Rev. Ferguson Clinton,
Walsingham McNeceny,
Paddy Campbell,
Gus Lochmuller, Jr.,
Shoeleg,
Engineer,
Mr. Binnacle,
Bridget Lochmuller,
Cordelia Mulligan,
Diana McFudd,
Elmer McFudd,
Gultra, Lochmuller's Dog.*

Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN
Mr. TONY HART

*John Wild
William Gray
Welsh Edwards
Edward Durt
Harry Fisher
John Queen
William West
Charles Rhafer
Michael Bradley
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Mad. Husel
Michael Feig
John W. Dickens
Edward Barry
Annie Mack
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Marie Gorenglo
Miss Mary Bird
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A Genuine Siberian Bloodhound
Guests, Musicians, Policemen, Hackmen, Waiters, etc., by our Standard Auxiliary Corps.

THE FOLLOWING FAVORITE METROPOLITAN COMEDIANS, viz:

Mr. John Wild,
Mr. Billy Gray,
Mr. Edward Goss,
Mr. Joe Toss,
Mr. T. Cronin.

Mr. Joe Tierney,
Mr. M. Foley,
Mr. Chas. Shafer,
Mr. Wm. West,
Mr. Jas. McCallough,
Mr. Theo. Ray.

Mr. John Healey,
Mr. J. Fitzsimmons,
Mr. E. Bourke,
Mr. Jos. Buckley,
Mr. Morgan Benson.

Will participate in rendering the New Musical Burlesque, composed by Mr. DATE BRANAN, entitled.

"THE SKIDS ARE ON REVIEW"

SOUVENIR

PROGRAM OF ONE OF THE HARRIGAN AND HART SUCCESSES OF 1880

Lyceum, the New Amsterdam, the Liberty, the Lyric, the Lincoln Square, the Majestic, the Astor, the Circle, the Colonial, the Hackett, the Victoria, the Belasco, and Weber's. A sixteenth, the Stuyvesant, is under way. Forty-second Street is now the heart of the Great White Way.

In support of my optimistic comparison of the present with the past, I must ask you to consider, not the lilies, but the new and the old theaters in Gotham. Place side by side mental pictures of the Academy, a most pretentious place in its day, and of the Metropolitan; compare the Bijou or the Fourteenth Street with the Hudson or the Astor. Believe me, the result would be the same if you compared the productions of to-day with those of yesterday, the plays and players of to-day with those of yesterday. Whoever feels that all of greatness existed in an earlier generation is ignorant or prejudiced beyond reason.

No one magazine on the market would hold the roll of honor created by the theater of the past two decades. Among the authors of good plays have been Steele Mackaye, Edward Harrigan, Charles Hoyt, James A. Herne, William Gillette, Bronson Howard, Henry Guy Carleton, David Belasco, Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, Charles Klein, Richard Harding Davis, and George Ade. From two or three hundred fine actors one may select Joseph Jefferson, Charles Coghlan, Kyrle Bellew, E. M. Holland, Clara Morris, Ada Rehan, Maurice Barrymore, Wilton Lackaye, Richard Mansfield, Maude

Adams, Viola Allen, Margaret Anglin, Blanche Bates, Henrietta Crossman, Robert Edeson, Mrs. Fiske, Carlotta Nillson, N. C. Goodwin, Otis Skinner, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, David Warfield, and Frank Keenan. Moreover, there has been such an exchange of talent with other countries that the performers and the dramas of the world have become as our own. This has given us Sardou, Rostand, Barrie, Shaw, Pinero, Jones, Marshall, Chambers, Sutro, Zangwill, Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptman, Björnson, and many other writers, with the privileges of enjoying the art of Bernhardt, Coquelin, Réjane, Duse, Wolter, Sonnenthal, Irving, Terry, Robertson, Willard, Tree, Hare, and Nethersole.

As to the much-talked-of commercialism of the modern manager, I have only this to say: I do not believe that any one, in any age, has worked without what we slangily describe as "a keen eye to the main chance," and, if there have been exceptions, I lack faith in the men and women who have made them. In my short career, I have observed that good work comes generally from the people who expect good pay, and that those who cant of art and inspiration usually do little but dream. Under the guidance of our "commercial managers," New York has ceased to be a theatrical province of England, and has become the second greatest, if not the greatest, play center in the world. They have made it a city which exports as much as it imports; a metropolis with six theatrical districts and sixty theaters.



Mickey and the "Collegemen"



By CHARLES
FORT

MAYBE it was snobbishness in me, but in my early life there was things that sort of grated on me, and I had a longing for more refined ways of living. The first thing in the morning I'd be told:

"Mickey, take this dime and the flask down to the grocery-store and get me ten cents' worth of the drop. Don't you go to the corner, Mickey! I don't want my little boy to go to the saloon. They charges twice as much there. Go get your mother a nice half-pint."

I know it was snobbishness in me, but that talk didn't seem to have no culture in it; and all the rest of the day there wasn't much culture in our home, as the flask was running every hour, and the old man's best pants going into hock when the money was gone; and then pints of beer all night till the scrapping begun. Snobbishness is a bad fault, I give in, but it did seem to me there wasn't much refinement in our lives when the old man trun the lamp, and got a pint swashed back in his face for his frivolity; and then rasseling down the stairs to the courtyard; and pretty soon the sound of the gong, as the patrol-wagon backs up for the lot of us.

They was my parents, but there seemed something lacking in their cultivation; and I was so snobbish I cleared out and went boarding. Right from then there was a desire I had; it was to know and be friends with them

that's refined and talks without cussing, and don't do their scrapping out on the fire-escape.

So I get histories, and study history hard, so I'll know how to talk, if I ever do get acquainted with the refined folks I so much want to know. But how am I to form them acquaintances? I plan it all out, and see how it can be gone about.

There's a swell class of lads goes to Darcey's pool parlors; which ain't no two-cents-and-a-half-a-cue joint at all. There's three lads there; and one of them, named Delancey Bushwhacker, is preparing for to go to college in the fall. That makes a most tremendous hit with me! If I could only get acquainted with them lads; and one of them so cultivated he's going to college in the fall! Then what astonishing wisdom must be his! I study harder than ever and cultivates them lads; just longing something fierce to be refined like them. Spots them ten every time they'll play a game with me, and blows in all my wages; though it's a good trade I have. Say, just think of it! Me, which was little Mickey of the tenements, actually at last playing pool with a lad that's going to college in the fall.

My chance comes. Delancey says for me to drop around and see him next night. And I do, and go up to his room, where he is with Max Lanthorne and Harry Andrews, them other two.

"Make yourself comfortable, sport, before I tell you what the idea is. Glad to see you on time!" says Delancey.

"The pleasure is all mine!" I say, showing my manners. "That's a picture of the Battle of Gettysburg, ain't it? General Meade done grand and Pickett's Charge was in it."

And I'm just yearning for to hear him say something with Latin in it, and talk learned, so I can't understand but will respect very much. And I'm gaping at the remarkable ornaments of his room, because it's good manners to show interest in other folks' belongings.

Delancey says: "Yes, I'm preparing for college, you see."

I'm all over with awe, I am! How hard he must study, and how fortunate he is! But he points to a rack of old pipes; and what that has to do with preparing for college is more than I can see.

"And there!" he says. On the walls is the one picture I mentioned; but all

over is signs of boarding-houses and saloons and candy-stores.

"I guess I don't know much about preparing for college," I says. "The Spanish Armada came over in 1588. But what has signs to do with it?" I ask. And if he'd only say something with Greek in it! Me from the tenements and longing for cultivation are like a boiler-maker wishing for soft music to play to him once in awhile.

"Oh, every student steals signs," says Delancey. "There's no use going to college if you ain't a good sign-stealer; and I must say I'm pretty proficient, I am. Me and the gang pinched every one of these; and I think I'm proficient to make a name for myself in any college."

"Oh, yes," says Max; "sign-stealing comes first in the kooriculum."

"Look at that beer kag!" they cry. "Ain't that something of an achievement? And we swiped it ourselves from a saloon! There's Jimmie Harris down the street. He's going to college,



"Look at that beer kag!" they cry.

too. But all he's done was to swipe a platter off a free-lunch counter; sandwiches and all. He'll never mattriklate for no seat of learning on just doing that."

"But the cigar sign!" some one says. "Jimmie's got us all beat holler with his cigar sign. While he's got that great and glorious achievement to boast of, we dassen't hold up our heads in his presents."

Delancey says to me: "How'd you like to be one of us in a little enterprise? You think you could?"

"De Sota discovered the Mississippi!" I says. The others begins to laugh and wink, but Delancey says:

"All you got to do is to prove your worthiness," he says; "and we'll be glad to welcome you—for the evening."

"Try me!" I say.

I'm excited! And now we'll see whether all me studying has fitted me for refined society. Maybe they'll put me through a examination to see am I cultivated enough for to associate with them.

"General Jackson won the battle of New Orleans!" I cry. "There was seven hills of Rome. George Washington crossed the Delaware!"

"That may be so," says Delancey, not joining the laughing of the others, "but never mind that just now. You see us in great distress. There's only three of us, and we need a recruit who's strong and ready. You've heard mention of one Jimmie Harris? Well, even if he is our rival, I must say he just done a remarkable achievement. He stole the Indian cigar sign from in front of Schwartz's; and, though we can't hope to beat that exploit, we may equal it."

"Oh, yes! we can steal another!" says I, confused and not knowing much



I lept out blind into a back yard.

what I am saying, but all dazed with disappointment, as down our way there was as much cultivation as this, and more, us not stealing a poor man's goods but only from ginneys.

"Good!" says Delancey. "That's the spirit that would make a successful college career for you. Well, down the street is another cigar-store; and it has a sign just as good. The proprietor got tired of Indians; and he's got a fine wooden cop in front of his store. We can win that; and Jimmie will be beat so he'll reform or have to go down and steal the Statue of Liberty."

I just stand and look foolish and wonder what it was I expected, after

all; and these lads that was brought up proper is so childish; and wouldn't be so silly had they to work hard to live; and for a little more you'd have me suspect going to college wasn't cultivation.

"Here's a stout rope with loops on it," says Delancey. "A spry lad like you can easy climb down it, when we get to the end roof of this row of houses. Then you're on the cigar-store roof. The rope has a noose. Slings it over the sign, and the four of us pulls with all our might."

And I do like they say, because I'm in their room and don't know how to refuse, but just feeling disgust for the foolishness of them.

We goes over the row of roofs, and I'm the one that climbs down to the cigar-store roof. It's dark and getting late, and there don't seem to be no difficulty. I looks over the edge and see the sign, and with one throw lands the noose around the middle of it. Me

on one roof and the others twenty feet above pulls for all we're worth. And all the time we had the idea it could be did nice and quiet and no excitement. Say, the whole front of the store is busted in as we tug and drag. A window-frame goes smash. There's the most fearful hollering and most frightful roars. The roof-gutter breaks off, but our souls is in the dragging on that rope; and a blue mass comes bobbing up over.

I don't know yet how I got down, except that I lept out blind into a back yard. And just what was the reflections and sentiments of that fine two-hundred-and-fifty-pound cop when all of a sudden he felt himself swinging skyward is something I'm not investigating.

I gave it up then. I do long for cultivation; but for preparing for college, I ain't got the true spirit, and ain't quite silly enough.



INDIGNANT.

MAGISTRATE—You are charged with changing one-dollar bills into twos.

PRISONER—Your honor, I didn't know it was a crime to change a dollar bill, and I protest against being arrested because I tried to raise a little money for myself.



SO SUDDEN.

MISS SWEETE—You've taken photographs of all the girls down here; why do you refuse to take mine?

MR. COEDACK—Because I'm going to ask for the original, and do not want a negative!



TOO EASY.

MISS CICERO—Here is an example for you, Willie. A boy skates two miles the first day, three miles the second day, four miles the third day—

WILLIE—Shucks! I could beat dat example widout half trying!



AS HE CALCULATED.

TEACHER—If a boy can shovel one yard of snow in five minutes, how much will he shovel in an hour?

SCHOLAR—About a yard an' a half—he'll stop den an' go ter makin' a snow-man!



THE OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL IN NEW YORK

by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

NEW YORK at the beginning of the new year has much to offer the out-of-town girl in the way of styles and bargains. She knows this, wise little girl that she is, so she makes an early start, coming to New York directly after the holidays.

This idea of hers is not a bad one, for not only is the season at its height, with the prevailing modes fully recognized, but the shops are beginning to bargain off what they have, in order to make room for what they are going to have.

Spring is already in the air. In fact, there are days when summer seems to be in the air, too, for the shop-windows are filled with the first display of the sheer cotton fabrics which are so suggestive of June sunshine and June roses.

Surely, it is hard for the fashionable woman these days to keep track of the seasons, for the summery Palm Beach costumes crowd the Christmas novelties out of the shops, so closely do they follow each other.

Our little out-of-town girl enjoyed

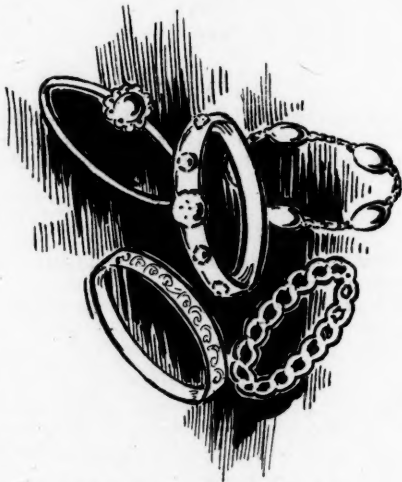
immensely her first glimpse of the new organdies, mousselines, and cotton voiles; and she got many a suggestion, even though it was January, which would help her later on in making her own summer clothes. Any number of guimpe dresses were displayed, each one introducing some little new touch. She gazed with wonder at the exquisite fineness of the new lingerie shirt-waists, and she was also interested in the tailored cotton waists which were built

on plainer and more severe lines than ever before. As for the bargains, they tempted her in every way both as to price and beauty.

The out-of-town girl was also much impressed with the novelties and oddities in the way of fashion which she saw in the shops, at the opera, the matinees, and in the smart restaurants. These fashions may be termed the after-thoughts; the

suggestions of what is unique and chic, to be worn with the costumes which have already been adopted.

You know that wily, wonderful, and



Bangles are the jewelry fad of the hour.



Here's novelty for you! The feather boa appearing as a hat-trimming and neck-piece combined.

elusive person-
a ge Madame
Fashion is never
satisfied. Each
day she must
have a new tri-
umph, and so the
unusual is ever
pushing the con-
ventional aside.
Take the new hats
which greeted the
out-of-town girl.
Each new one that
she saw quite out-
rivalled the last one,
at least as far as its
oddity was con-
cerned.

Some years it is
the crown of the hat
which displays its
chief eccentricity;
this year, though the
crowns are living up
to their old-time rep-
utations, it is with
the brims that the
chief liberties have
been taken. They
are disappearing
from the front and

widening out at the back in the most astonishing of ways, and they are slashed and bent and frilled according to the caprice of the individual milliner, or perhaps more truthfully speaking, the individual wearer. At any rate, they are manipulated in such a way that even the girl of fashion is apt to be pretty well puzzled over which is the back and which is the front of her newest chapeaux. As for the trimming, well, the latest made our little out-of-town girl stare with wonder. It was a feather boa used as a hat-trimming and yet not losing at all its original purpose. That is, it was a neck-piece and hat-trimming in one. The first hat which the out-of-town girl saw trimmed in this most novel manner was a pale blue felt creation trimmed with two big pink velvet-petaled roses and a long ostrich feather in shades of white and brown. At the left side of the hat one end of the boa was draped so that it had the effect of an ostrich plume. It fell over the brim gracefully and rested on the hair. The other end of the boa wound itself about the hat, crossing the front and falling in one long end at the right side well toward the back. The girl who appeared in this hat wore a deep ivory-colored chiffon broadcloth gown, and she manipulated her feather boa in the most graceful manner, apparently quite unconscious that it had any connection with her hat. This same girl had her glacé kid gloves embroidered in a design to match the flowers on her hat. The long kid glove decorated with embroidery was something entirely new to the out-of-town girl, but she discovered these gloves afterward at one of the big shops. Embroidered kid armlets and others with insets of lace are among the novelties at the glove-counters these days—not at the bargain counters. These armlets are worn with short gloves and fasten to them invisibly.

The long-glove bracelets grow more and more elaborate. At one time a piece of silk-covered elastic edged with a little lace frill and finished with a small rosette was considered quite the

proper thing for keeping up the long glove, but now the glove bracelet is more often a jewel-studded affair.

Of course it did not take the out-of-town girl long to discover that bangles are among the latest fads. It is not uncommon for a girl to wear a dozen bangles on one arm. When so many are worn they are made of narrow bands of gold, each set with a single jewel. Very wide gold bracelets are also worn, and the more old fashioned in design they are, the better they are liked. Turquoise matrix is much used for bangles, and jade is also in fashionable favor. Among the bangles, many of the newest show circles of garnets. The bracelet set with the wearer's natal stone is also high in favor.

Not many days after our out-of-town girl had met the feather boa, which had posed also as a hat-trimming, she had another surprise on much the same order. She was invited to be one of a theater box-party; and there, most unexpectedly, she was brought face to face with an evening coat which bore a remarkable resemblance to her own cotton crape kimono. Of course it was a glorified kimono, but a kimono it was, just the same, and its owner wore it with an air of pride

and a manner which plainly said: "This is a French novelty, and I'm charmed with it." This kimono evening coat was of satin in a very pale shade of blue, almost a washed-out tint. Upon this were embroidered tall conventionalized flowers, with the leaves worked in dull and delicate shades of green, outlined with bold gold threads. An

embroidered band of a darker shade of blue outlined the neck and trimmed the upper part of the front of the coat in stole effect. It was finished with three gold tassels, with a few blue threads mingling with the glittering yellow ones. The pronounced kimono sleeves were also finished with an embroidered band and a tassel.

The out-of-town girl fell quite in love with this coat, though at first it had seemed out of place at the theater, and, being a very clever young person,

she determined to have an evening coat for herself very much like it. The result was that on her next shopping excursion she bought a plain black satin kimono. This she had stamped with a conventionalized flower, and when she gets back home again she plans to embroider it in dull green and gold threads. She also bought a few yards



Fancy neck-ruffs and muffs are the height of fashion. This one is made of silk, dotted net and velvet.



Every picture, pillow, etc.

of trimming—black embroidered in green—she will use to outline sleeves; and her last sufficient quilted silk

"I wouldn't think I could wear in my home a kimono evening coat," said the out-of-town girl to the friend on her shopping excursion, as mine will be black, not to get too many of the embroidery, I can be really smart and conspicuous, after a

"My! but the new fad for neck-pieces this year," said the out-of-town friend the other day, musing over the selection of these sets. Such a variety of new



picture, pillow, etc., must have its own special happy memory or it is not eligible for a place in the Memory Den.

imming—black satin bands emerged in green and gold—and this will use to outline the neck and the es; and her last purchase was sufficient quilted silk for the lining.

wouldn't think of attempting to in my home town a gay-colored no evening coat," said the out-of-girl to the friend who went with n her shopping-tours, "but as long ne will be black and I am careful o get too many gold threads into nbroidery, I can't see why it won't ully smart and yet not so awfully icuous, after all."

y! but the New York girl has a or neck-pieces and muffs this said the out-of-town girl to a the other day when she was g over the styles she had met arriving in town. "All the best-d girls seem to be making a col- n of these sets. I have never seen a variety of neck-pieces in my life.

I wouldn't want to be the father who has to pay the bill for his daughter's neck-ruffs this season. I have just written mother about the last one I saw, and as you were not with me," she continued, addressing her friend, "you must hear about it, too. I know you will think it sounds awfully gay, but it wasn't; the neck-piece was made of peach-colored taffeta, and it looked as though there were three ruffles—a deep one which laid pretty flat and two shorter ones below it. What 'took' me about it was that they were covered with brown net which had a little chenille dot through it; then each ruffle was edged with brown chenille, and right above it was a row of brown velvet circles. These circles of velvet must have been glued on, because I sat right next to the girl in the subway who wore it, and I couldn't see the sign of a stitch. It fastened in front with loops and ends of brown velvet, and the girl

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XUM



The kimono now appears at the theater as a fashionable evening cloak.

carried a muff to match made of the same silk and net, with two full ruffles at the ends. I really think I am beginning to show signs of a genius, because I know I can make a neck-piece rather on the plan of this one, but even prettier. Instead of having the circles of velvet, I am going to have my neck-ruff trimmed with velvet pansies. It will be easy enough to cut them out, and I will glue them to the silk just as the circles were put on this one that I have just seen. I think I will have my neck-piece of pale violet silk veiled with the brown net, and then I will have the pansies in different shades of violet and purple.

That will be pretty stunning, to say nothing of original, won't it?" questioned our little out-of-town girl.

"Yes, indeed," said her friend, "you are the cleverest girl in the world, and I just love to have you here in town where you can see things. By the way, I want to tell you about a den that a girl friend of mine has just been fixing up. She calls it her memory den, and she declared to me the other day, when I was over there, that she was not going to put one thing in it that didn't have some happy memory connected with it. Of course, this was not to apply to the furniture, but merely to the decorations.

"To begin with, the colorings in her den were buff and brown. One of the first things she called my attention to was a silk tapestry screen framed in brown wood. This she had made to order especially for her, its novel feature being that the upper part of the screen was formed of different pictures.

They were all of a size, and were so arranged in the brown woodwork that each appeared to be framed. Each one of these pictures, I was told, could boast of its own particular happy memory. The wall—that is,

the little you could see of it—was covered with cartridge-paper in an artistic shade of buff, and every picture in that room, no matter where it was hung, on the wall or standing on the top of the bookshelves or wherever it was—every single picture was framed in brown wood. I noticed especially that in hanging the pictures they were grouped most artistically. It was evident that in arranging them they had been purposely grouped. Sometimes the grouping reached up rather close to the ceiling, and then again on another part of the wall the pictures were arranged conspicuously low. There were a number of college flags, golf-sticks, paddles, and tennis-rackets about the room, used in the way of decoration; and these, too, each and every one, had happy memories connected with them. It was the same way with the cushions on the divan. They interested me greatly. There was one made of leather postal cards, each of which contained some pleasant greeting. The back of this pillow was of brown felt, and the postal cards were joined together with embroidery stitches worked in gold threads and brown floss. Another pillow I saw was covered with a piece of a certain silk frock which the owner



The latest in gloves
is the detachable embroidered kid armlet.

of the den had reasons of her own for wishing to preserve. In speaking of this pillow, she confided to me that *some one* had liked this frock better than any she had ever worn, and for this reason, and for some others which she just couldn't tell, she wanted to have one of her pillows covered with it, and as far as its memories were concerned it had more than all the other things in the room put together. Another very pretty pillow was covered with a small silky-looking Turkish rug. I spied it at once and spoke of its lovely coloring; but it wasn't selected for that, I was informed; and this was the way it went all through the little den. There were happy memories everywhere to the girl who had planned it, some which she spoke of, and some which she wanted to keep locked up in her own heart. I liked the idea so much that I am going to have a memory den just as soon as I can."

"Oh! and I will, too," interrupted our out-of-town girl; "and I shall begin collecting 'memories' right away. How I will enjoy storing up souvenirs, and then when I get back home living all the happy experiences over again, as I know I will every time I go into my den."

Perhaps some other girls will be interested in a Den of Happy Memories.



WHERE LOVE LEADS

BY
CHARLES GARVICE



CHAPTER XXVI.

"THE Countess of Normandyke!" Larry repeated the words mechanically, almost inaudibly, his eyes fixed on the beautiful vision; and Lady Marie stood still, regarding him with surprise and a faint, vague apprehension; for his face had gone pale beneath its tan and his brows were knit as if with pain—or was it anger and indignation?

"What is the matter?" she asked, with a touch of hauteur in her voice, for his expression was growing hard and cold, and, yes, there *was* anger in his dark eyes. "Why do you stare at me so? Why are you so—silent? Can you not speak? You wanted to see Lady Normandyke; well, I am she."

"You are the countess?" he said at last. "You—Lady Marie?"

"Yes," she said, taking a step nearer to him, a step, but no farther. "It was my mother's title; I inherited it from her. It is mine, my very own. Did you not know it? You must have known it, Larry!"

"No," he said mechanically.

"No? You must have heard it in the old days!"

"No," he said again. "If I did, I have forgotten; and it is not likely I should have forgotten."

She shrugged her shoulders. "That is strange. I thought every one in Ravenford knew it; I thought you would remember it the moment I told you, reminded you."

"Why did you play this trick with me, Lady Marie?" he asked.

She laughed, but the laugh was an uneasy one; for he was still regarding her under knit brows, with the strange expression on his face.

"Well, it was a trick," she said, as if she were on the defensive. "But surely it was a very harmless one!"

"Harmless!" dropped from his lips.

"Yes; it seemed so strange, so ridiculous for you to be asking me about *myself*, my other self; and I thought it would be amusing to keep that other self silent for a day or two. It was so funny to hear you inquiring for the person who was by your side all the time. Surely you are not angry, Larry!"

The hauteur in her tone softened as she put the question; but as his face remained hard and cold and his manner unyielding, she flushed and raised her eyebrows proudly.

"You treat me as if I were a girl, a schoolgirl who has misbehaved herself, and done something terribly serious. What is the matter? Why do you not sit down?"

But he stood, his hand resting on the

back of a chair; and, with a shrug of the shoulders, she sank on to a divan.

"Well, you know now," she said. "Here is the countess for whom you have been inquiring—and she is at your service. Oh, Larry," she broke off, wrestling with a smile, "it was such fun to have you asking for me, to see your grave face when I said that the countess had not returned. I knew you couldn't have any very important business, that it wouldn't matter if I kept up the fun—the trick, if you like the word better—for a little while."

"Not matter!" he echoed. Her lightness, her mirth seemed to him ghastly. He had come to tell her of his love, his lifelong love for her; and now—

"Why do you keep repeating my words like a parrot, like a person who is too shocked for speech on his own account?" she demanded. "Surely there cannot be anything abominably wicked in being the Countess of Normandyke—or is it because you can't forgive me for deceiving you for a day or two? I thought that we had been rather—rather happy, Larry; you and I."

"Happy!" She made a gesture of impatience, and he added: "Yes; I have been happy, God knows! Too happy. That makes it so much the harder."

"Makes what so much harder?" she said. "My identity—double identity? But why? What is it you wanted to see the countess—me—about?"

"You?" he said, with a sad significance and stifling a groan. That which he had come to say to Lady Marie could now never be spoken. But the Countess of Normandyke remained.

"I came on a mission at the request of another man," he said. "I came on his behalf."

"To Lady Normandyke—or Lady Marie?" she asked.

"To both," he said. "I came from Lord Belmayne."

The smile that still lingered in her eyes—for, be sure, she knew, being a woman, that there was love behind his sternness, his sadness, and his reproachful gaze—faded, and her face grew pale.

"Philip!" she breathed, with amazement and vague apprehension. "Philip! You come from him, with a message from him?"

"Yes," he said gravely. "From the marquis."

"But—but where did you see him? You have not been to Ravensford!—Ah, yes! In London!"

"No; not in London," he responded. "Here in France, in Rouen. It was he who tried to save me from being robbed. He came up too late to save the rubies; but, in the attempt, he got shot by the thief; he was badly wounded, and is lying ill, dangerously so, at a hotel in Rouen."

She gazed at him, still with astonishment and amazement.

"Philip! Saved you—wounded!" she murmured mechanically.

"Yes; that is it," said Larry, in a low voice. "It was in attempting to save me that he was injured. I've little doubt that I owe my life to him."

"And he is ill?" she said, still as if she could scarcely realize what had happened.

"Very ill. At any rate, unable to move, to travel. That is why he sent me."

"Ah, yes; he—sent—you," she said, as if she were striving to understand the full significance of the words.

"Yes; he was coming to you—"

Her face, which had been pale, grew suddenly hot and scarlet.

"Then you know?" she breathed.

Larry's head drooped.

"How much do you know?" she asked, in a low voice, and yet almost defiantly.

"I know—he told me—he was half-delirious—that you had left him; that you had promised to be his wife, but had taken flight just before the wedding."

She turned her face away; then, as if ashamed of her weakness, she turned again to him and looked at him steadily.

"Yes; I did," she said. "Did he tell you why?"

"No. Why?" he asked, taken un-
aware.

"Because I found—I changed my mind," she broke off haughtily.

"You—changed your mind!" His face darkened. "You! Lady Marie!"

"Yes, I!" she responded coldly. "But, no matter. He asked you to take his place, to—to—pursue me. To—what end?"

"To take you back to him," he said.

She gazed at him, her brows drawn straight, her eyes flashing.

"And you—knowing me——"

"No," he said huskily. "You forget. I did not know you. I did not know it was Lady Marie to whom I was being sent; it was the Countess of Normandyke. But if it had been——"

He stopped, and she eyed him coldly, but her bosom was heaving.

"Well? Why do you hesitate? If you had known that Lady Marie and the Countess of Normandyke were one and the same person?"

"I should have come, all the same," he said quietly. "He stood between me and my foe. He was wounded, ill, dying on my account. And, besides——"

"Besides?" she echoed.

"He treated me as a friend, trusted me."

"And you sided with him, against me—you side with him still?" she said, with a catch of her breath.

"Yes," he said gloomily but firmly. "You promised to marry him. A promise is a promise. And—he loves you, Lady Marie."

The words left his lips as if they were wrung from him, as if the utterance cost him a pang of physical pain; and at his tone the blood rose to her face, then left it pale to whiteness.

"Yes—he loved me," she said almost to herself. "He loved me. That is true."

There was silence for a moment or two; then she said, rather haughtily:

"So, that was your mission to the Countess of Normandyke? Do you consider that you have fulfilled it?"

"No; not yet," he replied, after a slight pause. "I have promised to take you back to him."

She stared at him as he paused.

"You have promised—to take me

back!" she exclaimed with a hauteur, a proud amazement, that should have crushed him. But Larry was not easily crushed when he was on the war-path of duty, when he was bent upon doing what he considered the right thing. His lips drew straight, and he regarded her sternly.

"Yes," he said. "That was my promise, Lady Marie."

"But—but if I refuse!" she said half-fiercely, half-plaintively.

"Oh, you won't refuse," he responded quietly and with a sigh.

"I will not? Why do you say that?" she demanded.

"Because I know you—I beg your pardon; but, yes—I'll let it stand at that. I do know you, Lady Marie; I know how proud you are, too proud to do any man a wrong, to break your word. Why, to promise to marry a man must be, with such as you, as good as an oath. You won't break it. You're too—too——" he hunted for a word, but had to be satisfied with the simple but pregnant one, "good"—"too good to go back on a man and wreck his life just because the whim seized you that you'd rather not marry him."

"The whim!" she echoed resentfully, and yet with a troubled brow and fluttering lashes.

"It must have been only a whim, a fancy," he said rather wearily, as if the discussion were harassing him, were inflicting a pain almost intolerable. "You would not have given your word, pledged yourself to him unless you had—cared for him."

She turned her face away. It was evident that he did not know, had never heard of, or had forgotten the compact made by her father and Philip's mother.

"What will you do if, unmoved by your arguments, your reproaches, I shall refuse to—to go back?" she asked, as if to exasperate him.

He frowned.

"Take you," he said grimly.

"Take me!" She laughed as if with simple amusement; but her eyes flashed, her lips quivered, and she sprang to her

feet, and, after confronting him defiantly, fell to pacing the room.

Larry held the high-backed chair and leaned against it, his chin almost on his breast; but he was watching her under his bent brows.

"That makes you angry, Lady Marie," he said, in a low voice, but one that was quite firm and unyielding. "But what else can I do? I have given my promise; and I've got an awkward knack of keeping promises. The mar-

said, by the tone of his voice, how badly he wants you. It's just life or death to him. I know—now that I've learned that the countess is you—that he must have loved you"—his voice sank on the word "loved" as if it were a sacred word—"all his life, since you were boy and girl. Do you know what that means?" He paused a moment to steady his voice; and she stopped in her pacing and glanced at him covertly, so that he did not notice it, and waited



"You come from him, with a message from him?"

quis trusted me; I cannot betray him or be faithless to him. You think I'm a presumptuous cad; perhaps I am. But what else can I do? Put yourself in my place. But forgive me," he broke off, a little less sternly, "you will go back to him. You will reflect that he is ill and weak—I left him only half-conscious, very ill with fever—and—and lame."

She started and shrank; and he went on still more gently:

"He is unhappy. No wonder! And he—he wants you! I know by what he

with hushed breath for his next words. They came as if with an effort.

"It means that he has thought of nothing else but you all these years; that he has just lived in the hope of winning you; that the hope has been life itself; that he has put that hope before everything on earth—money, fame, rank, the desire of life, everything; that with every morning's light your vision has come into the room with the sunlight; that it has hovered about him during the night, and that his dreams have been haunted by it;

that in the song of some bird, the sound of the sea, the wind of the trees, he has heard the music of your voice; in short, that all the world has spelt just 'Marie' to him;—and nothing else counted!"

He had been carried away by his unconscious eloquence—the truest kind of eloquence, that which speaks directly from the heart and describes the emotion, the pain, the travail of one's own soul—and he paused breathless. She also had been breathless during the exhortation, and now she drew a long sigh; her eyes half-closed and her bosom heaved with a kind of painful joy. For she knew, she knew that he was, all unwittingly, all innocently, telling her of his own love.

"You—you think he cares for me so—so much?" she asked, in so low a voice that he could scarcely hear her.

"I do," he replied, with an emphatic nod. "I'm sure of it. And therefore you will go back to him, Lady Marie, will you not? You cannot break your word."

"Yes," she said, her head bent low with humiliation, her eyelashes covering her eyes so that he could not see them. "I will go back. You are right. My—my pride—you have not appealed to it in vain."

"Not your pride only," he said, in a dull voice. "But your—well, I suppose it's your conscience. It's just simply because you *have* to do the straight thing."

"It is no matter," she said. "Go to him and tell him——"

He raised his eyes. They had a tired look in them, but they were steady and unflinching.

"No," he said. "You will come back with me. And it must be at once."

She started, and, throwing up her head, regarded him haughtily; it was the countess trying to look down the presumptuous fisher-boy. But the fisher-boy was a man now; and the agony that racked his heart gave him strength to play the tyrant and fight for her honor, for the integrity of her plighted word.

"Do you mean that you insist—*insist!*—upon my actually traveling to Rouen with you? And at once?"

He nodded. "If you put it that way, yes," he said. "I promised to take you back. He said you would come; and he was right. He knew you well enough; you see, he loves you. A man always knows the woman he loves. And we must go at once. As I have told you, the marquis is ill; he may be—he is *very* ill. You understand? The sight of you, the knowledge that—that you have returned, that everything is all right again, will do more to pull him round than all the doctors."

"Do you propose that we should go to-night?" she demanded, with fine sarcasm. "It is late; but I imagine it won't be impossible to get a special train."

A Continental Bradshaw lay on the table among some other books. In his practical way Larry took it up, and carried it to the candelabra. As he bent to turn over the pages, the light fell full upon his face, and she saw how white and haggard and wan it was, noticed the lines which the interview had graven there, and the dullness, the weariness of the dark eyes. A thrill ran through her, half of pity for him, half of exultation. He had looked so well, so happy a few hours ago!

Supposing, now, she were to go to him, lay her hand on his shoulder, whisper: "Larry, dear Larry! Don't be hard on me—don't be cruel to us both?"

She was half-tempted, her breath came painfully, she took a step toward him, her hand outstretched.

But he looked up at that moment, and the misery, the sternness in his eyes, the sternness of a man who had fought self and conquered, quelled her and robbed her of her courage; and her arm dropped to her side.

"There is a train leaves the junction at Beaumaire at a little after midnight. We could catch it with a pair of good horses, and reach Rouen long before the morning train from here would reach there."

"You propose that we should start,

travel by night!" she said, with a kind of dull amazement.

"Yes; you forget that he is ill."

"Yes; I forgot," she said almost meekly. "Well"—she shrugged her shoulders—"I am at your service. Will you be so good as to ring that bell?"

He crossed the magnificent room and rang the bell, and a footman entered.

"A carriage with a pair of the best horses in—an hour. Will that do?" She asked the question of Larry without turning her head toward him.

He looked at his watch.

"Yes. It had better be a closed carriage; the night will be chilly."

"A closed carriage," she said obediently.

When the man had bowed and left the room, Larry said, looking at his watch again:

"I will go down to the inn."

"I will send a carriage," she put in, but he waved the offer aside.

"I'd rather walk." He knew that he could not sit in a carriage; that he could best continue the fight, keep up his courage, on foot. "It will not take me ten minutes to pack and pay my bill. I will be waiting for you, Lady Marie."

He picked up his soft hat and made for the door; but a word from her stayed him.

"You are not afraid that I shall—change my mind?" she said, with an irony which she knew to be cruel.

"No," he said, in his simple, direct way. "No; I am not afraid. There won't be time."

Unwittingly he had paid her back, and, wincing, she turned away.

He paused for a second—she was standing before a mirror, and it reflected his face, and she saw the agony he allowed his face to express for that one moment—then she heard the door close behind him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Larry left the house and walked quickly down the hill.

He was in a peculiar frame of mind. He had done his duty; but at what a cost! If duty cost nothing, were no

trouble, how easy it would be to always do it! And what angels on earth we should all become!

He had done his duty; and the consciousness of that fact ought to have consoled him and filled him with the satisfaction which is, or should be, virtue's reward. But Larry was a man and not an angel; and he could not help reflecting that, if he had thought less of honor and more of himself—well, instead of being the most miserable man on earth at this moment he might have been the most deliriously happy.

At any rate, he would have been spared the task of restoring the woman he loved, had loved all his life, to the arms of another man.

The night had become overcast; there were clouds which, though they had brought rain beyond the hills, had not yet poured it out on the valley. The wind was rising, and he could hear the stream brawling as if it were in sport. But through the roar of the wind and the noise of the river he could hear Lady Marie's voice still ringing in his ears; could see, in the darkness, the vision of the lovely face on which had been depicted the varied emotions which the interview had evoked; now half-bantering, then pathetic, now full of pride and hauteur, then almost meek and humble; but always, let what might be its expression, overpoweringly lovely in his eyes, torturing him with its inexpressible charm.

He was giving her up forever. All his life would be spent in infinite, unending regret. All very well to think of forgetfulness; but he knew that there could be no forgetfulness for him. The boy-love for the girl who had lain asleep at his feet in his boat had grown into the passion of the man, the passion that scoffs at time's healing touch, that will endure while there is breath in the body, sight in the eyes, and a memory that can travel back to the past.

They were anxious about him at the inn; and the hostess received him with as much relief and joy as if he were a prodigal son returning from untold dangers. And, when she heard that he

proposed leaving in less than half an hour, that he was going to travel by road to Beaumaire, she was aghast and full of regrets and vague fears.

"It is a bad road, monsieur; but, yes!" she said impressively—and how impressive the Norman peasant can be! "It is a long and dangerous journey. And at night! Surely monsieur will wait till the morning, when the weather will be propitious! Behold, monsieur, how the wind has risen, how the rain will descend!"

But when Larry had convinced her that his departure and the night journey were inevitable, she promptly concerned herself with his comfort; got him wine, hot chocolate, and cakes, and herself brought him a small glass of cordial.

"Monsieur looks pale—and no wonder," she said commiseratingly, "with such a night of travel in prospect!"

He had scarcely packed and eaten his supper before he heard the carriage coming swiftly down the road.

When he had left Marie, she had sunk on to the divan and hidden her face in her hands. She could hear his retreating footsteps; and they sounded ominous in her ears. Larry had gone. He had been angry with her, stern and commanding; he who yesterday, the day before, this very morning had been all gentleness and kindness. And she was going to do what he had ordered her; she was going to let him take her back to Philip!

It was cruel, cruel! And yet it was just. It was so like Larry to sacrifice himself. But was he, after all, sacrificing? She could scarcely believe that any man would surrender the woman he loved to another man. Perhaps she was mistaken, and he did not love her? And yet, how happy, oh, how happy, they two had been for the last few, too few, days!

She recalled almost every word he had spoken, and, more important still than speech, every look. And Larry's eyes had been eloquent. Surely she was not mistaken, and they had said, as plainly as eyes could speak: "I love you! Dear, I love you!" And, too, he

had spoken, actually spoken; for what did his cry of "Marie!" mean which had sprung from his lips as he had taken her in his arms?

Suddenly she remembered that he had given her an hour. Only an hour! And she was sitting here questioning her heart, recalling his words and his looks as if she had sixty days instead of sixty minutes in which to obey him. Obey! Yes; that was the word. She obeyed him as if she were his—his wife!

The crimson flooded her face at the word, and she sprang up and called for her maid.

Meadows was staggered at the information that she was to travel by night, and at the shortness of the notice.

"Oh, my lady, I shall never get packed in time!" she exclaimed, aghast.

"Nonsense!" said Marie quite sharply for her. "You will not need to take much; just a box, a portmanteau. I will help you."

Marie's idea of help was to pull out all the drawers, and she proceeded to do this, much to Meadows' confusion and distress.

"Oh, my lady, if you'd be so good as to dress yourself—but you can't, I'm afraid!—and leave the packing to me!" she suggested.

"Oh, yes, I can," retorted Marie. "I am going in that brown tweed traveling costume: where is it? Never mind, I'll find it. Oh, *please* go and do the packing! We must start in an hour—or less! We *must not* be late. He will be waiting for us, and he will be angry."

"He? Who, my lady?" asked the amazed Meadows.

Marie bit her lip. "Never mind! Don't waste time asking questions. Please go!"

She got the costume, but she paused half a dozen times as she took off the exquisite evening dress, and gazed absently, helplessly into vacancy. She had put on the most beautiful, at any rate, the most effective of her wardrobe, her diamonds, her jewels to—win Larry's admiration, to awe him—just as a housemaid might put on her

best frock and hat, and deck herself with ribbons for the conquest of the coachman or the tradesman!—and Larry, if he had admired her, had not been awed, had not been moved an inch from his purpose; for here she was obeying his orders—which were that she should let him take her back to the man from whom she had flown!

It was almost incredible; and yet it was true. And she must not be late, or he would be angry, forsooth!

Her face flushed, her eyes shone through the tears that welled up into them.

"I might be the housemaid herself; the meek and patient Griselda! No—I do a self-respecting servant-girl an injustice. She wouldn't let a man order her about as he has ordered me! And yet he is right, right, right! Yes; that's the worst of it. He is right, and it is because he is, that I just bow my head and do as he commands me."

She dressed herself, and as she fixed her serviceable felt hat, she went to the door and called Meadows.

"Are you ready? Have the box, or whatever it is, taken down to the hall."

"Yes, my lady!" replied Meadows, in an evident fluster. "I have nearly finished."

"Be quick!" said Marie. "I hear the carriage!"

She went down to the hall, and a couple of footmen brought down the baggage. Marie stood, her watch in her hand, gazing up the stairs; and presently Meadows came down with her mistress' jewel-case in one hand and her dressing-bag in the other.



She caught at the banisters, and uttered a cry of alarm.

"I think I have brought everything you will want, my lady," she said, in a nervous, agitated voice. "Oh! Will your ladyship want some food?"

"Food! Don't be ridiculous!" retorted Marie, with a laugh that was almost as nervous and agitated as Meadows' voice.

"I didn't know, my lady," said Meadows meekly, but still anxiously.

She had paused at the top of the last step to ask the question, and, thinking she had reached the hall, she stepped forward, slipped, and almost fell. She caught at the banisters, and uttered a cry of alarm that was almost immediately followed by one of pain.

"Oh, pray be quiet, Meadows!" said Marie, almost piteously. "What is the matter?"

Meadows sat down on the step and looked up at her mistress with solemn ruefulness.

"I've done something to my ankle, my lady; strained it, or something," she said, as if in despair.

With a cry of dismay, Marie hurried to her and helped her to rise; but Meadows moaned, and shook her head:

"It's no use, my lady. I can't stand. It's a sprain, I do believe!"

"Oh, what shall I do!" Marie breathed, almost miserably. "I cannot go! And yet—and yet I *must*! Oh, I must."

She paced up and down, every now and then bending over and touching Meadows pityingly; and yet with an eye to the carriage, the lamps of which shone in the darkness.

"If you must go, you must go, my lady," said Meadows, with the common sense of a well-trained servant. "It's very bad now, and I know I couldn't walk, and shouldn't be of any use to you. If I'm able, I'll follow you to-morrow, or, if not, the next day."

Marie drew a long breath, and glanced from Meadows to the carriage undecidedly; then at last she yielded to the mental vision of Larry standing, watch in hand, at the window, and thinking that she had broken faith with him.

"Yes; I must go, and at once. But to leave you in such pain and not to know—— But you will follow me to Rouen, Meadows, to the Grand. Oh, I'm so sorry! And I—I wanted you so much! But——!"

She shrugged her shoulders, stooped and kissed the girl on her forehead, and almost ran through the hall.

"Drive quickly; to the inn in the valley," she said, as she entered the carriage.

She leaned forward as the lights of the inn became visible, but at sight of the tall figure standing like a sentinel at the door, she dropped back, and assumed a half-weary, half-indifferent air.

Larry came forward to the carriage window and raised his cap; and, still leaning back, she said:

"I am afraid I am late; but my maid

had an accident just as we were starting. She has sprained her ankle."

"I'm sorry," said Larry. "Yes; we are a little late. But we can put on a little pace."

He glanced at the horses with an experienced and critical eye, nodded, as if with approval, and mounted to the box beside the coachman.

Just as they were starting, the hostess ran round with a small white parcel, which she thrust into Larry's hand.

"Pardon, monsieur! It is a small refreshment; monsieur may need it! *Bon voyage*, monsieur, and a speedy return!"

Larry leaned down and shook hands with her for the second time, and the high-fettled horses dashed forward and sped out into the darkness.

They had not gone a mile before the rain began to fall heavily. The coachman, an old man and a weather-wise one, had already donned his mackintosh. Larry had a light overcoat; but was unconscious of the rain until the coachman respectfully called his attention to it, remarking that monsieur would get wet and be discommoded; and Larry put on the coat, though he knew that the thing would not keep out the rain for long. The night grew very black, and the wind howled so loudly that the beat of the horses' hoofs could not be heard.

Marie, leaning back among her comfortable cushions, listened to the storm, and thought of Larry exposed to it. She bore the fact for some time; then suddenly she pulled the check-string.

"Madame the countess wants something," said the coachman.

Larry got down and went to the window, and Marie lowered it.

"It is raining, is it not?" she asked coldly.

"A little," said Larry.

"You had better come inside," she said.

"Oh, no, thank you; it's nothing," he responded, as he shut up the window quickly to keep out the pelting rain; and he got up on the box seat again.

Lady Marie bit her lips as she fell back. She could not insist upon his

accepting her invitation. If he disliked her company so much—well, he must get wet. But presently there came a flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder. As a rule, Marie was not timid in a storm; but to-night her nerves were overstrained; and, when the sky again opened and the darkness was rent by a fearful light which was succeeded by a roar of thunder as if the clouds had exploded and fallen to the earth, she uttered a faint cry and covered a little. And at the same moment she thought of Larry outside. The horses had taken fright at the last terrific clap, and the carriage was swaying to and fro to an alarming extent, so much so that she feared it would overturn. But after awhile it proceeded more steadily; and she pulled the check-string again.

Again Larry got down and came to the window; and she saw that he was very wet, and that the water was streaming from his face and hair.

"Are you frightened?" he asked, as he opened the door a little way.

"No—yes," she said sharply. "I insist upon you're sitting inside. You are wet through—"

"And I should make you, the carriage, wet," he said. "I'll stay outside, Lady Marie."

"Then I will go no farther," she remarked, in a tone of decision. "Tell Adolphe to turn and drive back to Normandyke, please. Do you think I can remain here, safe and in comfort, while you are out there, in this awful storm! And—and you may be struck by lightning. Tell Adolphe to turn, please!"

"The odds against my being struck are about two million to one," he said grimly. "But if you insist—"

"I do," she said firmly.

With a gesture of reluctant resignation he took off his overcoat, flung it under the box seat, shook his cap, wiped as much of the rain as he could from his face and neck, and, stepping into the carriage, took the seat opposite her, of course.

Marie closed her eyes, and he leaned back with his arms folded and his head bent. The storm raged on, and, after

another awful crash, as if the whole world had crumbled into ruins about their ears, she said, after Adolphe had succeeded in checking the horses:

"I suppose they will bolt altogether presently, and the carriage will be overturned?"

"I think not," said Larry. "The man is a capable driver, and is not a bit nervous. He had the horses well in hand all the way. I'm sorry it is such a bad night."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Have you any idea where we are?" she asked.

"No; I haven't," he replied. "But the man knows the road; he got the directions from the inn. We shall catch the train all right, I think."

She made no comment, but closed her eyes again. Larry saw by the light of the costly traveling-lamp that she was pale and weary-looking; and his heart smote him. But he had to be merciless, to thrust pity from him, if he were to save her honor, to insist upon her keeping her word. The storm abated after awhile, and the coachman quickened the horses' pace. They proceeded another mile or two; then Larry saw light gleaming through the dark. Marie, who had opened her eyes at the moment, also saw it.

"What is that?" she asked. "It cannot be the station?"

"No; it's too soon for that," said Larry.

They pulled up at a small, a very small wayside inn, and Larry heard Adolphe and the landlord conferring. He got out, and when he returned to the carriage Marie saw by his face that something was the matter. She waited in cold silence.

"We've missed the way; took the wrong road last time we turned," said Larry, as cheerfully as he could.

Lady Marie raised her brows with an assumption of ironical resignation; but he saw her shiver, as if she were cold.

"Shall I get you a glass of wine—a cup of coffee? No; not coffee. I'm afraid there wouldn't be time."

"No; nothing, thanks," she said, with icy politeness. "Please get in."

Larry glanced at the box; but it was

still raining, and, to save an argument, he got into the carriage again.

"We are going to take a cut for the proper road," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders and closed her eyes again, and Larry resumed his old attitude. Half an hour passed, then she looked across at him with the expression so like that which she had been wont to wear when they were boy and girl in the boat that his heart leaped painfully with the memory.

"I wish I had let you get me something to eat at that inn; I am hungry."

"I'm sorry. No! I had forgotten," he said, with an air of relief and satisfaction; and he brought out from his coat pocket the little white packet which the hostess had given him.

"And quite dry!" he exclaimed, as he opened it and held out to her the neatly cut and daintily flavored sandwiches.

She took one, and signed to him to do likewise.

"Thanks; I'm not hungry," he said, beginning to wrap up the sandwiches.

She stopped eating, and looked at him with a flash of her eyes—just as the old Marie used to do.

"If you don't eat some I will not," she said. "Let down the window, please!"

He did so; and she was about to throw out the sandwich, but Larry caught her arm.

"Don't waste good food!" he said, just as the old boy—Larry—would have spoken. "If it will satisfy you, I will take one; but indeed I am not hungry."

"I had no dinner; I could not eat—I mean I had a headache," she said, as she resumed the sandwich again. "They are good, are they not? It would have served us right if we had found ourselves without anything. But starvation is perhaps too great a punishment for lunacy. I imagine that you are now sorry that you did not wait for morning?"

Larry shook his head. "No," he replied. "Every hour is of consequence."

She said nothing by way of comment, and leaned back again, closing her eyes as before. Presently, Larry knew that she was asleep. She lay with her head thrown back, her lips curved with the little look of weariness which, in a woman, always appeals to a man, and so strongly, irresistibly to the man who loves the woman. Her soft, dark hair—she had removed her hat—framed the pale face and, by contrast, heightened its pallor; there were dark shadows under her eyes which the long lashes could not completely hide. Larry could gaze his fill, and he did so with a sad and aching heart. For all the rest of his life he had to carry the memory of that appealing loveliness with him!

The road into which they had turned was a rough and little-used one, and every now and then they came upon deep ruts and inequalities of the surface which caused the carriage to sway and pitch; and, in one of these violent pitches, Lady Marie was almost thrown from her seat; but she was sleeping so heavily that she did not wake. There was a cushion beside her, and Larry leaned forward and got it, and was endeavoring to arrange it as something of a support for her when she was thrown forward, and he sank into the seat beside her. At the same moment a lurch cast Lady Marie against him. Still asleep, she caught at his arm to steady herself, and, probably thinking that it was Meadows beside her, let her head fall on his breast.

Larry sat still as a stone; his eyes dropped to her face, the white, lovely face lying on his heart; then he put his arm round her, drew her up to him so that she could lie comfortably, then stared straight before him, with his lips set tightly, his brows drawn together.

It was not the first time she had slept against him; she was in his charge, as she had been then; but a more sacred trust now.

How beautiful she was! And how peacefully, contentedly she rested! His heart beat thickly, heavily; but there were peace and rest and a terribly sad joy in his soul. For these few sleeping moments she was on his breast, his arm

was round her; for a few minutes, for the last time on this earth.

Presently her lips, with their pathetic little curve, moved, and, bending his head, he heard her breathe his name, reproachfully, as it seemed to him.

"Larry!"

He thought she was awake; but he

man awaiting them; the man to whom she had plighted her troth, the man to whom he had given his word.

Once or twice she stirred, and he made ready to return to his seat before she woke; but each time she nestled still closer to him, just as she had done in the boat, and the look of pain and



"I shan't drop you; don't be afraid, Lady Marie."

looked at her and listened to her breathing, and knew that she was asleep. Oh, if he might but kiss those lips and whisper:

"Marie! Yes; it's I, the Larry who loves you!"

But there was a sick and wounded

trouble still more plainly relaxed on her face, her lips curved with a faint smile of content.

The minutes passed; fled, ah, Heaven! how quickly. Suddenly there came a change in the sound of the horses' hoofs; they were floundering through

water which gradually splashed up to the bottom of the window. Larry looked out; they were apparently fording a river. All at once, without a note of warning, the carriage stopped; and Marie awoke, so suddenly that he had barely time to withdraw his arm and spring up; indeed, he did not know whether he had been in time.

She put her hand to her eyes and yawned, with almost the candid yawn of a child.

"Why, Larry, you here!" she exclaimed, with surprise and—was it pleasure? Then her tone changed, and with a sigh she said: "Ah, yes!—I remember! We have stopped. Are we there? Why, that is water! What is it; where are we?"

"I'm afraid we are not at the station," he said. "I'll get out and see."

"But it's deep," she remonstrated. "Ask Adolphe——"

Larry glanced at the water; and it seemed to him that it was running very swiftly, and that it was a river much swollen by the heavy rain. He got out and waded to the coachman. The man did not wait for questions.

"I fear, my lord"—by this time he was persuaded that the gentleman who was accompanying the countess must be an English milord; probably her brother—"that we cannot proceed. The water gets deeper. It has risen suddenly and flooded the road. There is a light on our left, my lord; it may, Heaven grant it! be an inn. For a truth, indeed I hope so; for it is hopeless to reach Beaumaire in time."

Larry looked at the light thoughtfully.

"I'll go and see," he said. "Remain where you are."

Adolphe's guess happened to prove a correct one. The light was the solitary lamp of a small inn. It was still open, and Larry entered the bar or common room, and found a man dozing behind the counter and over a bottle of wine. He was neither an amiable nor particularly respectable-looking fellow; and when Larry at last succeeded in rousing him, he rose unsteadily and greeted the disturber with a sullen oath;

but when his eyes were fully opened and he saw Larry more plainly, his manner suddenly grew servile.

"A lady? Accommodation? 'Tis but a poor place; but, such as it is, it is at monsieur's and madame's disposal."

"Are you alone? Is there a woman here?" Larry asked.

The man shrugged his shoulders and stretched out his hands apologetically.

"Alas, no! My wife has gone on a visit to her mother; but our room is at the disposal of madame! Observe!"

He led the way through the next room, which seemed to be the kitchen, and, opening a door at the end of it, showed Larry a small and particularly uninviting bedroom. There appeared to be no other room in the house. Larry nodded, and, telling the man to make up the fire, returned to the carriage.

The water had risen still higher, short though his absence had been, and it was nearly on a level with the floor of the carriage. He opened the door, and Marie, quite awake now, looked at him inquiringly.

"You must come at once," he said. "I have found a shelter for you; only a rough one, I fear——"

She shrugged her shoulders, and looked down at the swiftly running water.

"Do you think I had better dive and swim?" she asked, with a rueful smile.

He tried to return the smile. "Of course I must carry you," he said, in a matter-of-fact way.

"I see no 'of course,'" she returned, drawing back and regarding him from under her half-closed lids and with a faint blush.

"I cannot let you get wet," he said. "The water is very deep, and is rising rapidly. Please come at once."

"Oh, well!" she responded, with a sigh, as of resignation; and came to the edge of the door.

He took her in his arms and waded to the roadside. As he did so, he remembered Linda, in a vague, swift way; it seemed to him that he was fated to play the part of a kind of rescuer of dames! An absurd and theatrical part

enough in these modern and ungallant days.

Necessarily Marie's face was very close to his, and her hair touched his cheek; she felt him draw a long breath.

"I'm heavy," she said in a low voice. "It would serve me right if you dropped me into the water."

"I sha'n't drop you; don't you be afraid, Lady Marie," he said, rather huskily.

She nestled a little closer—knowing all the time that she was wicked and heartless—ah, Philip, what a shadow to cast over her!—but unable to resist the subtle joy of torturing the man who was being so good to her; and she knew by his quick, sharp breath that he was suffering.

Larry carried her to the door of the inn and led her in. The landlord with a too obsequious bow bade her welcome; then went out to assist Adolphe.

"What an evil-looking man!" said Marie, as the door closed on him.

Larry smiled. "Yes; not a pleasing countenance, is it? But here's a roof to shelter you; and, what's more, there's a fire in the next room. I'm thankful you are under cover." He poked up the fire and drew a big chair to it. "Come and get warm. Your bedroom is there." He pointed to the door. "You must get to bed and rest. But you must have something to eat and drink before you do so. I'll just go and see after the horses."

When he had gone, she looked round, and shuddered. The man's sinister countenance, something about the place, aroused a presentiment of evil.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Larry came back very quickly; he had her dressing-bag and jewel-case, and a rug and a cushion in his hands.

"The horses are all right," he said. "Adolphe is going to sleep in a room over the loft; he is not more favorably impressed by the landlord than you are; and the landlord will sleep in the stables. Here is your dressing-bag; I will look after the jewel-case. I wonder why you brought it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she said indifferently. "Meadows is always under the impression that I cannot exist without it. I will go and make myself presentable."

She was not absent many minutes; and when she returned she gave a little, shuddering laugh.

"Don't like your room?" he asked.

"No; I will sit up here in the chair. By the way, where is the woman of the house?"

"There's not any on this occasion," he replied. "She is away."

She made a little gesture of resignation.

"It's a chapter of accidents," she remarked. "May one ask what you are doing?" she added; for Larry was poking about among the pots and pans and the shelves.

"I'm hunting for some coffee—ah, here it is. And here's some milk, also some bread and butter and cheese. I've hit upon the larder, it appears. And there are some of the sandwiches left? Good! Are you cold?" For, as he put the kettle on the hook—the culinary arrangements were of the most primitive kind—he had noticed that she had shivered.

"No-o," she answered. "It was only some one walking over my grave, as they say in Ravenford."

He wrapped the rug round her knees; and she leaned back and watched him with half-closed eyes, as he laid the cloth and made the coffee.

"What a useful member of society you are!" she observed.

"Oh, I know all the rules of this game," he said lightly. "Played it so often, you see. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall advertise for a place as gentleman help. Here's the coffee. I won't answer for the quality; but it's hot, at any rate."

"It looks delicious," she said. "How is it that you can get good coffee in the poorest place in France, and only bad coffee in the grandest in London?"

"I give it up," he rejoined. "Your praise of the bread will not be so enthusiastic, I fear. It is heavy enough to throw at a mother-in-law. And the

butter—phew! Wait! I'll make you some toast. Are you warmer now?"

"Much. I am, thanks to you, quite comfortable," she replied. "What magic there is in a fire! Would you mind not fussing any longer about me, but sitting down and eating and drinking something yourself?"

There being no other chair, he stretched himself on the sheepskin rug before the fire with a hunk of bread and some coffee; and, though he had spoken in a light and cheerful tone, his face grew moody and brooding.

"Why are you so melancholy?" she asked, after she had been looking at him in silence for some time.

He started slightly. "We have lost the train; I have brought you here, to this place"—he glanced round with strong disapproval. "In short, I have made a terrible mess of it——"

She smiled. "You have, Larry. But I will be magnanimous, and will not gloat over you. You meant well"—dryly—"and good intentions, we are told——"

"Pave the road to perdition," he put in bitterly.

"——cover a multitude of mistakes. But there is no need for such remorse and self-reproach," she said, in a softer voice. "We cannot be far from Beaumaire; we shall catch an early train, and——" she broke off with a stifled sigh.

"Yes," he assented gravely. "We shall reach the marquis by to-morrow. It's kind of you to treat my blunder so leniently."

"It is not your fault, but fate's," she said. "Ah, how sleepy the fire has made me! And yet the coffee ought to have kept me awake."

"Are you sure you will not go to bed and sleep?" he asked.

"Quite sure," she returned. "I could not. The room is—just impossible. I shall do very well here. And you, will you sleep?"

"No," he said absently. "I shall watch."

"Watch!" she echoed, with surprise. "Why?"

He bit his lip and laughed, as if to efface the significance of his words.

"Oh, no particular reason," he said carelessly. "Let me see if I can make you more comfortable."

He rose, and placed the cushion so that her head might rest on it, and arranged the rug more snugly; and she leaned back with a little sigh of contentment, and closed her eyes. Presently she opened them, and saw him go very quietly to the door and window, and examine them. She said nothing; and he, as he came back, stood over her and looked at her. She was breathing easily, and he thought she had fallen asleep.

"Poor girl!" he murmured; and she heard him, and her eyelids quivered.

He stretched himself before the fire again, his head upon his arm, but both eyes and ears were open, and the former were fixed on the door. The rain had ceased, and a watery moon pierced through the flying clouds; and, in the stillness of the room, the sigh of the wind outside sounded like a lullaby. Larry was tired, mentally as well as physically; for nothing is so exhausting as emotional strain; and Larry's heart had been sorely tried during the last twenty-four hours. Now and again his eyes closed, and his head sank lower on his arm; then he would pull himself together and sit up, look at the motionless figure opposite him, sigh, and drop down again.

It was a subtle joy his having her so near to him, alone with him; but it was alloyed with pain; for he knew how tired she must be, and that, though she made no complaint and bore the situation with assumed cheerfulness and resignation, she must be suffering acutely. She, whose every movement was accompanied by luxury, was lying asleep here in a fifth-rate provincial inn, without her maid, alone, and, indeed, worse than alone!

And the thought that it was he who had drawn her into this plight made him wretched.

But he was distressing himself without sufficient cause; for Lady Marie, as she lay wide awake, but with closed

eyes, was by no means as unhappy as he imagined. She could make herself wretched enough by looking forward to the morrow, the morrow when he would hand her over to Philip, when we would be gone, perhaps, forever; but, for the present moment, he was within reach, within call of her; she could look at him under her lids, and listen to his breathing. She felt just as she had felt when they sat in the boat together; satisfied, at peace, assured of happiness by his mere presence. She knew all that was passing in his mind; and she longed to reach forward, to touch him on the arm, and whisper: "Don't worry, Larry. I know, I understand. You are doing your duty according to your lights. Ah, well, whether you are right or wrong, let us be happy during these last few hours!"

And she was not made uncomfortable by vague fears and imaginings. She was alone, in this out-of-the-way spot, with Larry; but he was *Larry*, and she knew that she was safe, even from Larry himself. She knew that he loved her with the truest, noblest love of which man is capable.

She watched him under her long lashes, until she fell into a genuine sleep. There is something magnetic in slumber, and after awhile Larry succumbed to his infinite weariness, and also fell asleep, if the half-dozing which overmastered him can be called by so dignified a name.

Suddenly Marie woke, without, as it seemed to her, rime or reason. She opened her eyes and sat upright, and looked down at Larry, who lay stretched out like a huge dog, and she marveled at his length of limb, at the stern, set face which, the mask now off, looked so wan and haggard. He seemed to her to be lying very uncomfortably; and she rose and stealthily and noiselessly took up the cushion against which she had been leaning, and, with the softest, gentlest of touches, placed it under his head. She lingered on her knees beside him, bending over him so that her face was very near to his; and she breathed a sigh as she saw the

knit brows, the tense lips, which indicated anything but the peace and serenity which should accompany sleep. Her hand hovered over one short, wavy hair; but, even if she had been inclined to yield to the temptation, she dared not kiss him, for she knew that the slightest sound, the gentlest touch would wake him.

She knelt beside him for some time, her heart yearning over him with that maternal desire to soothe and comfort which dwells in the bosom of every true woman; then she arose softly—for how much longer would she be able to resist the temptation to kiss him?—and went back to her chair, drawing the rug round her, but not so skilfully, so carefully, as Larry had done.

She fell asleep—for how long she knew not; but suddenly, before she opened her eyes, she was aware of a third presence in the room. She half-raised her eyelids, and in the dim light saw the evil face of the landlord appearing round the slightly open door. There was something in the man's eyes that paralyzed her with fear; she could neither move nor speak; it was as if she were struck dumb and incapable of stirring; she could only watch through her long lashes, watch—and wait.

The man also remained motionless for a full minute; then, crouching low, he entered and crept across the room, looking from one to the other of the still figures. One hand was behind his back, but, as he made a movement, Marie caught sight of a long knife gleaming in the hand. She could not stir or speak, but she knew that he intended to rob them; the dressing-case!

To her horror he crept up to her and looked at her intently. She closed her eyes and tried to simulate sleep, but she could feel the man's wolfish eyes on her face, his hot, spirit-reeking breath. As if satisfied, he turned from her and crept toward Larry, bending over him like a beast of prey. At that moment Larry stirred, murmured "Marie!" The man drew back, then raised his knife—!

The ice that had closed round Marie's heart snapped, melted. A piece



The man drew back, then raised the knife——!

of iron lay in the fireplace close by her chair; she seized it, and with a cry, an awful cry, struck the man's uplifted arm.

The knife fell to the ground with the sharp ring and clatter of steel, and with a howl he sprang to his feet, then rushed toward her. At the same moment Larry awoke, and, almost before his eyes were opened, flung himself on the wretch. Marie had darted behind the chair, and the man closed with Larry, and attempted to bear him down. He was a strong, heavily built fellow, a man of almost herculean strength; but, if he had been possessed of the strength of ten such men, the rage, the fury, that burned in Larry's heart would have enabled him to cope with him. Larry was slightly built, though tall, and every muscle, trained by his arduous and temperate life, was as supple as a

Toledo blade; he got his arm round the man's bull neck, his lithe leg twisted with the old Ravenford trick round the man's massive leg; and, though, to give the brute his due, he fought well, he could not resist the terrible pressure of Larry's arm, the awful blows that Larry dealt him, and the wrestling dodge which Reuben had so often shown Larry in the old days.

Marie looked on at this terrible struggle—the struggle for her life, as she knew—speechless, white as death, in an agony of suspense which no pen can describe; and yet it was not of her life, her safety, that she thought of at that terrible moment, but of Larry.

Suddenly the struggle was ended; the man uttered a hideous cry of rage and impotence and went down, with Larry on top of him. Larry took the brute's head in his hand and hammered

the floor with it once; then, shaking, not with exhaustion but anxiety for her, he sprang to Marie.

"You are not hurt? He did not touch you—he did not touch you?" he cried.

"No, no!" she gasped, covering her eyes with her hands, as if she would shut out the horrible sight of the fight. "No, no; he did not touch me! But you? Are you hurt?"

Larry shook his head as he drew a breath of relief; then as he led her to a chair and put her in it gently, soothingly, he glanced at the knife and from it to the iron bar lying where she had dropped it.

"You struck him—knocked the knife from his hand? It was you who saved me. Oh, Marie, Marie!"

He snatched both her hands and held them to his lips, to his throbbing heart. His eyes beamed gratitude, love, down on her, and he bent still lower and lower, as if by neither word nor look he could express the emotion with which every vein in his body was thrilling.

Was it any wonder that at such a moment he should forget Philip, the trust which he had accepted, the promise he had given?

It was Marie who remembered—remembered for Larry's sake. Even in that instant, when her heart went out to his, she knew that if she yielded to the love that strained and tore at her, Larry would not be able to resist. There would be a moment of delirious joy, of boundless ecstasy, of that which we mean when we speak the word "happiness"; but she knew that it would be followed on Larry's part by that other thing we call "remorse"; for he was a good man and true, and well she knew that though he loved her better than his own life, he loved honor more.

She put her shaking hands on his breast and kept him from her, whispering:

"The man—the man!"

Larry drew back from her, looking into her eyes with an anguished entreaty; then he, too, remembered, and stood with bent head, and the lips, that

would have kissed her, tightly closed. He went to the man and stirred him with his foot.

"He is unconscious or dead—I don't care which. No; he is not dead; but he will not give any further trouble for some time. Better to make sure, perhaps."

He took the reins from a set of harness that hung on the wall and securely bound the wretch; then he flung some water over the man's face and came back to Marie.

"You must leave this place at once," he said.

"Yes, yes!" she responded eagerly. "Let us go without a moment's delay, Larry; it—it is like a shambles; and I feel—I feel——"

She threatened to break down, and she clung to him like a terrified, horror-stricken child just waked from a nightmare; and he supported and soothed her with murmured words of infinite pity and tenderness.

"We must find Adolphe. You must come with me; you cannot stay here."

"No, no!" she said, with a little shudder. "Don't leave me! Never leave me again, Larry! I mean"—with a little sob—"until—until——"

"Until we get to Rouen," he said, in a hoarse, almost harsh, voice.

He led her out. At the door she would have looked back at the room which had been the scene of the dreadful incident, impelled by that morbid kind of fascination which compels some of us to go to the morgue the moment we reach Paris; but Larry quickly put his hand before her eyes and turned her head away.

They found Adolphe, who had been sleeping peacefully, but who frantically begged permission, when he heard Larry's briefly told story, to go back and finish the man. They got out the horses and harnessed them to the carriage—Marie standing as near to Larry as she could all the time—and made ready to start. Then Larry remembered the dressing-bag, and, whispering encouragingly to Marie that he would be only a minute, he went back to the inn for it. The landlord was

conscious, and glared at Larry with a mixture of ferocity and craven fear which defies description; and his eyes followed Larry with the expression of a caged tiger as he got the bag and other things.

Larry paused and looked at him for a moment; the man had been punished terribly.

"You have had a bad time of it, my friend," said Larry sternly; "but console yourself with the reflection that I have saved you—for a time—from the guillotine. That you will arrive there sooner or later there can be no doubt."

He flung a coin on the floor, and went out. Marie sprang to him as if the time of his absence had seemed ages to her, and he helped her into the carriage.

"Oh, come in with me, Larry!" she

implored; but he looked at her long and earnestly, and, shaking his head, wrapped the rugs round her, closed the door, and mounted to the box. Fortunately for them, the storm had subsided, and the horses, refreshed by food and rest, went quickly and cheerfully. The dawn broke bright and clear; but Larry's strained and weary eyes gazed sadly at the red glow in the eastern sky.

They reached the junction, to find that they must wait the better part of an hour for the train; but Larry was able to obtain a cup of coffee and some food for Marie. She took it dumbly, in a kind of apathy; but every now and then, as he stood by her, her eyes went to him with a strange look; and once, as he drew her cloak more closely round her, her eyes filled with tears, and she murmured his name.

TO BE CONTINUED.



NOT HER FAULT.

HE—Haven't you ever permitted any one to kiss you?

SHE—No. But there have been times when I couldn't help myself.



CHEAP AT ANY PRICE.

PARKE—Aren't you going to have any wine with this table d'hôte?

LANE—No.

PARKE—But it's twenty-five cents more if you don't have wine.

LANE—Well, it's a good deal more than worth the difference.



ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

NODD—When I got home last night my wife mistook me for a burglar.

TODD—Weren't you frightened?

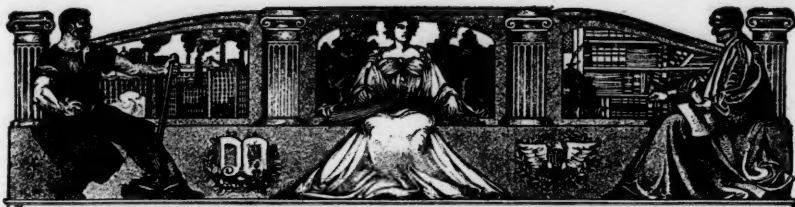
NODD—Yes, but not so much as I would have been if she had suspected who I was.



TRYING TO THE NERVES.

MISS MACFLIRTER—Why do you men always get down on your knees when you propose to a girl?

ORVILLE MASHER—Oh, I imagine it's nervous prostration.



WHAT AMERICANS ARE THINKING

Corrupt Public Opinion.

The man that would corrupt public opinion is the most dangerous enemy of the State. We talk about the perils that are incident to concentration of wealth; we talk of the perils that flow in on disregard for fiduciary responsibility; we talk of abuses of privilege; we talk of exploiting the government for private advantage; but all of these menaces, great as they are, are nothing compared with the system of attempting to pervert the public judgment.—CHARLES E. HUGHES, of New York.

Prosperity Killers and Railroads.

Those provisions of railroad legislation which prevent rebates and compel the granting of facilities to all shippers alike are just and desirable. Those provisions which insist on uniform rates are equally good. Theoretically, the provisions which enact a rate regulating commission may be ideal, but I venture the prediction that, practically, they will not only be inadequate, but will disturb commerce.

If put to a vote of this convention to-day, how would you gentlemen receive a proposition to control the rates of interest for the various localities under a government commission? Why is there any more reason that a railroad rate may be complained of to a committee sitting in Washington or elsewhere, than that a bank rate of interest should be overhauled on a similar complaint. What is the essential difference?

You say you are better able to judge of local conditions, of competition, of special considerations. Well, so does

the railroad man. You say it's not your money. The railroad man can equally well say the same thing. You say he is a common carrier and you are not. Technically that is true, but your responsibility to the business community is the same. When, then, may it not be expected that those in favor of government paternalism will next advocate the regulation of interest rates throughout the United States by a Federal commission. It is not a far cry.

You may think it strange that I should talk to you about prosperity-killers and railroads, but as you are the managers of more cooperated capital in the State of Iowa than any other body of men within its borders, I think you owe it to yourselves and to those whose interests you protect to set your faces against the wholesale breeding of anarchy, and the nationwide encouragement of socialism, envy, and malice.—ROBERT ARMSTRONG, President of the American Casualty Company.

Don't Be Discouraged.

A man should not be discouraged because other men around him made brilliant successes through business and political dishonesty, while he himself seemed barely able to survive. He should stick to his ideals in the face of discouragement.—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

"Uncle Joe's" Memory.

Mr. Hearst was in the last Congress, I believe, and I think in the one before, but I have no distinct recollection of him.—"UNCLE JOE" CANNON, Speaker of the House of Representatives.



WHAT AMERICANS ARE THINKING

Segregation of the Negro.

The best white students of the problem, and the best negro students, fortunately, are more and more in agreement on the solution of the negro question. Foremost, there is the question of leadership. The best results seem to have been attained by the blacks under white leaders.

The natural leadership lies in the man with thousands of years of civilization behind him. There is a place for colored leaders as well. Their place is nearer the negro, and their task is, first of all, to influence the negroes to follow white leadership. There are to-day many young colored men leaving the higher schools, men of highly cultured mind and not seldom of artistic or poetic temperament—they are lonely figures, cut off from white companionship and equally apart from their own race.

In reality, these men are not lonely, not alone. They are tied by strong bonds to the weak. They have a mission. Every young negro who leaves college inspired by the cultured person's desire to be of use has this advantage over the white graduate—he cannot feel any doubt as to where his duty leads. It leads him among his own people.

Segregation now is imperative. The negro leaders are the strongest opponents of intermarriage. They are convinced that it would be harmful to the negro. Racial separation need not prevent the best cooperation of the two races.

Why should not the nation subsidize the negro schools of the South? Year

after year the heads of the great colored schools have to come North and beseech the charity of individuals. Eight million negroes cannot be carried back to Africa; they must stay here—it is their country too. So their welfare and progress involve the welfare and progress of the whole country. The South has become an industrial section, and promises to become more and more so. There is growing need of skilled labor. The negro must supply it. The need of negro training is immediate. Why should not the government that emancipated him help him now?—DOCTOR FELIX ADLER.

We Are Growing More Religious.

The clerical order is losing influence, not because the world is growing less religious, but because it is more religious than it was sixty years ago. Religion has to-day a wider scope and a farther reach than the clerical interpretation permits it to have. The churches and denominations which now claim to represent the religious interests of mankind are the rear guard of the powers that make for religious progress.—REVEREND ALGERNON SIDNEY CRAPSEY.

Our Future in Commerce.

In our own vast country, with oceans on either side, we have had too little contact with foreign peoples readily to understand their customs or learn their languages; yet no one can doubt that we shall learn and shall understand and shall do our business abroad, as we have done it at home, with force and energy.—ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of State.

The Wonders of the Desert

By Stanley Du Bois

"A CHANGE of air is what you need." How often do we hear that from physician or friend, and the wan, weary one asks: "Is not all air the same, so many parts oxygen, so many parts hydrogen, and so on."

Yes and no. Who knows wherein is the difference, yet what an unmeasurable difference there is.

For weeks I have been watching the mountains that stand in such stalwart majesty in front of my tent door. That sounds as if they were close at hand, but try to reach them, and you will travel hours before ever you come to the foothills.

It is a noble range. As the sun comes up I can see the canyons shift into great cuts filled with blue and purple shadows, and along the tops of the ridges the sunlight wavers in lines of fire.

It is all due to the air; those peaks are twenty miles away; those foothills are a wearisome walk of a day.

Can air be seen? Yes, it can, clear and cool-looking as a mountain brook. Standing on some height, "when heaven's high arch is glorious with the sun's on-coming march," we can see it waver and quiver into rings and ribbons and bands with colors that are the creations of Deity only.

So lonesome these mountains are, no one lives there; not much grows there; the gold and silver and copper known to be there does not attract the miner; they are just gigantic upheavals, sandstone and granite and limestone streaked with ribbons of quartz and marble, and splotted with patches of porphyry, glass by the millions of tons, and miles on miles of black and gray

lava, eloquent of an age of the earth when fire ran riot over all.

We make our start early in the morning, long before sunrise. We each put in our haversacks two pounds of smoked bacon, three dozen lunch biscuit and a quarter of a pound of black tea, and in the canteens a couple of gallons of water for each of us.

It is the edge of the desert in Southern California, and we are going to cross it to some low mountains forty miles away.

The morning is cool, cold, in fact, as we drop down into the bowl-like depression, the edge of the bowl being mountains from three to five thousand feet high nearly all round it.

The lowest part of the depression is several hundred feet below sea level. These mountains have no livable spots anywhere about them; not even a coyote will stay there; not enough game hides there to tempt the most starved Indian into their dreadful fastnesses.

We go down into dust such as few of you have ever seen; it lies in the level stretches of the desert in heaps and windrows like waves of ocean arrested and stayed forever while at the height of their maddest motion. These billows are all lined in wavelets and swirls, and there is no fantasy that can be wrought by the wind but is here seen—the work of the air.

Dust it is that is as fine as baking powder and as dry. As our horses walk along in it they sink into it knee-deep, like into water, and, drawing their feet out of it, they leave no trail, not so much as a ripple or mark to show where they have trod. This dust is granite rock; the air has blown it back and

forth for thousands of centuries. It looks like snow, but is hardly as white, for there is a tinge of red in it.

Now the sun is coming up over the further mountains and coloring those behind us with tinges of flame, of crimson and blue and purple and yellow. Starting at the top, it creeps down the mountain sides, mantling mesas and gorges with masses of color, shifting and weaving and waving, and finally enfolding all in a blue haze the like of which can be seen only on the desert, intangible, indescribable, and withal so beautiful that it is worth coming thousands of miles to see.

Within an hour and the heat has begun—a little pocket thermometer tells the story; in the sun, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, and at eleven o'clock there it stops; hot air is no misnomer on the California desert.

Neither our horses nor ourselves perspire in this intense heat—we just burn. We take only occasional sips from our canteens and swab out the mouths of our horses with a wet rag; not a drop is wasted. Those canteens of water are worth more than their weight in gold.

What in any part of the world is more glorious than sunlight? Even here, where it falls on us like fire from a furnace, it is the most beautiful and potent energy that exists.

The air of the desert makes this possible; there is no moisture in it. The rainfall is not two inches per year, and yet it rains as hard here at times as at any place east of the Mississippi River. I have seen tremendous rainfalls, not a drop of which reached the earth, all evaporated by the intense heat long before it got that far down.

Gradually we come up out of the dust and gravel and stone and sand—and would you think it?—to abundant plant life, but such a life as is nowhere else. Greasewood, mesquit, cactus, sage, yuccas; strange, distorted, poverty-stricken growths, that seemingly live a starved life—plants that have to fight for a chance to grow, and who have to fight for existence after growth. Here

they are among rocks so hot they will blister the bare hand laid on them, in a soil seemingly as devoid of moisture as a keg of gunpowder, in an air that quivers with heat, and yet they live and thrive. They are as fierce as a wild cat in their struggle for existence—touch one of them and you will wish you had kept your distance; the yucca has a thorn on the end of every leaf like a long dagger; the cactus is covered with hooked hairs as fine as a cambric needle and as sharp; touch it at your peril. You may pick a sage leaf, but it is vile in odor and taste, and that is its defense, for nothing but a sage hen or a jack rabbit will eat it, and then only when in direst hunger. All plant life must fight drought—pitiless, never-ending drought.

In the afternoon we see ahead of us a city beside a sea, with turrets and towers, minarets and domes, with cubes and rows of white houses; it is not imagination, but it is illusion, for, as we go down toward the waters, they recede, the creations waver, lift, fade and vanish, and we drag our weary steps up the long trail, silently, and with a feeling akin to disappointment, though we well knew it was only a creation of the air, a rose-colored, ethereal city, nothing more substantial about it than the vagaries of a disordered dream. And now we have gotten more than halfway across; the setting sun shines through a pale yellow sky, rich and deep, shading off into orange and flame color, which suffuses peak and canyon, valley and foothills, in a golden mist, enswathing earth and sky in a glory which is nothing short of sublime.

Long light shafts, in ever broadening bands, stream across the sky; these fade into darkness, the moon rises and a violet light falls on all.

Looking back, the floor of the desert seems like the similitude of silver. Far above us the mountains stand in dark, solemn grandeur; eroded peaks looking like sentinels keep guard over us. With our heads in our saddles for pillows, and the bare earth for a bed, we go to sleep and dream that we have reached paradise.

THE HAND OF THE SOCIETY BEAUTY



by AUGUSTA PRESCOTT

UPON the dressing-table of a famous beauty there stands a little easel which frames this set of printed directions for the care of the hands:

HAND RULES.

Keep the hands white; bleach them daily if necessary.

Shape the nails to suit the tips of the fingers.

Don't use the scissors too much.

Be careful to preserve your ovals.

Don't let your hands grow thin and scraggy.

Watch the shape of your wrists.

Color your finger-tips when necessary.

Give five minutes each day to the hands.

No matter how hurried she may be, the society beauty runs her eye over these rules to be sure she has omitted nothing. When she emerges from her dressing-room she is the picture of loveliness, with her hands the most exquisite touch of all.

A New-year woman may congratulate herself that the fashion in hands has changed. It is now good grooming that makes the hands. And this means that all hands may be lovely. It means that every hand, no matter how stubby in shape, how injured by heredity, or how neglected in youth, may become beautiful. And it means that there is no woman but may be blessed with this ladylike attribute.

In the days when the artistic hand was the style it was different. Then your hand had to be long and slender; your nails had to be narrow and tapering; and the color of your hands had to be a lily white.

But now your hand may be any shape whatever, and the nails may be one of several styles. It matters not, so long as the hand is well groomed. It is beautiful if it is well cared for.

The taking care of the hands has become a distinct art with those who have studied it; and from being just an occupation to be picked up in a minute, manicuring has been raised to one of the most perfect of all of the nice personal requirements. It is something to be constantly studied, if one would be perfect.

"I went to Russia to learn how to bleach my hands," said an American girl. "In spite of the cold, the hands of Russian women are milk-white, and the fingers are very poems of shapeliness."

"And what did you learn?" asked a friend.

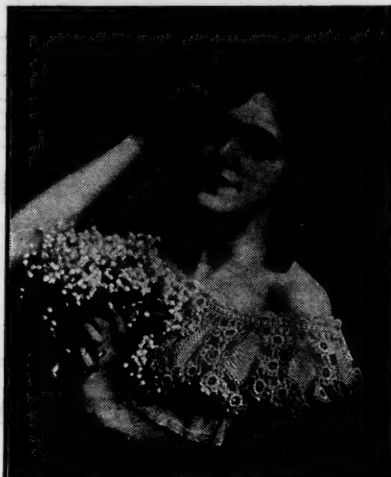
"I learned that a cut lime rubbed upon the backs of the hands would remove tan," was the laughing reply, "and that lemon juice is good to remove stains from the finger-tips. One day I talked with a Russian beauty

upon the subject, and this is what she said:

"It isn't that we possess any great toilet secrets, we Russian women famed for our white hands, but it is because we take the time to practise those things which we already know and have always known.

"Each day," said she, "my hands are bleached. Some days they are rubbed white with peroxid of hydrogen, which is splashed upon them and allowed to remain on for five minutes. After this they are creamed to keep them from chapping. Other days they are simply rubbed with fruit juice, and I use the raw juice of the ripe grape; or I take a lemon simply cut in half; or sometimes, when I have time, I squeeze out the juice of a cucumber and bind it on my hands. The toilet of the hands is never hurried in Russia; for we women realize that without nice hands we might as well be out of the world."

"Then this Russian beauty went on to tell me many other hand secrets, which I carefully cherished. In Russia, where all the ladies smoke, the ut-



A LADY IS JUDGED BY HER HANDS

most care must be taken to keep the fingers from yellowing; and before I left, my friend took me to a shelf in her dressing-room, where upon a tiny glass ledge there stood an array of things for the hands.

"I noticed a piece of pumice-stone with a little metal handle imbedded in it so that it could be used readily. This was for taking off yellow marks. I noticed a jar of chlorid of lime tightly corked. 'This,' said she, 'I use after I have been indiscreet with the hands, such as putting them to housework or other discolored occupations. And this, —pointing to a jar of whitish lumps—'is washing-soda; and there'—indicating a bottle—'is some ammonia.'

"But surely," said I, "these things will destroy the hands, will they not? And pray tell me how you can use them without taking off the skin and utterly routing the pretty cuticle from your fingers?"

"For answer she held out a pair of absolutely faultless hands, and bade me examine them. 'They are perfect. Are they not?' she asked.

"And I was forced to reply that they were.

"The trouble with our hands," said



THE MANICURE GOES OVER THE FINGERS ONE BY ONE

she, 'is that we are afraid to wash them. Only this, and nothing more. The cook in the kitchen has better hands than my lady up-stairs, simply because she washes her hands more.

"The hands will stand a deal of scouring and scrubbing. Indeed, the more you bleach them and clean them, scour them and scrape them, the finer and softer they will be.

"All skin is the better for being scraped. Witness the skin of a man's face. See how deliciously white and soft it is. There is not an imperfection upon it. This is because he lathers it daily and goes over it with a razor, scraping it until it is smooth. Note his hands, also. If he be a well-groomed man his hands rival those of any lady.

"But a woman, with all her daintiness, seldom washes her hands. She finger-bowls them in the wash-basin, and she scents them, perhaps, and she creams them and powders them. But when it comes to good soap and water, and lots of it, she is lacking. She is afraid it will make her hands chap.

"Here in Russia," continued this lady, "where our social station is determined almost by the condition of our hands, we use a great deal of soap and water. We bleach the hands until you would think the skin would come off. And then, when they are of the proper whiteness, we rub cream into them, and, slipping on a pair of gloves, we wait until the hands have stopped smarting. When they come out they are white and exquisite. It is a lesson in hands, is it not?"

Then the American girl told how, after she had learned to keep her hands white in Russia, she learned to shape them in Paris, the city of tapering fingers.

"All fingers cannot taper," said she;



TO MAKE THE HANDS SUPPLE

"but in Paris they taught me that the hands can be beautiful even if the fingers do not taper. It is a matter of shapeliness.

"The style in finger-tips now is that the nails shall match the ends of the fingers. If the finger-tips are round the nails must be rounded, also. And if the finger-tips are wide the nails must be slightly wide. The nails must match the hands. It is quite a trick to match the nails to the hands, but it can be done if one studies it well.

"There are hands so constructed that the ends of the fingers are chubby, and these hands should have nails curved to suit the finger-tips. They should not be longer than the fingers, but should just suit them in every respect.

"It was in England," continued she, "that I learned the art of coloring the nails. In staid, stupid old England—where coloring pigments are frowned upon as a dangerous adjunct to my lady's dressing-table—I acquired the art of coloring my finger-tips, and of doing it well.

"One of the tricks I learned was that of polishing the nails easily and perfectly. Into a lump of rosy nail-cream, as big as a walnut, I kneaded all of the nail-powder that would mix. The result was a hard mass of gritty, pink paste. This I took daily and rubbed into the nails. Then I rubbed it all off

with a polisher, and the result was a polish that was both brilliant and lasting. A few strokes with the palm of the hand will make the nails gleam.

"I also learned something about the whitening of the hands by natural methods. When my hands were red, instead of holding them in cold water to whiten them, I would lift them above my head and give them a twirl. This speedily restores their whiteness and takes away the heavy blue veins that come out on the backs of the hands. I also took the hand exercises for plumping the hands.

"And I learned how to keep the hands young. I could tell you a great deal more, for in Europe they make much more of hand-culture than we do here. But this is enough to set one thinking for one's self along hand lines."

The matter of letting the hands grow old is one that every woman should consider seriously and before the time comes when it is necessary for her to do so. Nothing gives away the age like the hands. And, unless they are very fat and of the pudgy order, they begin to show age at a very early date. The hands of a woman of thirty have already begun to look old.

Just what happens no one knows exactly. But soon after maturity an almost imperceptible change begins to take place in the hands. The flesh shrinks away, leaving bones and muscles, and the hands lose their shape. The nails crack and grow dark, and the skin gets a wizened look. The hands of a man have a way of keeping young. But the hands of a woman grow very old.

To keep the hands young requires a hand-bath every day. It must be taken when there is plenty of time for it. And the hands must be soaked for fully fifteen minutes in water as hot as can be endured. Then the hands must be taken out and put into a cream bath. This is nothing more than a bowl of ordinary skin food, made a little thinner with almond oil. If the hands are well rubbed with this every day, and if the cream is allowed to sink in, they will soon grow plump and white again.

A good nail emollient should be rubbed into the nails every night to keep them from cracking. And each day the flesh should be well pushed down at the



A FEW STROKES WITH THE PALM OF THE HAND WILL MAKE THE NAILS GLEAM

base of the nails to preserve their shape and keep the moons in sight.

Upon every pair of hands there should be ten silver moons. There are no hands upon which these moons cannot be coaxed to appear. It may be that you have no moons on certain of your fingers, or think that you have none. But they are really there, even though you have never seen them. And they will come out if only you push down the flesh and give them a chance.

The nails should be shaped to the fingers, and it is a very good plan, if the nails have been neglected, and if they are of the wrong shape, to let them grow until they are long. This can be done by wearing gloves to protect them. Then, when they have grown out long, they can be trimmed and shaped to suit the fingers.

Very long nails are no longer fashionable, neither are stubby nails. The style is a betwixt-and-between one. Nails that are bleached pink with dyes are quite the style again. And to this must be added a very high gloss, for the day of the polished nail has returned.

A manicure who finds most of her patrons among the Four Hundred, has this to say about manicuring as it is done to-day:

"I go to my patrons as early in the morning as possible, for it has come to pass that a lady does not want to be seen until her hands are absolutely perfect. So my hours begin at eight.



TWIRLING THE HANDS ABOVE THE HEAD WILL MAKE THEM WHITE

"I take the hands and I soak them a long time in hot water, for one can do nothing unless the flesh is pliable. Then I massage them with a cream which I make myself and which I give to my patrons, if desired. This makes the hands very soft and white. I particularly massage the palm, which is felt when one touches the hand.

"I next press down the flesh at the base of the nails, using as little force as possible. If I press hard I know that I shall be rewarded by a white mark, which is really a scar. Pressing down the flesh hard with the orange-wood stick always leaves a white scar upon the nails, which cannot be removed until it grows out and off the tip of the nail.

"When I have done this, I rub in a pink salve, and I follow this with some pink powder with which I do the polish-

ing. I finish with a scrubbing in perfumed water to remove the superfluous powder. Then my work is done.

"All of this time I do not use the scissors, for I do not believe that the nails should be continually cut and chipped; nor have I used a metal instrument of any kind, for the reason that I do not believe in surgery. I have simply assisted nature by good grooming.

"Long ago I took as my model the hands of a little child. They were white upon the back, the palms were soft and pink, and the nails were oval and very glossy. This served as my cue. You may talk about dull nails being the style; but they are not. Glossy nails are approved in court circles, and they are the style in the diplomatic set in Washington.

"When nails are brittle, I take some benzoin and go over them very lightly to give a high polish without injuring the nail, for there are nails that cannot be polished with the polisher. I take a bottle of benzoin to my druggist and ask him to kindly make it slightly pink for me, and with this I paint the nails that are inclined to crack.

"I advise my patrons to sleep in gloves lined with glove paste; or, if this is unpleasant, I advise them to wear gloves during the day when busy with the household. Gloves two sizes too large should be bought and kept for the purpose. They cost little; and one pair of dogskins will last a year for ordi-



OPENING AND CLOSING THE HANDS WILL MAKE THEM PLUMP

nary purposes of the household. As for the saving in wear and tear upon the hands, this cannot be overestimated. The gloves will act as a beauty-saver of the hands each day in the year.

"What do I think of the business of manicuring? I think it a great one. A good manicure need never be idle. There is always something new to be acquired in the business, and a good manicure becomes a household necessity.

"When it comes to the matter of having good hands, there is no argument. All women must have nice hands these days, for without them a woman is unclassified; she cannot possibly be a lady."

The manicure could have told a great deal more if there had been time, for in her trade there are many secrets touching upon the hand feminine. But it should be enough for every thoughtful woman to know that nice hands are merely a question of care and of will-power; and a woman can have them if she wants them.

NOTE.—Mrs. Prescott will be glad to answer, free of charge, all questions relating to beauty. Women who want to improve their looks may address her. She will give advice upon all matters of physical culture, beauty, deep breathing, diet, and health. Enclose a self-addressed envelope for a reply. Your name will not appear, and your letter will be regarded as strictly confidential. Address: "Mrs. Augusta Prescott, Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York."

WHAT THE EDITOR HAS TO SAY



NEXT month we are going to publish, complete in one issue of the magazine, what we call a novelette, but which in reality is a novel, stripped of inconsequential talk, useless verbiage, and the things that do not matter. It deals with a subject which has an intense vital interest for every woman in America, and for every man who is interested in any woman—wife, sister, sweetheart, or daughter. It is written by Anne O'Hagan, who understands her subject better than any writer living, and who has given to the work her best efforts, her keenest and tenderest sympathies, her greatest art and most compelling charm as a storyteller. It is illustrated by F. X. Chamberlin, who has put strength and insight into *his* work, and has furnished a series of drawings, intrinsically valuable for their individuality and artistic quality, doubly valuable because of their subtle interpretation of the story that they illustrate. "The Whirlpool"—that is the name of the story—describes the life of the girl who comes to New York to earn her own living. We said something about it last month, but nothing we can say gives any adequate idea of its interest, of the reality of the characters it portrays, and of the importance of the problems that it raises. "The Whirlpool" would be melodramatic, were it not refined and intellectual; it would be a problem story, were it not full of interest and incident; it would be a "psychological story," were it not dramatic, real, swift in its movement, and broad in its scope.

A LARGE city is the worst place in the world for a young girl—except in those cases where it is the best. It contains the coldest and most selfish people—save in those instances when they are kind, noble, and generous. It is the most bewilderingly crowded place—and the loneliest. In it are the poorest people and the richest, the dullest and the cleverest, the happiest and the most unhappy. It represents hope for the hopeful, despair for the hopeless, all things to all men. It is a whirlpool, a maelstrom, dragging toward it human atoms from the four quarters of the globe. These human atoms make up the life of the city, and its life is as their life, sometimes noble, sometimes sordid, now heroic, and now ridiculous, always intense, hurrying, fascinating as a spectacle.

ONLY a woman knows the handicaps placed upon a girl who goes to New York or Chicago to live her own life and earn her own bread. No man can fully appreciate them. We do know, however, that the sentiment of American woman is the sentiment of American society. The conditions surrounding many girls in the cities are unduly severe, their temptations too great. When American women really think about these things the conditions will be relieved. If they resolve on a change, the change will come. We are ruled not by laws, nor by governors, but by public opinion; and the molders of public opinion are

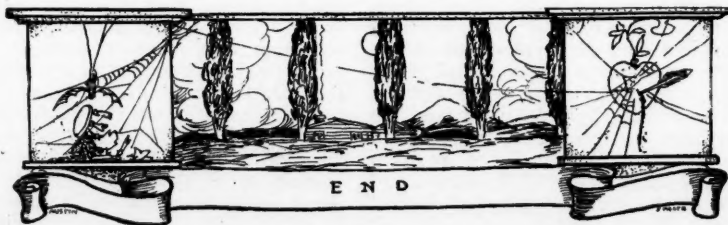
neither orators nor statesmen, but wives and mothers who dwell at home, and who work their will in silence. We wish that we could talk with all the women who read "The Whirlpool" next month. We earnestly invite all who will to write to us about it.

IN the next issue of the magazine, we will publish what we consider one of the best and funniest stories printed anywhere in the last ten years. It is "A Balky Cincinnatus," by Holman F. Day, relating further adventures of Captain Sproul, of Scotaze, with whom Mr. Day has made all our readers acquainted. It tells of the captain's unwillingness to serve as a public official in his adopted home, of a strange madness that came upon him, and of another heroic encounter with Colonel "Gid" Ward.

IN "The Man Mama Recommended," Gertie S. Wentworth-James describes a new method for getting rid of an unwelcome suitor. Wallace Irwin will contribute another of his nautical poems, illustrated by Hy. Mayer; and Elmore Elliott Peake a realistic and pathetic story, "The Last of the Blackwells." "Shall We Tax Wealth?" which will also appear in the March issue, is a symposium which represents six months' work. Nearly all our representative financiers, thinkers, and legislators have contributed their opinions on the advisability of an income-tax. There will be a number of articles of special interest to women.

WE expect to institute a new feature in the magazine, commencing with next month's issue. It will consist of interviews illustrated with black-and-white sketches from life of the men and women who do the most toward entertaining the public—singers, actors, and actresses. Each interview will be written by a man who knows how to convey a vivid personal impression of the person he has been talking to. The people described will be men and women who seldom submit to an interviewer, and who are, therefore, doubly interesting. Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, William Gillette, Richard Mansfield, Lena Ashwell—we expect to make you intimately acquainted with all of them during the next six months.

WITH the new year we have many good resolutions. We have resolved upon a better magazine, articles, stories, and pictures more vital and telling with each successive number. If we stopped to look back, we might find hope in the fact that we had kept our promises in this regard in the past. The prospects for the future were never so bright as now, and we can pledge ourselves to make each successive issue of SMITH'S for 1907 a little better than its predecessors. Some choose such a moment for a recapitulation of past work and achievements. We prefer to fix our attention on the future, on the larger responsibility and opportunities that a rapidly increasing circulation is bringing to us.



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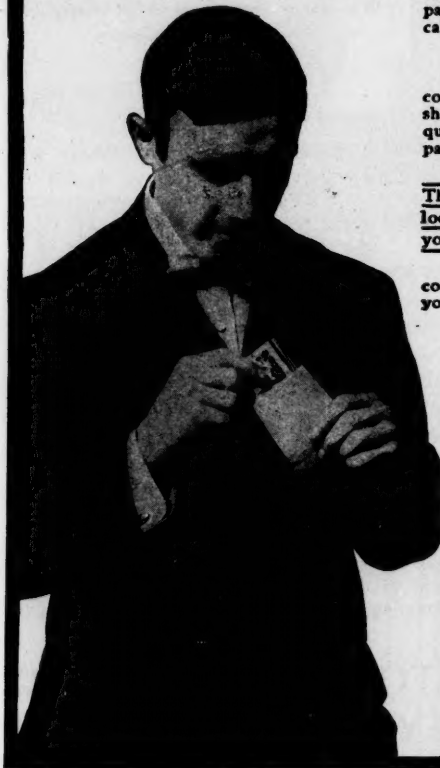
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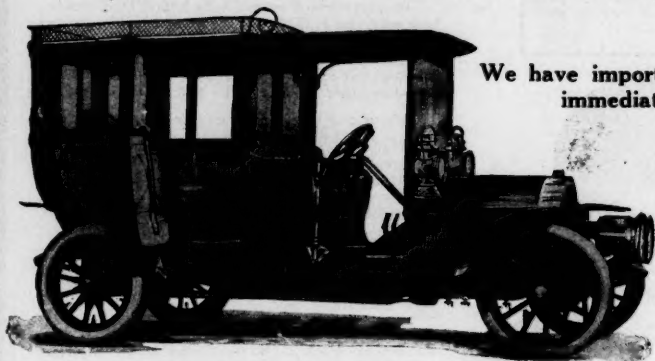
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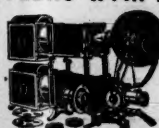


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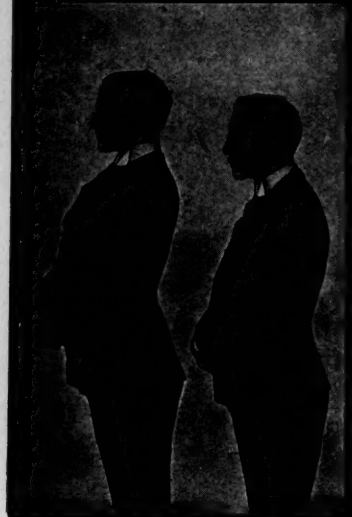
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